

EASY SELECTIONS

FROM

MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Macmillan's Series of Text-Books for Indian Schools.

EASY SELECTIONS
FROM
MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE,
FOR THE USE OF
The Middle Classes in Indian Schools.
WITH NOTES.

BY
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PREFACE.

THE very favourable reception which my book of "Selections from Modern English Literature" has met with from the educational authorities of nearly every province of India, has encouraged me to prepare a similar collection of easier passages for use in the middle classes of our schools. In choosing these passages, I have been most careful, as before, to take nothing that is not "within easy range of the comprehension and ordinary experience" of young Indian students. I have endeavoured to make each extract complete in itself; and to take care that all are of a nature likely to interest those for whom this book is intended, and to teach them to write and speak good English. Wherever any real difficulty, either of allusion or of idiom, has presented itself in the text of the selected passages, I have given a short explanatory foot-note; but these notes in no way take the place of the master's teaching, nor do they admit of being "crammed." Boys should be made to read them, in connection with the text, just as they would read a part of the text itself; and in like manner, it might

be well for the teachers to explain the notes, either in the vernacular or otherwise, just as they would explain a part of the text. I hope the notes will be found, if used in this way, to make the text much clearer and more readily intelligible, and therefore more interesting, than it would otherwise be. By private students, and by masters of schools in remote places where books of reference are not to be had, I trust that these notes will be found particularly valuable; as furnishing explanations of all difficulties other than those that ought to be solved by the use of the Dictionary and the Grammar.

I have once more the pleasing duty of recording the thanks that are due from me to those authors and publishing firms by whose courtesy I am enabled to make so many extracts from copyright works; and to those scholars, both European and Native, who have kindly helped me in the task of selection.

R. L.

KRISHNAGAR COLLEGE,

December 1, 1871.

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EASY SELECTIONS

FROM

MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF BALMORAL¹

WRITTEN BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, AT BALMORAL.

FRIDAY, *September 8*, 1848

WE arrived at *Balmoral* at a quarter to three. It is a pretty little castle in the old Scottish style.² There is a picturesque tower and garden in front, with a high wooded hill; at the back there is a wood down to the *Dee*; and the hills rise all around.

There is a nice little hall, with a billiard-room;³ next to it is the dining-room. Upstairs (ascending by a good broad staircase) immediately to the right, and above the dining-room, is our sitting-room (formerly the drawing-

¹ The chief summer residence of the Queen of England is a castle called *Balmoral*, situated in a most beautiful part of the Highlands (or mountainous districts) of Scotland. Her Majesty first visited Balmoral in 1848, with her husband, *Albert*, the late Prince Consort. The following description of the visit is taken from the Queen's own book, which is called *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands*.

² Built in the old Scottish style of architecture.

³ A room in which the game of *billiards* is played. This game is played with ivory *balls* (whence its name) on a peculiar kind of table called a *billiard-table*. The word *billiards* is never used in the singular, except in compound words, such as *billiard-playing*.

room), a fine large room—next to which is our bedroom, opening into a little dressing-room, which is Albert's. Opposite, down a few steps, are the children's and Miss Hildyard's three rooms. The ladies live below, and the gentlemen upstairs.

We lunched almost immediately, and at half-past four we walked out, and went up to the top of the wooded hill opposite our windows, where there is a cairn, and up which there is a pretty winding path. The view from here, looking down upon the house, is charming. To the left you look towards the beautiful hills surrounding *Loch-na-Gar*,¹ and to the right, towards *Ballater*, to the glen (or valley) along which the *Dee* winds, with beautiful wooded hills, which reminded us very much of the *Thüringerwald*. It was so calm, and so solitary, it did one good as one gazed around; and the pure mountain air was most refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils.

The scenery is wild, and yet not desolate; and everything looks much more prosperous and cultivated than at *Laggan*.² Then the soil is delightfully dry. We walked beside the *Dee*, a beautiful, rapid stream, which is close behind the house. The view of the hills towards *Invercauld*³ is exceedingly fine.

When I came in at half-past six, Albert went out to

¹ *Loch-na-Gar* is a small mountain-lake in Aberdeenshire, near Balmoral. *Ballater* is a village in the same country. The *Dee* is a river of Aberdeenshire, which falls into the sea at Aberdeen. The *Thüringerwald* or *Thuringian Forest*, is the name of a chain of mountains in that part of Germany (called Saxe-Coburg-Gotha) in which Albert the Prince Consort was born, and in which he lived as a Prince before he became the husband of Queen Victoria.

² *Loch Laggan* is a lake in the county of Inverness, in Scotland.

³ *Invercauld* is the name of a gentleman's house and estate near Balmoral.

try his luck with some stags which lay quite close in the woods, but he was unsuccessful. They come down of an evening quite near to the house.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

A FABLE, BY GAY.

REMOTE from cities lived a swain,
 Unvexed with any cares of gain :
 His head was silvered o'er with age,
 And long experience made him sage.
 In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
 He fed his flock and penned the fold :
 His hours in cheerful labour flew,
 Nor envy nor ambition knew :
 His wisdom and his honest fame
 Through all the country raised his name.

A deep Philosopher (whose rules
 Of moral life were drawn from schools)
 The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
 And thus explored his reach of thought :—
 Whence is thy learning ?—hath thy toil
 O'er books consumed the midnight oil ?¹
 Hast thou old Greece and Rome surveyed,²
 And the vast sense of Plato weighed ?
 Has Socrates thy soul refined ?³

¹ *The midnight oil* is the oil consumed in the lamp used by the student to give him light in his midnight studies.

² *Hast thou surveyed old Greece and Rome ?* means *Hast thou studied Grecian and Roman History ?*

³ *Socrates* (B.C. 469—399) and his pupil *Plato* (B.C. 429—347), two of the most famous philosophers of ancient Greece

And hast thou fathomed Tully's¹ mind ?
Or, like the wise Ulysses,² thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities strayed,
Their customs, laws, and manners weighed ?

The Shepherd modestly replied,
I ne'er the paths of learning tried ;
Nor have I roamed in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws and arts :
For man is practised in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes.
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know ?
The little knowledge I have gained,
Was all from simple nature drained :
Hence my life's maxims took their rise ;
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.
The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry.
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want ?
My dog (the truest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind ;
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.

¹ *Tully*, better known as *Cicero*, was the most famous orator of ancient Rome, and the author of the most valuable philosophical and rhetorical works in the Latin language.

² *Ulysses* (called *Odysseus* by the Greeks), one of the principal Greek heroes in the *Siege of Troy*, as described by Homer in the *Iliad* ; and known as the wisest of the Greeks. The wanderings of Ulysses on his return from Troy to his native country of *Ithaca*, which were the theme of Homer's other great work called the *Odyssey*, are here referred to

The hen, who from the chilly air,
 With pious wing, protects her oare,
 And every fowl that flies at large,
 Instruct me in a parent's charge.

From nature, too, I take my rule,
 To shun contempt and ridicule;
 I never, with important air,
 In conversation overbear.
 Can grave and formal pass for wise,
 When men the solemn owl despise?
 My tongue within my lips I rein;
 For who talks much, must talk in vain.
 We from the wordy torrent fly:
 Who listens to the chattering pie?¹
 Nor would I, with felonious flight,
 By stealth invade my neighbour's right.
 Rapacious animals we hate:
 Kites, hawks, and wolves deserve their fate
 Do we not just abhorrence find
 Against the toad and serpent kind?—
 But envy, calumny, and spite,
 Bear stronger venom in their bite.
 Thus every object of creation
 Can furnish hints to contemplation;
 And from the most minute and mean
 A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is just, the sage replies:
 Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
 Pride often guides the author's pen;
 " Books as affected are as men:
 But he who studies nature's laws,

¹ The *Pie* or *Maggie*, a kind of English bird that is sometimes taught to talk, as parrots and mainas are in this country.

From certain truth his maxims draws;
 And those, without our schools, suffice
 To make men moral, good, and wise.

THE PROGRESS OF CIVILISATION

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

JAMES, the sixth of that name who reigned in Scotland, succeeded, by the death of Queen Elizabeth, to the throne of England; and thus became Sovereign of the whole Island of Britain. Ireland also belonged to his dominions, having been partly subdued by the arms of the English, and partly surrendered to them by the submission of the natives. There had been, during Elizabeth's time, many wars with the native lords and chiefs of the country; but the English finally obtained the undisturbed and undisputed possession of that rich and beautiful island. Thus the three kingdoms formed by the Britannic Islands came into the possession of one Sovereign, who was thus fixed in a situation of strength and security which was at that time the lot of few monarchs in Europe.

King James's power was the greater, that the progress of human society had greatly augmented the wisdom of statesmen and counsellors, and given strength and stability to those laws which preserve the poor and helpless against the encroachments of the wealthy and the powerful. X

But Master Littlejohn¹ may ask me what I mean by

¹ *Master Littlejohn*, the name given by Sir Walter Scott to the little boy to whom he addressed these *Tales of a Grandfather*. *Master* is a title prefixed to the names of boys, as *Mr.* (contracted from *Master*, but pronounced *Mister*) is prefixed to the names of men.

the Progress of Human Society ; and it is my duty to explain it as intelligibly as I can.

If you consider the lower orders of animals, such as birds, dogs, cattle, or any class of the brute creation, you will find that they are, to every useful purpose, deprived of the means of communicating their ideas to each other. They have cries, indeed, by which they express pleasure or pain, fear or hope ; but they have no formed speech by which, like men, they can converse together. God Almighty, who called all creatures into existence in such manner as best pleased Him, has imparted to those inferior animals no power of improving their situation, or of communicating with each other. There is, no doubt, a difference in the capacity of these inferior classes of the creation. But though one bird may build her nest more neatly than another of a different class, or one dog may be more clever and more capable of learning tricks than another ; yet, as it wants language to explain to its comrades the advantages which it may possess, its knowledge dies with it ; thus birds and dogs continue to use the same general habits, proper to the species, which they have done since the creation of the world. In other words, animals have a certain limited degree of sense, termed instinct, which teaches the present race to seek their food, and provide for their safety and comfort, in nearly the same manner as their parents did before them since the beginning of time, but does not enable them to communicate to their successors any improvements, or to derive any increase of knowledge from the practice of their predecessors. Thus you may remark, that the example of the swallow, the wren, and other birds, which cover their nests with a roof to protect them against the rain,

is never imitated by other classes, who continue to construct theirs in the same exposed and imperfect manner since the beginning of the world.

Another circumstance, which is calculated to prevent the inferior animals from rising above the rank in nature which they are destined to hold, is the short time during which they remain under the care of their parents. A few weeks give the young nestlings of each season strength and inclination to leave the protection of the parents; the tender attachment which has subsisted while the young bird was unable to provide for itself without assistance is entirely broken off, and in a week or two more they probably do not know each other. The young of the sheep, the cow, and the horse, attend and feed by the mother's side for a certain short period, during which they are protected by her care, and supported by her milk; but they have no sooner attained the strength necessary to defend themselves, and the sense to provide for their wants, than they separate from the mother, and all intercourse between the parent and her offspring is closed for ever.

Thus each separate tribe of animals retains exactly the same station in the general order of the universe which was occupied by its predecessors; and no existing generation either is, or can be, much better instructed, or more ignorant, than that which preceded or that which is to come after it.

It is widely different with mankind. God was pleased to make man after his own image. By this you are not to understand that the Creator of heaven and earth has any visible form or shape, to which the human body bears a resemblance; but the meaning is, that as the God who created the world is a spirit invisible and

incomprehensible, so he joined to the human frame some portion of an essence resembling His own, which is called the human soul, and which, while the body lives, continues to animate and direct its motions, and on the dissolution of the bodily form which it has occupied, returns to the spiritual world, to be answerable for the good and evil of its works upon earth. It is therefore impossible that man, possessing this knowledge of right and wrong, proper to a spiritual essence resembling those higher orders of creation whom we call angels, and having some affinity, though at an incalculable distance, to the essence of the Deity himself, should have been placed under the same limitations in point of progressive improvement with the inferior tribes, who are neither responsible for the actions which they perform under directions of their instinct, nor capable, by any exertion of their own, of altering or improving their condition in the scale of creation. So far is this from being the case with man, that the bodily organs of the human frame bear such a correspondence with the properties of his soul, as to give him the means, when they are properly used, of enlarging his powers, and becoming wiser and more skilful from hour to hour, as long as his life permits; and not only is this the case, but tribes and nations of men assembled together for the purpose of mutual protection and defence, have the same power of alteration and improvement, and may, if circumstances are favourable, go on by gradual steps from being a wild horde of naked barbarians, till they become a powerful and civilised people.

The capacity of amending our condition by increase of knowledge, which, in fact, affords the means by which man rises to be the lord of creation, is grounded

on the peculiar advantages possessed by the human race. Let us look somewhat closely into this, my dear boy, for it involves some truths equally curious and important.

If man, though possessed of the same immortal essence or soul, which enables him to choose and refuse, to judge and condemn, to reason and conclude, were to be without the power of communicating to his fellow-men the conclusions to which his reasoning had conducted him, it is clear that the progress of each individual in knowledge could be only in proportion to his own observation and his own powers of reasoning. But the gift of speech enables any one to communicate to others whatever idea of improvement occurs to him; and thus, instead of dying in the bosom of the individual by whom it was first thought of, it becomes a part of the stock of knowledge proper to the whole community, which is increased and rendered generally and effectually useful by the accession of further information, as opportunities occur, or men of reflecting and inventive minds arise in the State. This use of spoken language, therefore, which so gloriously distinguishes man from the beasts that perish, is the primary means of introducing and increasing knowledge in infant communities. ✓

Another early cause of the improvement in human society is the incapacity of children to act for themselves, rendering the attention and protection of parents to their offspring necessary for so long a period. Even where the food which the earth affords without cultivation, such as fruits and herbs, is most plentifully supplied, children remain too helpless for many years to be capable of gathering it, and providing for their own

support This is still more the case where food must be procured by hunting, fishing, or cultivating the soil, occupations requiring a degree of skill and personal strength which children cannot possess until they are twelve or fourteen years old. It follows, as a law of nature, that instead of leaving their parents at an early age, like the young of birds or quadrupeds, the youth of the human species necessarily remain under the protection of their father and mother for many years, during which they have time to acquire all the knowledge the parents are capable of teaching. It arises also from this wise arrangement, that the love and affection between the offspring and the parents, which among the brute creation is the produce of mere instinct, and continues for a very short time, becomes in the human race a deep and permanent feeling, founded on the attachment of the parents, the gratitude of the children, and the effect of long habit on both.

For these reasons, it usually happens, that children feel no desire to desert their parents, but remain inhabitants of the same huts in which they were born, and take up the task of labouring for subsistence in their turn, when their fathers and mothers are disabled by age. One or two such families gradually unite together, and avail themselves of each other's company for mutual defence and assistance. This is the earliest stage of human society; and some savages have been found in this condition so very rude and ignorant, that they may be said to be little wiser or better than a herd of animals. The natives of New South Wales,¹ for example, are, even at present, in the very lowest scale

¹ *New South Wales* is a British colony on the eastern side of Australia. Its capital is Sydney

of humanity, and ignorant of every art which can add comfort or decency to human life. These unfortunate savages use no clothes, construct no cabins or huts, and are ignorant even of the manner of chasing animals or catching fish, except such of the latter as are left by the tide, or are found on the rocks; they feed upon the most disgusting substances, snakes, worms, maggots, and whatever trash falls in their way. They know indeed how to kindle a fire, — in that respect only they have stepped beyond the deepest ignorance to which man can be subjected, — but they have not learned how to boil water; and when they see Europeans perform this ordinary operation, they have been known to run away in great terror. Voyagers tell us of other savages who are even ignorant of the use of fire, and who maintain a miserable existence by subsisting on shell-fish eaten raw.

And yet, my dear boy, out of this miserable and degraded state, which seems worse than that of the animals, man has the means and power to rise into the high place for which Providence has destined him. In proportion as opportunities occur, these savage tribes acquire the arts of civilised life; they construct huts to shelter them against the weather; they invent arms for destroying the wild beasts by which they are annoyed, and for killing those whose flesh is adapted for food they domesticate others, and use at pleasure their milk, flesh, and skins; and they plant fruit-trees and sow grain as soon as they discover that the productions of nature most necessary for their comfort may be increased by labour and industry. Thus, the progress of human society, unless it is interrupted by some unfortunate circumstances, continues to advance; and every new generation, with out losing any of the advantages already

attained, goes on to acquire others which were unknown to the preceding one.

For instance, when three or four wandering families of savages have settled in one place, and begun to cultivate the ground, and collect their huts into a hamlet or village, they usually agree in choosing some chief to be their judge and the arbiter of their disputes in time of peace, their leader and captain when they go to war with other tribes. This is the foundation of a monarchical government. Or, perhaps, their public affairs are directed by a council, or senate, of the oldest and wisest of the tribe—this is the origin of a republican state. At all events, in one way or other, they put themselves under something resembling a regular government, and obtain the protection of such laws as may prevent them from quarrelling with one another. ✓

Other important alterations are introduced by time. At first, no doubt, the members of the community store their fruits and the produce of the chase in common. But shortly after, reason teaches them that the individual who has bestowed labour and trouble upon any thing so as to render it productive, acquires a right of property, as it is called, in the produce which his efforts have in a manner called into existence. Thus, it is soon acknowledged that he who has planted a tree has the sole right of consuming its fruit; and that he who has sown a field of corn has the exclusive title to gather in the grain. Without the labour of the planter and husbandman, there would have been no fruit or grain; and, therefore, these are justly entitled to the fruit of their labour. In like manner, the State itself is conceived to acquire a right of property in the fields cultivated by its members, and in the forests and waters

where they have of old practised the rights of hunting and fishing. If men of a different tribe enter on the territory of a neighbouring nation, war ensues between them, and peace is made by agreeing on both sides to reasonable conditions. Thus a young State extends its possessions; and by its communications with other tribes lays the foundation of public laws for the regulation of their behaviour to each other in peace and in war. ✓

Other arrangements arise, not less important, tending to increase the difference between mankind in their wild and original state, and that which they assume in the progress of civilisation. One of the most remarkable is the separation of the citizens into different classes of society, and the introduction of the use of money. I will try to render these great changes intelligible to you.

In the earlier stages of society, every member of the community may be said to supply all his wants by his own personal labour. He acquires his food by the chase—he sows and reaps his own grain—he gathers his own fruit—he cuts the skin which forms his dress so as to fit his own person—he makes the sandals or buskins¹ which protect his feet. He is, therefore, better or worse accommodated exactly in proportion to the personal skill and industry which he can apply to that purpose. But it is discovered in process of time that one man has particular dexterity in hunting, being, we shall suppose, young, active, and enterprising; another,

¹ The *sandals* meant here are shoes of the simplest kind, consisting of flat pieces of wood fastened to the soles of the feet by straps passing over the foot. The *buskin* is a boot of a less simple kind, the upper part covering the ankle, and the lower part under the foot being furnished with high heels.

older and of a more staid character, has, peculiar skill in tilling the ground, or in managing cattle and flocks; a third, lame perhaps, or infirm, has a happy talent for cutting out and stitching together garments, or for shaping and sewing shoes. It becomes, therefore, for the advantage of all, that the first man shall attend to nothing but hunting, the second confine himself to the cultivation of the land, and the third remain at home to make clothes and shoes. But then it follows as a necessary consequence, that the huntsman must give to the man who cultivates the land a part of his venison¹ and skins, if he desires to have grain of which to make bread, or a cow to furnish his family with milk; and that both the hunter and the agriculturist must give a share of the produce of the chase, and a proportion of the grain, to the third man, to obtain from him clothes and shoes. Each is thus accommodated with what he wants a great deal better, and more easily, by every one following a separate occupation, than they could possibly have been, had each of the three been hunter, farmer, and tailor, in his own person, practising two of the trades awkwardly and unwillingly, instead of confining himself to that which he perfectly understands, and pursues with success. This mode of accommodation is called barter, and is the earliest kind of traffic by which men exchange their property with each other, and satisfy their wants by parting with their superfluities.² ✓

¹ *Venison* (derived from a French word meaning "hunting"), means literally "the flesh of animals taken in hunting," and that is its meaning here. It is generally, however, restricted to the flesh of the deer.

² *Their superfluities* means "that part of their property which is superfluous," i.e., which they do not want for themselves. *Superfluity* literally means that which overflows.

But in process of time, barter is found inconvenient. The husbandman, perhaps, has no use for shoes when the shoemaker is in need of corn, or the shoemaker may not want furs or venison when the hunter desires to have shoes. To remedy this, almost all nations have introduced the use of what is called *money*; that is to say, they have fixed on some particular substance capable of being divided into small portions, which, having itself little intrinsic value applicable to human use, is nevertheless received as a representative of the value of all commodities. Particular kinds of shells are used as money in some countries; in others, leather, cloth, or iron, are employed; but gold and silver, divided into small portions, are used for this important purpose almost all over the world.

That you may understand the use of this circulating representative of the value of commodities, and comprehend the convenience which it affords, let us suppose that the hunter, as we formerly said, wanted a pair of shoes, and the shoemaker had no occasion for venison but wanted some corn, while the husbandman, not desiring to have shoes, stood in need of some other commodity. Here are three men, each desirous of some article of necessity, or convenience, which he cannot obtain by barter, because the party whom he has to deal with does not want the commodity which he has to offer in exchange. But supposing the use of money introduced, and its value acknowledged, these three persons are accommodated by means of it in the amplest manner possible. The shoemaker does not want the venison which the hunter offers for sale, but some other man in the village is willing to purchase it for five pieces of silver—the hunter sells his commodity, and goes to

the shoemaker, who, though he would not barter the shoes for the venison which he did not want, readily sells them for the money, and, going with it to the farmer, buys from him the quantity of corn he needs; while the farmer, in his turn, purchases whatever he is in want of, or if he requires nothing at the time, lays the pieces of money aside, to use when he has occasion.

The invention of money is followed by the gradual rise of trade. There are men who make it their business to buy various articles, and sell them again for profit; that is, they sell them somewhat dearer than they bought them. This is convenient for all parties; since the original proprietors are willing to sell their commodities to those storekeepers, or shopkeepers, at a low rate, to be saved the trouble of hawking¹ them about in search of a customer; while the public in general are equally willing to buy from such intermediate dealers; because they are sure to be immediately supplied with what they want.

The numerous transactions occasioned by the introduction of money, together with other circumstances, soon destroy the equality of ranks which prevails in an early stage of society. Some men hoard up quantities of gold and silver, become rich, and hire the assistance of others to do their work; some waste or spend their earnings, become poor, and sink into the capacity of servants. Some men are wise and skilful, and, distinguishing themselves by their exploits in battle and their counsels in peace, rise to the management of public affairs. Others, and much greater numbers, have no more valour than to follow where they are led, and no more talent than to act as they are commanded.

¹ That is, "carrying them about the country for sale."

Thèse last sink, as a matter of course, into obscurity ; while the others become generals and statesmen. The attainment of learning tends also to increase the difference of ranks. Those who receive a good education by the care of their parents, or possess so much strength of mind and readiness of talent as to educate themselves, become separated from the more ignorant of the community, and form a distinct class and condition of their own ; holding no more communication with the others than is absolutely necessary. ✓

In this way the whole order of society is changed, and instead of presenting the uniform appearance of one large family, each member of which has nearly the same rights, it seems to resemble a confederacy or association of different ranks, classes, and conditions of men, each rank filling up a certain department in society, and discharging a class of duties totally distinct from those of the others. The steps by which a nation advances from the natural and simple state which we have just described, into the more complicated system in which ranks are distinguished from each other, are called the progress of society, or of civilisation. It is, attended, like all things human, with much of evil as well as good ; but it seems to be a law of our moral nature, that, faster or slower, such alterations must take place, in consequence of the inventions and improvements of succeeding generations of mankind. ✓

Another alteration, productive of consequences not less important, arises out of the gradual progress towards civilisation. In the early state of society every man in the tribe is a warrior, and liable to serve as such when the country requires his assistance ; but in process of time the pursuit of the military art is, at least on all

ordinary occasions, confined to bands of professional soldiers, whose business it is to fight the battles of the State, when required, in consideration of which they are paid by the community, the other members of which are thus left to the uninterrupted pursuit of their own peaceful occupations. This alteration is attended with more important consequences than we can at present pause to enumerate.

We have said that those mighty changes which bring men to dwell in castles and cities instead of huts and caves, and enable them to cultivate the sciences and subdue the elements, instead of being plunged in ignorance and superstition, are owing primarily to the reason with which God has graciously-endowed the human race; and in a second degree to the power of speech, by which we enjoy the faculty of communicating to each other the result of our own reflections.

But it is evident that society, when its advance is dependent upon oral tradition alone, must be liable to many interruptions. The imagination of the speaker, and the dulness or want of comprehension of the hearer, may lead to many errors; and it is generally found that knowledge makes but very slow progress until the art of writing is discovered, by which a fixed, accurate, and substantial form can be given to the wisdom of past ages. When this noble art is attained, there is a sure foundation laid for the preservation and increase of knowledge. The record is removed from the inaccurate recollection of the aged, and placed in a safe, tangible, and imperishable form, which may be subjected to the inspection of various persons, until the sense is completely explained and comprehended, with the least possible chance of doubt or uncertainty

By the art of writing, a barrier is fixed against those violent changes so apt to take place in the early stages of society, by which all the fruits of knowledge are frequently destroyed, as those of the earth are by a hurricane. Suppose, for example, a case, which frequently happened in the early history of mankind, that some nation which has made considerable progress in the arts, is invaded and subdued by another which is more powerful and numerous, though more ignorant than themselves. It is clear, that in this case, as the rude and ignorant victors would set no value on the knowledge of the vanquished, it would, if intrusted only to the memory of the individuals of the conquered people, be gradually lost and forgotten. But if the useful discoveries made by the ancestors of the vanquished people were recorded in writing, the manuscripts in which they were described, though they might be neglected for a season, would, if preserved at all, probably attract attention at some more fortunate period. It was thus, when the empire of Rome, having reached the utmost height of its grandeur, was broken down and conquered by numerous tribes of ignorant though brave barbarians, that those admirable works of classical learning, on which such value is justly placed in the present day, were rescued from total destruction and oblivion by manuscript copies preserved by chance in the old libraries of churches and convents. It may indeed be taken as an almost infallible maxim, that no nation can make any great progress in useful knowledge or civilisation, until their improvement can be rendered stable and permanent by the invention of writing.

Another discovery, however, almost as important as that of writing, was made during the fifteenth century.

I mean the invention of printing. Writing with the hand must be always a slow, difficult, and expensive operation; and when the manuscript is finished, it is perhaps laid aside among the stores of some great library, where it may be neglected by students, and must, at any rate, be accessible to very few persons, and subject to be destroyed by numerous accidents. But the admirable invention of printing enables the artist to make a thousand copies from the original manuscript, by having them stamped upon paper, in far less time and with less expense than it would cost to make half a dozen such copies with the pen. From the period of this glorious discovery, knowledge of every kind may be said to have been brought out of the darkness of cloisters¹ and universities, where it was known only to a few scholars, into the broad light of day, where its treasures were accessible to all men. ✓

Whatever works of history, science, morality, or entertainment, seemed likely to instruct or amuse the reader, were printed and distributed among the people at large by printers and booksellers, who had a profit by doing so. Thus, the possibility of important discoveries being forgotten in the course of years, or of the destruction of useful arts, or elegant literature, by the loss of the records in which they are preserved, was in a great measure removed.

In a word, the printing-press is a contrivance which empowers any one individual to address his whole fellow-subjects on any topic which he thinks important

¹ *Cloister* (derived from a Latin word meaning "an inclosed place"), generally means "a place of seclusion, such as a monastery, set aside for religious purposes." The word here refers to those monasteries and other religious houses in which (as described above) the writings of the ancient Greek and Roman authors were preserved during the Middle Ages, and which were during those ages the only places of learning.

and which enables a whole nation to listen to the voice of such individual, however obscure he may be, with the same ease, and greater certainty, of understanding what he says, than if a chief of Indians were haranguing the tribe at his council-fire. Nor is the important difference to be forgotten, that the orator can only speak to the persons present, while the author of a book addresses himself, not only to the race now in existence, but to all succeeding generations, while his name shall be held in estimation.

I have thus endeavoured to trace the steps by which a general civilisation is ~~being~~ ~~to~~ take place in nations with more or less rapidity, as laws and institutions, or external circumstances, favourable or otherwise, advance or retard the increase of knowledge, and by the course of which man, endowed with reason, and destined for immortality, gradually improves the condition in which Providence has placed him; while the inferior animals continue to live by means of the same, or nearly the same, instincts of self-preservation, which have directed their species in all its descents since the creation.

I have called your attention at some length to this matter, because you will now have to remark that a material change had gradually and slowly taken place, both in the kingdom of England, and in that of Scotland, when their long quarrels were at length, in appearance, ended by the accession of James the Sixth of Scotland to the English crown which he held under the title of James the First of that powerful kingdom.—*SCOTT'S Tales of a Grandfather.*

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

BY LONGFELLOW.¹

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,
 And the voices of the Night
 Wake the better soul,² that slumbered,
 To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
 And, like phantoms grim and tall,
 Shadows from the fitful fire-light
 Dance upon the parlour-wall ;

Then the forms of the departed³
 Enter at the open door ;
 The beloved, the true-hearted,
 Come to visit me once more ;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
 Noble longings for the strife,
 By the road-side fell and perished,
 Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,
 Who the cross of suffering bore,
 Folded their pale hands so meekly,
 Spake with us on earth no more !

¹ A living American poet.

² *The better soul*, i.e., the part of the soul that is better and holier than the rest—all the holiest and best feelings.

³ The shadowy forms, or spirits, of the dead. The word "*form*" is here more suitable than "*ghost*" for the latter generally implies a terrible apparition.

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger-divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died

Voices of the Night.

THE SILKWORM.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE silkworm is an animal of the caterpillar kind, that alone compensates for all the mischief occasioned by the rest of the tribe. This little creature, which only works for itself has been made of the utmost service to man;

and furnishes him with a covering more beautiful than any other animal can supply. We may declaim, indeed, against the luxuries of the times, when silk is generally worn; but were such garments to fail, what other arts could supply their deficiency?

Though silk was anciently brought in small quantities to Rome, yet it was so scarce as to be sold for its weight in gold; and was considered as such a luxurious refinement in dress, that it was infamous for a man to appear in habits of which silk formed but half the composition. It was most probably brought among them from the remotest parts of the East; since it was, at the time of which I am speaking, scarcely known even in Persia.

Nothing can be more remote from the truth than the manner in which their historians describe the animal by which silk is produced. Pausanias¹ informs us that silk came from the country of the Seres,² a people of Asiatic Scythia;³ in which place an insect, as large as the beetle, but in every other respect resembling a spider, was bred up for that purpose. They take great care, as he assures us, to feed it and defend it from the weather; as well during the summer's heat, as in the rigours of winter. This insect, he observes, makes its web with its feet, of which it has eight in number. It is fed, for the space of four years, upon a kind of paste prepared for it; and at the beginning of the fifth, it is supplied with the leaves of the green willow, of which it is particularly fond. It then feeds till it bursts with fat; after which

¹ Pausanias, a Roman geographer, lived in the second century after Christ.

² *Seres*, the Roman or Latin name of the Chinese.

³ *Asiatic Scythia*, the name given by Roman geographers to the whole of middle Asia, between India on the south and Asiatic Russia on the north.

they take out its bowels, which are spun into the beautiful manufacture so scarce and costly.

The real history of this animal was unknown among the Romans till the times of Justinian;¹ and it is supposed that silkworms were not brought into Europe till the beginning of the twelfth century, when Roger of Sicily² brought workmen in this manufacture from Asia Minor, after his return from his expedition to the Holy Land, and settled them in Sicily and Calabria. From these the other kingdoms of Europe learned this manufacture; and it is now one of the most lucrative trades carried on among the southern provinces of Europe.

The silkworm is now very well known to be a large caterpillar, of a whitish colour, with twelve feet; and it ultimately becomes a moth. The cocoon which it spins, is formed for covering it while it continues in the aurelia³ state; and several of these, properly wound off, and united together, form those strong and beautiful threads, which are woven into silk. The feeding of these worms, the gathering, the winding, the twisting, and the weaving of their silk, form one of the principal manufactures of Europe; which, as our luxuries increase, seems every day to become more and more necessary to human happiness.

There are two methods of breeding silkworms; for

¹ *Justinian* was the Roman emperor of Constantinople in the sixth century after Christ.

² The reference here is to Roger, the first Norman king of Sicily; but the statement in the text is not quite accurate. The Normans, after fighting against the Muhammodans in Africa (not in the Holy Land), attacked the Greek Empire, and captured many towns in Greece; and it was from Corinth that they brought the silkworms together with a large number of captured Greek silk-weavers. Calabria is a province in the south of Italy, and was formerly a part of the kingdom of Sicily.

³ The *aurelia* or *chrysalis* of an insect, is that form which the caterpillar takes before it becomes a butterfly or moth.

they may be left to grow, and remain at liberty upon the trees where they are hatched; or they may be kept in a place built for that purpose, and fed every day with fresh leaves. The first method is used in China, Tonquin, and other hot countries; the other is used in those places where the animal has been artificially propagated, and still continues a stranger. In the warm climates, the silkworm proceeds from an egg, which has been glued by the parent moth upon proper parts of the mulberry-tree, and which remains in that situation during the winter. The manner in which they are situated and fixed to the tree, keeps them unaffected by the influence of the weather; so that those frosts which are severe enough to kill the tree, have no power to injure the silkworm.

The insect never proceeds from the egg till Nature has provided it a sufficient supply of food; and till the budding leaves are furnished, in sufficient abundance, for its support. When the leaves are put forth, the worms seem to feel the genial summons, and bursting from their little eggs, crawl upon the leaves, where they feed with a most voracious appetite. Thus they become larger by degrees; and after some months' feeding, they inclose themselves within small bundles, or cocoons of silk, which appear like so many golden apples, painted on a fine green ground. Such is the method of breeding them in the East; and without doubt it is best for the worms, and least troublesome for the feeder of them. But it is otherwise in the colder European climates; the frequent changes of the weather, and the heavy dews of the evenings, render the keeping them all night exposed subject to so many inconveniences, as to admit of no remedy. It is true, that by the assistance of nets, they

may be preserved from the assaults of birds ; but the severe cold weather, which often succeeds the first heats of summer, as well as the rain and high winds, will destroy them all : and, therefore, to breed them in Europe, they must be sheltered and protected from every external injury.

For this purpose, a room is chosen, with a south aspect; and the windows are so well glazed,¹ as not to admit the least air: the walls are well built, and the planks of the floor exceedingly close, so as to admit neither birds nor mice, nor even so much as an insect. In the middle there should be four pillars erected, or four wooden posts, so placed as to form a pretty large square. Between these are different stories made with osier hurdles; and under each hurdle there should be a floor, with an upright border all round. These hurdles and floors must hang upon pulleys, so as to be placed or taken down at pleasure.

When the worms are hatched, some tender mulberry leaves are provided, and placed in the cloth or paper box in which the eggs were laid, and which are large enough to hold a great number. When they have acquired some strength, they must be distributed on beds of mulberry-leaves, in the different stories of the square in the middle of the room, round which a person may freely pass on every side. They will fix themselves to the leaves, and afterwards to the sticks of the hurdles, when the leaves are devoured. They have then a thread, by which they can suspend themselves on occasion, to prevent any shock by a fall ; but this is by no means to be considered as the silk which they spin afterwards in such abundance. Care must be taken

¹ *Glazed*, that is, "fitted with glass"

that fresh leaves be brought every morning, which must be strewed very gently and equally over them; upon which the silkworms will forsake the remainder of the old leaves, which must be carefully taken away, and everything kept very clean; for nothing hurts these insects so much as moisture and uncleanness. For this reason their leaves must be gathered when the weather is dry, and kept in a dry place, if it be necessary to lay in a store. As these animals have but a short time to live they make use of every moment, and almost continually are eating, except at those intervals when they change their skins. If mulberry leaves be difficult to be obtained, the leaves of lettuce or holyoak will sustain them: but they do not thrive so well upon their new diet; and their silk will neither be so copious, nor of so good a quality.

Though judicious choice and careful management of their diet are absolutely necessary, yet there is another precaution of equal importance, which is to give them air, and open their chamber windows, at such times as the sun shines warmest. The place also must be kept as clean as possible; not only the several floors that are laid to receive their ordure, but the whole apartment in general. These things, well observed, contribute greatly to their health and increase.

The worm, at the time it bursts the shell, is extremely small, and of a black colour; but the head is of a more shining black than the rest of the body; some days after, they begin to turn whitish, or of an ash-coloured grey. After the skin begins to grow too rigid, or the animal is stunted within it, the insect throws it off, and appears clothed anew; it then becomes larger and much whiter, though it has a greenish tinge; after some days

which are more or less according to the heat of the climate, or to the quality of the food, it leaves off eating, and seems to sleep for two days together: then it begins to stir, and put itself into violent motions, till the skin falls off the second time, and is thrown aside by the animal's feet. All these changes are made in three weeks or a month's time; after which it begins to feed once more, still in its caterpillar form, but a good deal differing from itself before its change. In a few days' time it seems to sleep again; and, when it awakes, it again changes its clothing, and continues feeding as before. When it has thus taken a sufficiency of food, and its parts are disposed for assuming the aurelia form, the animal forsakes, for the last time, all food and society, and prepares itself a retreat to defend it from external injuries, while it is seemingly deprived of life and motion.

This retreat is no other than its cocoon, or ball of silk, which Nature has taught it to compose with great art; and within which it buries itself, till it assumes its winged form. This cocoon or ball is spun from two little longish kinds of bags that lie above the intestines, and are filled with a gummy fluid, of a bright golden colour. This is the substance of which the threads are formed; and the little animal is furnished with a surprising apparatus for spinning it to the degree of fineness which its occasions may require. This instrument in some measure resembles a wire-drawer's machine, in which gold or silver threads are drawn to any degree of minuteness; and through this the animal draws its thread with great assiduity. As every thread proceeds from two gum-bags, it is probable that each supplies its own; which, however, are united, as they proceed from

the animal's body. If we examine the thread with a microscope, it will be found that it is flattened on one side, and grooved along its length: from this we may infer, that it is doubled just upon leaving the body; and that the two threads stick to each other by that gummy quality of which they are possessed. Previous to spinning its web, the silkworm seeks out some convenient place to erect its cell, without any obstruction. When it has found a leaf, or a chink fitted to its purpose, it begins to writhe its head in every direction, and fastens its thread on every side to the sides of its retreat. Though all its first essays seem perfectly confused, yet they are not altogether without design; there appears, indeed, no order or contrivance in the disposal of its first threads; they are by no means laid artfully over each other, but are thrown out at random, to serve as an external shelter against rain; for Nature having appointed the animal to work upon trees in the open air, its habits remain, though it is brought up in a warm apartment.

Malpighi¹ pretends to have observed six different layers in a single cocoon of silk: but what may easily be observed is, that it is composed externally of a kind of rough cotton-like substance, which is called floss; within, the thread is more distinct and even; and next the body of the aurelia, the apartment seems lined with a substance of the hardness of paper, but of a much stronger consistence. It must not be supposed, that the thread which goes to compose the cocoon is rolled round, as we roll a ball or skein of silk; on the contrary, it lies upon it in a very irregular manner, and winds off now from one side of the cocoon, and then from the

¹ An Italian writer.

other. This whole thread, if measured, will be found about three hundred yards long; and so very fine, that eight or ten of them are generally rolled off into one by the manufacturers. The cocoon, when completed, is in form like a pigeon's egg, and more pointed at one end than the other; at the smaller end, the head of the aurelia is generally found; and this is the place that the insect, when converted into a moth, is generally seen to burst through.

It is generally a fortnight or three weeks before the aurelia is changed into a moth; but no sooner is the winged insect completely formed, than, having divested itself of its aurelia skin, it prepares to burst through its cocoon, or outward prison: for this purpose it extends its head towards the point of the cocoon, butts with its eyes, which are rough, against the lining of its cell, wears it away, and at last pushes forward, through a passage which is small at first, but which enlarges as the animal increases its efforts for emancipation; while the tattered remnants of its aurelia skin lie in confusion within the cocoon, like a bundle of dirty linen.

The animal, when thus set free from its double confinement, appears exhausted with fatigue, and seems produced for no other purpose but to transmit a future brood. It neither flies nor eats; the male only seeking the female, whose eggs he impregnates. The male dies immediately after separation from his mate; and she survives him only till she has laid her eggs, which are not hatched into worms till the ensuing spring.

However, there are few of these animals suffered to come to a state of maturity; for as their bursting through the cocoon destroys the silk, the manufacturers take care to kill the aurelia, by exposing it to the sun before the

moth comes to perfection. This done, they take off the floss, and throw the cocoons into warm water, stirring them till the first thread offers them a clue for winding all off. They generally take eight of the silken threads together; the cocoons are still kept under water, till a proper quantity of the silk is wound off: however, they do not take all; for the latter parts grow weak, and are of a bad colour. As to the paper-like substance which remains, some stain it with a variety of colours, to make artificial flowers; others let it lie in the water, till the glutinous matter which cements it is all dissolved: it is then carded like wool, spun with a wheel, and converted into silk stuffs of an inferior kind.

THE LION, THE TIGER, AND THE TRAVELLER.

A FABLE, BY GAY.

A TIGER, roaming for his prey,
 Sprang on a Traveller in the way :
 The prostrate game a Lion spies,
 And on the greedy tyrant flies
 With mingled roar resounds the wood ;
 Their teeth, their claws distil with blood :
 Till, vanquished by the Lion's strength,
 The spotted foe extends his length ¹
 The man besought the shaggy lord,
 And on his knees for life implored

¹ "Stretches his length on the ground," i.e., lies dead. "The spotted foe" refers to the Tiger; why is the epithet "spotted" inappropriate?

His life the generous hero¹ gave.

Together walking to his cave,
The Lion thus bespoke² his guest :
What hardy beast shall dare contest
My matchless strength ? You saw the fight,
And must attest my power and might.
Forced to forego their native home,
My starving slaves at distance roam.
Within these woods I reign alone ;
The boundless forest is my own.
Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood
Have dyed the regal den with blood.
These carcases on either hand,
Those bones that whiten all the land,
My former deeds and triumphs tell :
Beneath these jaws what numbers fell !

True, says the Man, the strength I saw
Might well the brutal nation awe :
But shall a monarch, brave like you,
Place glory in so false a view ?
Robbers invade their neighbour's right.
Be loved : let justice bound your might.
Mean are ambitious heroes' boasts
Of wasted lands and slaughtered hosts ;
Pirates their power by murders gain ;
Wise kings by love and mercy reign.
To me your clemency hath shown
The virtue worthy of a throne.
Heaven gives you power, above the rest,
Like Heaven to succour the distrest.

¹ The "generous hero" is the "shaggy lord," the Lion.

² To *bespeak* generally means "to speak for," i.e., to engage beforehand ; but it here means "to speak to."

The case is plain, the monarch said
 False glory hath my youth misled :
 For, beasts of prey, a servile train,
 Have been the flatterers of my reign
 You reason well : Yet tell me, friend
 Did ever you in Courts attend ?
 For, all my fawning rogues¹ agree.
 That human heroes rule like me.

THE INSTALLATION OF YUDHISHTHIRA AS RAJA OF HASTINAPUR.²

A STORY FROM THE MAHÁBHÁRATA.

Now when Rájá Yudhishtira beheld the dead bodies of his kinsmen, who had been slain on the plain of Kurukshetra, his heart failed him, and he said that he would not accept the Ráj, but would retire into the jungle, and spend the remainder of his days in religious devotion but those around him offered many topics of consolation to him, and after a while his grief left him, and he prepared himself to undertake the duties of Rájá under his uncle, Maharájá Dhritarashtra. So when all things had been made ready for his progress from the field of Kurukshetra to the city of Hastinapur, he ascended a chariot

¹ The rogues that fawn upon me, i. e., my flattering courtiers.

² The main story of the *Mahábhárata* is the account of the Great War between the Pándavas and Kurus. After the decisive battle of Kurukshetra, in which the adherents of the Kurus were utterly defeated and most of the members of both families were slain, Yudhishtira, the eldest of the Pándavas, became Rájá of Hastinapur—though he subsequently resigned the Ráj and retired with his family to the Himálaya Mountains. Hastinapur was a town on the Ganges, not far from the modern Delhi. In what language was the *Mahábhárata* written, and who is said to have compiled it ? What part does Krishna take in the action of the poem ?

which was drawn by sixteen white mules. And Bhima took the reins and seated himself as his charioteer, and bards and eulogists surrounded his chariot on all sides and recited his praises; and Arjuna held the royal umbrella over his head, and his two younger brothers, Nakula and Sahadeva, walked one on each side of his chariot, and fanned him with chámaras of fine hair. And Yuyutsu, the only surviving son of Dhritaráshtira, followed in another white chariot; and Krishna and Sátyaki accompanied the procession in like manner in a chariot of gold. And the blind Mahárájá and the Rání Gándhárí went before Yudhishtira in a vehicle carried by men; and Kuntí, Draupadí, and all the other ladies betook themselves to different vehicles, and followed the procession under the protection of Vidura.

In this grand array Rájá Yudhishtira entered the city of Hastinápur; and he was accompanied by all his friends and kinsmen, whilst the bards and eulogists marched before him and sounded his praises. Meantime the people of the city decorated the road with flags and garlands, and came out in their best attire to receive the new Rájá; and thousands of people thronged the entrance of the palace to welcome the approach of Yudhishtira, whilst all the ladies of the palace in like manner welcomed Draupadí. And Yudhishtira acknowledged the acclamations of the multitude, and received the blessings of the Bráhmans; and he then descended from his chariot, and went into the inner apartments, and worshipped the family gods with offerings of sandal, garlands, and jewels. Having thus performed his thanksgivings to the household deities he returned to the palace gate, and with the assistance of Dhaumya and the Mahárájá, he distributed suitable presents of jewels,

cows, and cloths¹ amongst the Bráhmans. Now a Rákshasa, named Chárváka, had disguised himself as a mendicant Bráhman, and mingled with the crowd; and having been a warm friend of Duryodhana he was desirous of reviling the Pándavas. And when the acclamations of the multitude had ceased, Chárváka arose and said:—"O Yudhishtira, listen to me! These Bráhmans have made me their spokesman to reproach you for your ignominious deeds in killing your nearest and dearest kinsmen: I cannot discover what advantage you have derived from committing such crimes; your life must be now a burden to you, and the sooner you die the better will it be for all." At this speech all the assembled Bráhmans were enraged, but they hung down their heads with shame and said nothing. And Rájá Yudhishtira was very much dejected at what Chárváka had said, and in very mild terms he asked the Bráhmans for forgiveness, and requested them not to put him to shame, and even offered to put an end to his own life if they desired it. The Bráhmans replied:—"O Rájá, we have said nothing against you, but wish you all joy and happiness. This person is not a Bráhman; he is a wicked friend of Duryodhana in disguise. His name is Chárváka, and he is a Rákshasa by birth. Listen not to him, for he has spoken falsehoods!" So saying, the Bráhmans looked upon Chárváka with angry eyes, and he fell upon the ground like a tree struck by lightning, and was burnt to ashes upon the spot.

Now when Yudhishtira saw that the Bráhmans were truly desirous that he should rule the Ráj, he was much

¹ *Cloths* means "pieces of cloth," the singular being "a cloth," or "a piece of cloth." Distinguish between *cloths* and *clothes*. What is the colloquial pronunciation of *clothes*?

pleased; and he cast aside all melancholy, and seated himself upon the golden throne with a cheerful heart, and with his face turned towards the east. And in front of him sat Krishna and Sátyaki upon seats of gold; whilst upon either side of him sat Bhíma and Aíjuna upon golden carpets. At a little distance off sat his mother Kuntí upon a throne of ivory, with Nakula and Sahadeva on each side of her. And Maharájá Dhritaráshtira and his younger brother Vidura, and the priest Dhaumya, took their seats upon carpets as bright as flame; and near the Maharájá sat his Rání Gándhári, and his only surviving son Yuyutsu. And when they were all seated, Yudhishtira was solemnly inaugurated Rájá by Dhaumya the Bráhmaṇ, who was the family priest of the Pándavas. And rice, which had been burnt by the sun, and white flowers, and pieces of earth, and gold, silver, and precious stones, were all brought before the new Rájá, and he touched them according to the custom. And fire, and milk, and honey, and ghee, and the sacred shell, and leaves and twigs of sacred trees, were all brought in like manner, and duly placed before Rájá Yudhishtira. And golden pots, and silver pots, and copper pots, and earthen pots, and pots made of precious stones, were all filled with water from all the sacred places, and arranged for the ceremony. And Dhaumya, the family priest of the Pándavas, solemnly performed all the rites of inauguration under the direction of Krishna. And Dhaumya prepared a high place on which to offer sacrifice, and he kindled the fire for the offerings. And a tiger's skin was opened out before the sacrificial fire, and Yudhishtira and his wife Draupadí took their seats thereon; and Dhaumya prepared the homa for the propitiation of the gods, and poured it upon the sacred

fire. After this the five purifying articles which are produced from the sacred cow, namely, the milk, the curds, the ghee, the urine, and the ordure, were brought up by Krishna, and the Mahárájá, and by the four brethren of Yudhishtira, and poured by them over the heads of Yudhishtira and Draupadí: and then, in like manner, they all brought up the pots of sacred waters, and poured the waters over the heads of the new Rájá and his wife. And when this was done the music began to sound, and fill the air with harmonious strains, and the bards and eulogists raised their voices and chaunted aloud the praises of Rájá Yudhishtira and the glory of his mighty forefathers.

Now all this while Rájá Yudhishtira was in no way moved by all the honours thus bestowed upon him. Neither did he exult in his inauguration, nor was he elevated by the praise of the bards and eulogists. He underwent all the ceremonies with calmness and patience, and manifested neither signs of sorrow nor signs of joy. And when the rites had all been performed, he rose up and distributed without stint, and in the greatest profusion, the richest and most valuable presents to all the Bráhmans who had assembled at his inauguration.

In this manner Yudhishtira was installed Rájá in his ancestral Ráj of Bhárata; and when the installation was over, and the gifts had been distributed, he addressed the Bráhmans in the following language:—"The sons of Pándu, whether they possess any good qualities or not, must still consider themselves very fortunate, O Bráhmans, at being so much praised by you; and it is proper that you should grant to myself and my brethren any favour which we may ask of you. Mahárájá Dhritarashtra is our father, and we adore him as

we do our superior gods: If, therefore, you wish to serve me or my brethren, you cannot do that better than by placing yourselves under the rule of the Mahārāja, and endeavouring to promote his welfare: I myself live only for that purpose, now that I have slain all my kinsmen; and if you have any regard for me or my party, you will show the same respect to the Mahārāja as you did whilst the Kauravas were alive: He is our superior lord, and the ruler of the Pándavas and their Ráj: Forget not my special request that you should serve him." So saying Yudhishtira dismissed the Bráhmans.—J. TALBOYS WHEELER'S *Translation of the Mahábhárata*.

THE WILD BOAR AND THE LAMB.

A FABLE, BY GAY.

AGAINST an elm a sheep was tied,
 The butcher's knife in blood was dyed
 The patient flock, in silent fright,
 From far behold the horrid sight.
 A savage Boar, who near them stood,
 Thus mocked to scorn the fleecy brood
 All cowards should be served like you,
 See, see, your murderer is in view:
 With purple hands, and reeking knife,
 He strips the skin yet warm with life:
 Your quartered sires, your bleeding dams
 The dying bleat of harmless lambs,
 Call for revenge. O stupid race!
 The heart that wants¹ revenge is base.

¹ *The heart that wants revenge, i.e., the heart that is without (has no desire for) revenge*

I grant, an ancient Ram replies,
 We bear no terror in our eyes :
 Yet think us not of soul so tame,
 Which no repeated wrongs inflame,
 Insensible of every ill,
 Because we want thy tusks to kill.
 Know, those who violence pursue
 Give to themselves the vengeance due ;
 For, in these massacres they find
 The two chief plagues¹ that waste mankind :
 Our skin supplies the wrangling bar ;²
 It wakes their slumbering sons to war :
 And well revenge may rest contented,
 Since drums and parchment were invented.

THE EAGLE, AND THE ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS.

A FABLE, BY GAY.

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
 Surveyed the worlds beneath the sky,
 From this small speck of earth were sent
 Murmurs and sounds of discontent :
 For everything alive complained,
 That he the hardest life sustained

¹ *The two chief plagues, &c.* Litigation and war are the two chief plagues that waste mankind ; litigation is carried on to some extent by the aid of parchment made of sheepskin, on which legal writings are often engrossed ; and the same substance supplies the tops of the drums that are used in war.

² The *bar* is here put generally for the whole profession of the law, attorneys as well as barristers ; it generally refers only to barristers.

Jove calls his Eagle.¹ At the word
 Before him stands the royal bird.
 The bird, obedient, from heaven's height
 Downward directs his rapid flight ;
 Then cited every living thing,
 To hear the mandates of his king.

Ungrateful creatures, whence arise
 These murmurs which offend the skies ?
 Why this disorder ? say the cause :
 For just are Jove's eternal laws.
 Let each his discontent reveal :
 To yon sour dog I first appeal.

Hard is my lot, the Hound replies ;
 On what fleet limbs the Greyhound flies !
 While I, with weary step and slow,
 O'er plains and vales and mountains go.
 The morning sees my chase begun,
 Nor ends it till the setting sun.

When (says the Greyhound) I pursue,
 My game is lost, or caught in view ;²
 Beyond my sight the prey's secure :
 The Hound is slow, but always sure ;
 And, had I his sagacious scent,
 Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.

The Lion craved the Fox's art ;
 The Fox, the Lion's force and heart ;³
 The Cock implored the Pigeon's flight,
 Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light :

¹ Among the Romans, the eagle was held sacred as the bird of Jupiter, the chief god of heaven.

² The hound pursues the game by following its scent, even when out of sight; but the greyhound has not the faculty of *scent* (i.e., of perceiving the game by its scent when out of sight); and consequently loses its prey unless it can catch it whilst in sight.

³ *Heart* is often used in poetry in the sense of *courage*.

The Pigeon strength of wing despised,
And the Cock's matchless valour prized.
The Fishes wished to graze the plain ;
The Beasts to skim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blamed the partial hand of Fate.

The bird of heaven then cried aloud,
Jove bids disperse the murmuring crowd :
The god rejects your idle prayers.
Would ye, rebellious mutineers,
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envied creature ?
What, silent all, and none consent ?
Be happy then, and learn content :
Nor imitate the restless mind
And proud ambition of mankind.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN the middle of the month of October, in the year one thousand and sixty-six, the Normans and the English came front to front. All night the armies lay encamped before each other, in a part of the country then called Senlac, now called (in remembrance of them) Battle. With the first dawn of day, they arose. There, in the faint light, were the English on a hill ; a wood behind them ; in their midst, the Royal banner, representing a fighting warrior, woven in gold thread, adorned with precious stones ; beneath the banner, as

it rustled in the wind, stood King Harold on foot, with two of his remaining brothers by his side; around them, still and silent as the dead, clustered the whole English army—every soldier covered by his shield, and bearing in his hand his dreaded English battle-axe.

On an opposite hill, in three lines, archers, foot-soldiers, horsemen, was the Norman force. Of a sudden, a great battle-ery, "God help us!" burst from the Norman lines. The English answered with their own battle-ery, "God's Rood! Holy Rood!"¹ The Normans then came sweeping down the hill to attack the English.

There was one tall Norman Knight who rode before the Norman army on a prancing horse, throwing up his heavy sword and catching it, and singing of the bravery of his countrymen. An English Knight, who rode out from the English force to meet him, fell by this Knight's hand. Another English Knight rode out, and he fell too. But then a third rode out, and killed the Norman. This was in the beginning of the fight. It soon raged everywhere.

The English, keeping side by side in a great mass, cared no more for the showers of Norman arrows than if they had been showers of Norman rain. When the Norman horsemen rode against them, with their battle-axes they cut both men and horses down. The Normans gave way. The English pressed forward. A cry went forth among the Norman troops that Duke William²

¹ *Rood* is the same word as *red*, and originally meant a piece of wood. Here it means the wood of the Cross of Christ, which is regarded as sacred by Roman Catholic Christians.

² William, Duke of Normandy, became William I. King of England after the victory at Senlac, described in this extract. He is generally called William the Conqueror.

was killed. Duke William took off his helmet, in order that his face might be distinctly seen, and rode along the line before his men. This gave them courage. As they turned again to face the English, some of their Norman horse divided the pursuing body of the English from the rest, and thus all that foremost portion of the English army fell, fighting bravely. The main body still remaining firm, heedless of the Norman arrows, and with their battle-axes cutting down the crowds of horsemen when they rode up, like forests of young trees, Duke William pretended to retreat. The eager English followed. The Norman army closed again, and fell upon them with great slaughter.

"Still," said Duke William, "there are thousands of the English, firm as rocks around their King. Shoot upward, Norman archers, that your arrows may fall down upon their faces!"

The sun rose high, and sank, and the battle still raged. Through all the wild October day, the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, and in the white moonlight, heaps upon heaps of dead men lay strewn, a dreadful spectacle, all over the ground. King Harold, wounded with an arrow in the eye, was nearly blind. His brothers were already killed. Twenty Norman Knights, whose battered armour had flashed fiery and golden in the sunshine all day long, and now looked silvery in the moonlight, dashed forward to seize the Royal banner from the English Knights and soldiers, still faithfully collected round their blinded King. The King received a mortal wound, and dropped. The English broke and fled. The Normans rallied, and the day was lost.

O what a sight beneath the moon and stars, when

lights were shining in the tent of the victorious Duke William, which was pitched near the spot where Harold fell—and he and his knights were carousing within—and soldiers with torches, going slowly to and fro, without, sought for the corpse of Harold among piles of dead—and the Warrior, worked in golden thread and precious stones, lay low, all torn and soiled with blood—and the three Norman Lions¹ kept watch over the field!

FRIENDSHIP OF ANIMALS.

BY JESSE.

ANIMALS which are unable to associate with their own species will sometimes form most strange attachments. I had last year a solitary pigeon, which, being unable to procure a mate, attached itself to an old barn-door fowl, whose side it seldom left at night, roosting by him in the henhouse. The cock seemed sensible of the attachment of the pigeon, and never molested it or drove it from him. I had also a tame hedgehog, which nestled before the fire on the stomach of an old lazy terrier dog, who was much attached to it, and the best under-

¹ *The three Norman Lions.*—The writer means "*the Norman flag*," and the reference is to the three lions (or leopards) which form the heraldic device of England, and which may be seen depicted on the shield in the royal arms, and on the royal flag at the present day. But it is a mistake to suppose that these lions were embroidered on the flag of William the Conqueror; they were first adopted by Henry II. The flag of William the Conqueror, which had been consecrated and presented to him by the Pope, bore the figures of a "cross and an armed warrior," together with a ring containing a hair of St. Peter.

"*The Warrior*" refers to the flag of Harold.

standing existed between them. I have also seen a horse and a pig associate together, for want of any other companions; and Gilbert White mentions a curious fact of a horse and a solitary hen spending much of their time together in an orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing itself gently against his legs; while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection lest he should trample on his diminutive companion.

At Aston Hall, in Warwickshire, I remember to have seen a cat and a large fierce bloodhound, who were always together, the cat following the dog about the yard, and never seeming tired of his society. They fed together, and slept in the same kennel.

A gentleman residing in Northumberland assured me that he had a tame fox, which was so much attached to his harriers,¹ and they to him, that they lived together, and that the fox always went out hunting with the pack.² This fox was never tied up, and was as tame, playful, and harmless as any dog could be. He hunted with the pack for four years, and was at last killed by an accident.

But a most singular instance of attachment between two animals, whose natures and habits were most opposite, was related to me by a person on whose veracity I can place the greatest reliance. He had resided for nine years in the American States,³ where he superintended the execution of some extensive works for the

¹ *Harriers* are hounds used in hunting hares; whence their name.

² The *pack*—i.e., the pack of harriers.

³ The United States of North America

American Government. One of these works consisted in the erection of a beacon in a swamp in one of the rivers, where he caught a young alligator. This animal he made so perfectly tame, that it followed him about the house like a dog, scrambling up the stairs after him, and showing much affection and docility. Its great favourite, however, was a cat, and the friendship was mutual. When the cat was reposing herself before the fire (this was at New York), the alligator would lay himself down, place his head upon the cat, and in this attitude go to sleep. If the cat was absent, the alligator was restless; but he always appeared happy when the cat was near him. The only instance in which he showed any ferocity was in attacking a fox, which was tied up in the yard. Probably, however, the fox resented some playful advances which the other had made, and thus called forth the anger of the alligator. In attacking the fox, he did not make use of his mouth, but beat him with so much severity with his tail, that had not the chain which confined the fox broken, he would probably have killed him. The alligator was fed on raw flesh; and sometimes with milk, for which he showed a great fondness. In cold weather he was shut up in a box, with wool in it; but having been forgotten one frosty night, he was found dead in the morning. This is not, I believe, a solitary instance of amphibia becoming tame, and showing a fondness for those who have been kind to them. Blumenbach mentions that crocodiles have been tamed; and two instances have occurred under my own observation of toads knowing their benefactors, and coming to meet them with considerable alacrity.

Colonel Montague, in the Supplement to his "Ornith-

ological¹ Dictionary," relates the following singular instance of an attachment which took place between a Chinese goose and a pointer.² The dog had killed the male bird, and had been most severely punished for the misdemeanour, and finally the dead body of his victim was tied to his neck. The solitary goose became extremely distressed for the loss of her partner and only companion; and probably having been attracted to the dog's kennel by sight of her dead mate, she seemed determined to persecute the dog by her constant attendance and continual vociferations; but after a little time a strict friendship took place between these incongruous animals. They fed out of the same trough, lived under the same roof, and in the same straw bed kept each other warm; and when the dog was taken to the field, the lamentations of the goose were incessant.

Some animals of the same species form also strong attachments for each other. This was shown in the case of two Hanoverian horses, which had long served together during the Peninsular War,³ in the German brigade of artillery. They had assisted in drawing the same gun, and had been inseparable companions in many battles. One of them was at last killed; and after the engagement the survivor was picqueted⁴ as

¹ *Ornithology* (from a Greek word meaning *bird*), is the science that teaches us about birds

² A *pointer* is a kind of dog used in shooting; so called because it "points," i.e., shows by a certain attitude and manner that game is lying concealed somewhere near at hand

³ The war between the English and the French in the peninsula of Spain and Portugal, A.D. 1808—1813.

The German brigade of artillery.—The King of England was, at the time of the Peninsular War, also Elector (and afterwards king) of Hanover in Germany; so there were many German regiments in the English army.

⁴ *Piquet*, or *picket* (from a French word meaning "to pierce"), originally meant a small pointed piece of wood, stuck in the ground;

usual, and his food brought to him. He refused, however, to eat, and was constantly turning round his head to look for his companion, sometimes neighing as if to call him. All the care that was bestowed upon him was of no avail. He was surrounded by other horses, but he did not notice them; and he shortly afterwards died, not having once tasted food from the time his former associate was killed. A gentleman who witnessed the circumstance assured me that nothing could be more affecting than the whole demeanour of this poor horse.—*Gleanings from Nature.*

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

A FABLE, BY GAY.

THE wind is high, the window shakes,
 With sudden start the Miser wakes :
 Along the silent room he stalks ;
 Looks back, and trembles as he walks.
 Each lock and every bolt he tries,
 In every creek and corner pries ;¹
 Then opes the chest with treasure stored,
 And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
 But now, with sudden qualms possessed,
 He wrings his hands, he beats his breast :

hence the verb "to picquet" means to fasten a horse to such a piece of wood.

¹ To *pry* means to *peer*, or look narrowly in to that which is difficult to be seen. *Creek* is a word of Anglo-Saxon derivation, having the same meaning as the word *corner*, which is from the Latin through the French. The phrase *creek and corner* is now obsolete, and should not be used in serious compositions; it was formerly used to emphasize the meaning of the word *corner*.

By conscience stung, he wildly stares,
And thus his guilty soul declares :

Had the deep earth her store confined,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue's sold. Good gods ! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice ?
O bane of good ! seducing cheat !
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat ?
Gold banished honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind :
Gold sowed the world with every ill ;
Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill :
'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
In treachery's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er ?
Virtue resides on earth no more ;

He spoke, and sighed. In angry mood,
Plutus,¹ his god, before him stood.
The Miser, trembling, locked his chest ;
The Vision frown'd, and thus address :—
Whence is this vile ungrateful rant ;
Each sordid rascal's daily cant ?
Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind ?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abused,
Must I be censured, cursed, accused ?
Even virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade ;
And power (when lodged in their possession)
Grows tyranny and rank oppression.
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast ;

¹ *Plutus*, the god of wealth in the Greek and Roman mythology.

'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
And every shocking vice beside.
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses, like the dews of heaven :
Like heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widow's eyes.
Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
Who pawned their sordid souls for pay ?
Let bravocs¹ then (when blood is spilt)
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.

THE STRUCTURE AND HABITS OF QUADRUPEDS.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

UPON comparing the various animals of the globe with each other, we shall find that Quadrupeds² demand the rank immediately next ourselves ; and, consequently, come first in consideration. The similitude between the structure of their bodies and ours, those instincts which they enjoy in a superior degree to the rest, their constant services, or their unceasing hostilities, all render them the foremost objects of our curiosity, the most interesting part of animated nature. These, however although now so completely subdued, very probably, in the beginning, were nearer upon an equality with us, and disputed the possession of the earth. Man,

¹ *Bravo* (pronounced *bráh-ro*), is an Italian word, originally meaning "a brave man." It is generally applied to a man who makes a trade of murder.

² *Four-footed animals* ; from two Latin words, meaning *four* and *foot* respectively

while yet savage himself, was but ill qualified to civilise the forest. While yet naked, unarmed, and without shelter, every wild beast was a formidable rival: and the destruction of such was the first employment of heroes. But, when he began to multiply, and arts to accumulate, he soon cleared the plains of the most noxious of these his rivals; a part was taken under his protection and care, while the rest found a precarious refuge in the burning desert, or the dismal forest.

From being rivals, quadrupeds have *now* become the assistants of man; upon them he devolves the most laborious employments, and finds in them patient and humble coadjutors, ready to obey, and content with the smallest reward. It was not, however, without long and repeated efforts that the independent spirit of these animals was broken; for the savage freedom in wild animals is generally found to pass down through several generations before it is totally subdued. Those cats and dogs that are taken from a state of natural wildness in the forest, still transmit their fierceness to their young; and, however concealed in general, it breaks out upon several occasions. Thus the assiduity and application of man in bringing them up, alters not only their disposition, but their very forms; and the difference between animals in a state of nature and domestic tameness is so considerable, that M. Buffon¹ has taken this as a principal distinction in classing them.

In taking a cursory view of the form of quadrupeds, we may easily perceive that, of all the ranks of animated nature, they bear the nearest resemblance to man. This

. ¹ *M.* is the contraction for *Monsieur*, the French title corresponding to the English *Mr.* M. Buffon was a famous French writer on Natural History.

similitude will be found more striking when, erecting themselves on their hinder feet, they are taught to walk forward in an upright posture. We then see that all their extremities in a manner correspond with ours, and present us with a rude imitation of our own. In some of the ape kind the resemblance is so striking, that anatomists are puzzled to find in what part of the human body man's superiority consists; and scarcely any but the metaphysician can draw the line that ultimately divides them.

But, if we compare their internal structure with our own, the likeness will be found still to increase; and we shall perceive many advantages they enjoy in common with us, above the lower tribes of nature. Like us, they are placed above the class of birds, by bringing forth their young alive: like us, they are placed above the class of fishes, by breathing through the lungs; like us, they are placed above the class of insects, by having red blood circulating through their veins; and lastly, like us, they are different from almost all the other classes of animated nature, being either wholly or partly covered with hair. Thus nearly are we represented in point of conformation by the class of animals immediately below us; and this shows what little reason we have to be proud of our persons alone, to the perfection of which quadrupeds make such very near approaches.

The similitude of quadrupeds to man obtains also in the fixedness of their nature, and their being less apt to be changed by the influence of climate or food than the lower ranks of nature. Birds are found very apt to alter both in colour and size; fishes, likewise, still more; insects may be quickly brought to change and adapt

themselves to the climate; and, if we descend to plants, which may be allowed to have a kind of living existence, their kinds may be surprisingly and readily altered, and taught to assume new forms. The figure of every animal may be considered as a kind of drapery, which it may be made to put on or off by human assiduity; in man the drapery is almost invariable; in quadrupeds it admits of some variation; and the variety may be made greater still as we descend to the inferior classes of animal existence.

Although quadrupeds are thus strongly marked, and in general divided from the various kinds around them, yet some of them are often of so equivocal a nature, that it is hard to tell whether they ought to be ranked in the quadruped class, or degraded to those below them. If, for instance, we were to marshal the whole group of animals round man, placing the most perfect next him, and those most equivocal near the classes they most approach, we should find it difficult, after the principal had taken their stations near him, where to place many that lie at the outskirts of this phalanx. The bat makes a near approach to the ærial tribe, and might by some be reckoned among the birds. The porcupine has not less pretensions to that class, being covered with quills, and showing that birds are not the only part of nature that are furnished with such a defence. The armadillo might be referred to the tribe of insects, or snails, being, like them, covered with a shell; the seal and the morse¹ might be ranked among the fishes, like them being furnished with fins, and almost constantly residing in the same element. All these, the farther they recede

¹ The *morse*, sometimes called the *walrus*, is an amphibious animal living in the seas of the Arctic Regions.

from the human figure, become less perfect, and may be considered as the lowest kinds of that class to which we have referred them.

But, although the variety in quadrupeds is thus great, they all seem well adapted to the stations in which they are placed. There is scarcely one of them, how rudely shaped soever, that is not formed to enjoy a state of happiness fitted to its nature. All its deformities are only relative to us, but all its enjoyments are peculiarly its own. We may superficially suppose the Sloth, that takes up months in climbing a single tree, or the Mole, whose eyes are too small for distinct vision, are wretched and helpless creatures; but it is probable that their life, with respect to themselves, is a life of luxury; the most pleasing food is easily obtained; and, as they are abridged in one pleasure, it may be doubled in those which remain. Quadrupeds, and all the lower kinds of animals, have, at worst, but the torments of immediate evil to encounter, and this but transient and accidental; man has two sources of calamity,—that which he foresees, as well as that which he feels; so that, if his reward were to be in this life alone, then indeed would he be of all beings the most wretched.

The heads of quadrupeds, though differing from each other, are in general adapted to their way of living. In some it is sharp, the better to fit the animal for turning up the earth in which its food lies. In some it is long, in order to give greater room for the olfactory nerves, as in dogs, who are to hunt and find out their prey by the scent

In others it is short and thick, as in the lion, to increase the strength of the jaw, and to fit it the better for combat. In quadrupeds, that feed upon grass, they

are enabled to hold down their heads to the ground, by a strong tendinous ligament, that runs from the head to the middle of the back. This serves to raise the head, although it has been held to the ground for several hours, without any labour, or any assistance from the muscles of the neck.

The teeth of all animals are entirely fitted to the nature of their food. Those of such as live upon flesh differ in every respect from such as live upon vegetables. In the latter they seem entirely made for gathering and bruising their simple food, being edged before and fitted for cutting; but broad towards the back of the jaw, and fitted for pounding. In the carnivorous kinds they are sharp before, and fitted rather for holding than dividing. In the one the teeth serve as grindstones, in the other as weapons of defence; in both, however, the surfaces of those teeth which serve for grinding are unequal; the cavities and risings fitting those of the opposite so as to tally exactly when the jaws are brought together. These inequalities better serve for comminuting the food; but they become smooth with age; and, for this reason, old animals take a longer time to chew their food than such as are in the vigour of life.

Their legs like their teeth are fitted to their respective wants or enjoyments. In some they are made for strength only, and to support a vast unwieldy frame, without much flexibility or beautiful proportion. Thus the legs of the elephant and the rhinoceros resemble pillars; were they made smaller, they would be unfit to support the body; were they endowed with greater flexibility or swiftness, that would be needless, as they do not pursue other animals for food; and, conscious of their own superior strength, there are none that they

deign to avoid. Deers, hares, and other creatures, that are to find safety only in flight, have their legs made entirely for speed; they are slender and nervous. Were it not for this advantage, every carnivorous animal would soon make them a prey, and their races would be entirely extinguished. But in the present state of nature, the means of safety are rather superior to those of offence; and the pursuing animal must owe success only to patience, perseverance, and industry. The feet of some, that live upon fish alone, are made for swimming. The toes of these animals are joined together with membranes, being web-footed, like a goose or a duck; by which means they swim with great rapidity. Those animals that lead a life of hostility, and live upon others, have their feet armed with short claws, which some can sheath and unsheath at will. Those, on the contrary, who lead peaceful lives, have generally hoofs, which serve some as weapons of defence; and which in all are better fitted for traversing extensive tracts of rugged country, than the claw foot of their pursuers.

The stomach is generally proportioned to the quality of the animal's food, or the ease with which it is obtained. In those that live upon flesh and such nourishing substances, it is small, affording such juices as are best adapted to digest its contents; their intestines also are short and without fatness. On the contrary, such animals as feed entirely upon vegetables, have the stomach very large; and those who chew the cud have no less than four stomachs, all which serve as so many laboratories, to prepare and turn their coarse food into proper nourishment. In Africa, where the plants afford greater nourishment than in our temperate climates, several animals, that with us have four stomachs, have

there but two. However, in all animals the size of the intestines is proportioned to the nature of the food; where that is furnished in large quantities, the stomach dilates to answer the increase. In domestic animals that are plentifully supplied, it is large; in the wild animals, that live precariously, it is much more contracted, and the intestines are much shorter.

In this manner, all animals are fitted by nature to fill up some peculiar station. The greatest animals are made for an inoffensive life, to range the plains and the forest without injuring others; to live upon the productions of the earth, the grass of the field, or the tender branches of trees. These, secure in their own strength, neither fly from any other quadrupeds nor yet attack them: Nature, to the greatest strength, has added the most gentle and harmless dispositions; without this those enormous creatures would be more than a match for all the rest of the creation; for what devastation might not ensue, were the elephant, or the rhinoceros, or the buffalo, as fierce and as mischievous as the tiger or the rat? In order to oppose these larger animals, and in some measure to prevent their exuberance, there is a species of the carnivorous kind, of inferior strength indeed, but of greater activity and cunning. The lion and the tiger generally watch for the larger kinds of prey, attack them at some disadvantage, and commonly jump upon them by surprise. None of the carnivorous kinds, except the dog alone, will make a voluntary attack, but with the odds on their side. They are all cowards by nature, and usually catch their prey by a bound from some lurking place, seldom attempting to invade them openly; for the larger beasts are too powerful for them, and the smaller too swift.

A lion does not willingly attack a horse; and then only when compelled by the keenest hunger. The combats between a lion and a horse are frequent enough in Italy; where they are both inclosed in a kind of amphitheatre,¹ fitted for that purpose. The lion always approaches wheeling about, while the horse presents his hinder parts to the enemy. The lion in this manner goes round and round, still narrowing his circle, till he comes to the proper circle to make his spring: just at the time the lion springs, the horse lashes with both legs from behind, and, in general, the odds are in his favour; it more often happening that the lion is stunned and struck motionless by the blow, than that he effects his jump between the horse's shoulders. If the lion is stunned, and left sprawling, the horse escapes without attempting to improve his victory; but if the lion succeeds, he sticks to his prey, and tears the horse in pieces in a very short time.

But it is not among the larger animals of the forest alone that these hostilities are carried on; there is a minuter and still more treacherous contest between the lower rank of quadrupeds. The panther hunts for the sheep and the goat, and the wild cat for the squirrel or the mouse. In proportion as each carnivorous animal wants strength, it uses all the assistance of patience, assiduity, and cunning. However, the arts of these to pursue are not so great as the tricks of their prey to escape; so that the power of destruction in one class is

¹ *Amphitheatre* (literally a *double theatre*, from two Greek words meaning *both* and *theatre* respectively) is generally applied to an inclosed piece of ground, surrounded on all (or nearly all) sides by rows of seats rising one above another in tiers—the spectators sitting in these seats being thus able to see any spectacle presented to them in the central space, which is called the *arena*.

inferior to the power of safety in the other. Were this otherwise, the forest would soon be dispeopled of the feebler races of animals; and beasts of prey themselves would want, at one time, that subsistence which they lavishly destroyed at another.

Few wild animals seek their prey in the day-time; they are then generally deterred by their fears of man in the inhabited countries, and by the excessive heat of the sun in those extensive forests that lie towards the south, and in which they reign the undisputed tyrants. As soon as the morning, therefore, appears, the carnivorous animals retire to their dens; and the elephant, the horse, the deer, and all the hare kinds, those inoffensive tenants of the plain, make their appearance. But again, at night-fall, the state of hostility begins; the whole forest then echoes to a variety of different howlings. Nothing can be more terrible than an African landscape at the close of evening: the deep-toned roarings of the lion; the shriller yellings of the tiger; the jackal, pursuing by the scent, and barking like a dog; the hyæna, with a note peculiarly solitary and dreadful; but above all, the hissing of the various kinds of serpents,¹ that then begin their call, and, as I am assured, make a much louder symphony than the birds in our groves in a morning.

Beasts of prey seldom devour each other; nor can anything but the greatest degree of hunger induce them to do so. What they chiefly seek after, is the deer, or the goat; those harmless creatures, that seem made to embellish nature. These are either pursued or surprised,

¹ It is probable that the hissing sounds thus described by travellers arise not from serpents, but from innumerable grasshoppers and crickets, &c. in this country.

and afford the most agreeable repast to their destroyers. The most usual method, with even the fiercest animals, is to hide and crouch near some path frequented by their prey, or some water where cattle come to drink; and seize them at once with a bound. The lion and the tiger leap twenty feet at a spring; and this, rather than their swiftness or strength, is what they have most to depend upon for a supply. There is scarcely one of the deer or hare kind that is not very easily capable of escaping them by its swiftness; so that whenever any of these fall a prey, it must be owing to their own inattention.

But there is another class of the carnivorous kind, which hunts by the scent, and which it is much more difficult to escape. It is remarkable, that all animals of this kind pursue in a pack; and encourage each other by their mutual cries. The jackal, the wolf, and the dog, are of this kind; they pursue with patience rather than swiftness; their prey flies at first, and leaves them for miles behind; but they keep on with a constant steady pace, and excite each other by a general spirit of industry and emulation, till at last they share the common plunder; though it often happens, that the larger beasts of prey, when they hear a cry of this kind begun, pursue the pack, and when they have hunted down the animal, come in and monopolise the spoil. This has given rise to the report of the jackal's being the lion's provider; when the reality is, that the jackal hunts for itself, and the lion is an unwelcome intruder upon the fruit of his toil.

Nevertheless, with all the powers which carnivorous animals are possessed of, they generally lead a life of famine and fatigue. Their prey has such a variety of

methods for escaping, that they sometimes continue without food for a fortnight together: but nature has endowed them with a degree of patience equal to the severity of their state; so that, as their subsistence is precarious, their appetites are complying. They usually seize their prey with a roar, either of seeming delight, or perhaps to terrify it from resistance. They frequently devour it, bones and all, in the most ravenous manner, and then retire to their dens, continuing inactive till the calls of hunger again excite their courage and industry. But, as all their methods of pursuit are counteracted by the arts of evasion, they often continue to range without success, supporting a state of famine for several days, and indeed sometimes weeks together. Of their prey, some find protection in holes, in which nature has directed them to bury themselves; some find safety by swiftness; and such as are possessed of neither of these advantages generally herd together, and endeavour to repel invasion by united force. The very sheep, which to us seem so defenceless, are by no means so in a state of nature; they are furnished with arms of defence, and a very great degree of swiftness; but they are still further assisted by their spirit of mutual defence: the females fall into the centre; and the males, forming a ring round them, oppose their horns to the assailants. Some animals, that feed upon fruits which are to be found only at one time of the year, fill their holes with several sorts of plants, which enable them to lie concealed during the hard frosts of the winter, contented with their prison, since it affords them plenty and protection. These holes are dug with so much art, that there seems the design of an architect in the formation. There are usually two apertures, by one of which the little inhabitant can

always escape, when the enemy is in possession of the other. Many creatures are equally careful of avoiding their enemies, by placing a sentinel to warn them of the approach of danger. These generally perform this duty by turns; and they know how to punish such as have neglected their post, or have been unmindful of the common safety. Such are some of the efforts that the weaker races of quadrupeds exert to avoid their invaders; and, in general, they are attended with success. The arts of instinct are most commonly found an overmatch for the invasions of instinct. Man is the only creature against whom all their little tricks cannot prevail. Wherever he has spread his dominion, scarcely any flight can save, or any retreat harbour; wherever he comes, terror seems to follow, and all society ceases among the the inferior tenants of the plain; their union against him can yield them no protection, and their cunning is but weakness. In their fellow-brutes, they have an enemy whom they can oppose with an equality of advantage; they can oppose fraud or swiftness to force; or numbers to invasion: but what can be done against such an enemy as man, who finds them out though unseen, and though remote destroys them? Wherever he comes, all the contest among the meaner ranks seem to be at an end, or is carried on only by surprise. Such as he has thought proper to protect, have calmly submitted to his protection; such as he has found it convenient to destroy, carry on an unequal war, and their numbers are every day decreasing.

The wild animal is subject to few alterations; and, in a state of savage nature, continues for ages the same, in size, shape, and colour. But it is otherwise when subdued, and taken under the protection of man; its

external form, and even its internal structure, are altered by human assiduity; and this is one of the first and greatest causes of the variety that we see among the several quadrupeds of the same species. Man appears to have changed the very nature of domestic animals by cultivation and care. A domestic animal is a slave that seems to have few other desires but such as man is willing to allow it. Humble, patient, resigned, and attentive, it fills up the duties of its station; ready for labour, and content with subsistence.

Almost all domestic animals seem to bear the marks of servitude strong upon them. All the varieties in their colour, all the fineness and length of their hair, together with the depending length of their ears, seem to have arisen from a long continuance in domestic slavery. What an immense variety is there to be found in the ordinary race of dogs and horses!—the principal differences of which have been effected by the industry of man, so adapting the food, the treatment, the labour, and the climate, that nature seems almost to have forgotten her original design; and the tame animal no longer bears any resemblance to its ancestors in the woods around him.

In this manner, nature is under a kind of constraint in those animals we have taught to live in a state of servitude near us. The savage animals preserve the marks of their first formation; their colours are generally the same; a rough dusky brown, or a tawny, seem almost their only varieties. But it is otherwise in the tame; their colours are various, and their forms different from each other. The nature of the climate, indeed, operates upon all; but more particularly on these. That nourishment which is prepared by the hand of man, not

adapted to their appetites, but to suit his own convenience, that climate the rigours of which he can soften, and that employment to which they are sometimes assigned, produce a number of distinctions that are not to be found among the savage animals. These at first were accidental, but in time become hereditary; and a new race of artificial monsters are propagated, rather to answer the purposes of human pleasure, than their own convenience. In short, their very appetites may be changed; and those that feed only upon grass, may be rendered carnivorous. I have seen a sheep that would eat flesh, and a horse that was fond of oysters.

But not their appetites or their figure alone, but their very dispositions, and their natural sagacity, are altered by the vicinity of man. In those countries where men have seldom intruded, some animals have been found established in a kind of civil state of society. Remote from the tyranny of man, they seem to have a spirit of mutual benevolence and mutual friendship. The beavers, in these distant solitudes are known to build like architects and rule like citizens. The habitations that these have been seen to erect, exceed the houses of the human inhabitants of the same country, both in neatness and convenience. But as soon as man intrudes upon their society, they seemed impressed with the terrors of their inferior situation, their spirit of society ceases, the bond is dissolved, and every animal looks for safety in solitude, and there tries all its little industry to shift only for itself.

Next to human influence, the climate seems to have the strongest effects both upon the nature and the form of quadrupeds. As in man, we have seen some alterations produced by the variety of his situation; so, in the

lower ranks, that are more subject to variation, the influence of the climate is more readily perceived. As these are more nearly attached to the earth, and in a manner connected to the soil; as they have none of the arts of shielding off the inclemency of the weather, or softening the rigours of the sun, they are consequently more changed by its variations. In general, it may be remarked, that the colder the country, the larger and the warmer is the fur of each animal; it being wisely provided by nature, that the inhabitant should be adapted to the rigours of the situation. Thus the fox and wolf, which in temperate climates have but short hair, have a fine long fur in the frozen regions near the pole. On the contrary, those dogs which with us have long hair, when carried to Guinea, or Angola, in a short time cast their thick covering, and assume a lighter dress, and one more adapted to the warmth of the country. The beaver, and the ermine, which are found in the greatest plenty in the cold regions, are remarkable for the warmth and delicacy of their furs; while the elephant and the rhinoceros, that are natives of the tropics, have scarcely any hair. Not but that human industry can, in some measure, co-operate with, or repress the effects of climate in this particular. It is well known what alterations are produced by proper care, in the sheep's fleece, in different parts of our own country; and the same industry is pursued with a like success in Syria, where many of their animals are clothed with a long and beautiful hair, which they take care to improve, as they work it into that stuff called camlet, so well known in different parts of Europe.

The disposition of the animal seems also not less marked by the climate than the figure. The same causes

that seem to have rendered the human inhabitants of the rigorous climates savage and ignorant, have also operated upon their animals. Both at the line,¹ and the pole, the wild quadrupeds are fierce and untameable. In these latitudes, their savage dispositions having not been quelled by any efforts from man, and being still farther stimulated by the severity of the weather, they continue fierce and untractable. Most of the attempts which have hitherto been made to tame the wild beasts brought home from the pole or the equator, have proved ineffectual. They are gentle and harmless enough while young; but as they grow up, they acquire their natural ferocity, and snap at the hand that feeds them. It may indeed, in general, be asserted that in all countries where the men are most barbarous, the beasts are most fierce and cruel; and this is but a natural consequence of the struggle between man and the more savage animals of the forest; for in proportion as he is weak and timid, they must be bold and intrusive; in proportion as his dominion is but feebly supported, their rapacity must be more obnoxious. In the extensive countries, therefore lying round the pole, or beneath the line, the quadrupeds are fierce and formidable. Africa has ever been remarked for the brutality of its men, and the fierceness of its animals: its lions and its leopards are not less terrible than its crocodiles and its serpents; their dispositions seem entirely marked with the rigours of the climate; and being bred in an extreme of heat, they show a peculiar ferocity, that neither the force of man can conquer, nor his arts allay. However, it is happy for the wretched inhabitants of those climates, that its most formidable animals are all solitary ones; that they

¹ The *line*, i. e., the Equator. The *pole*, the North or South Pole.

have not learnt the art of uniting to oppress mankind ; but each, depending on its own strength, attacks without any assistant.

The food, also, is another cause of the variety which we find among quadrupeds of the same kind. Thus the beasts which feed in the valley are generally larger than those which glean a scanty subsistence on the mountain. Such as live in the warm climates, where the plants are much larger and more succulent than with us, are equally remarkable for their bulk. The ox fed in the plains of Hindustán is very much larger than that which is more hardily maintained on the side of the Alps. The deserts of Africa, where the plants are extremely nourishing, produce the largest and fiercest animals ; and, perhaps for a contrary reason, America is found not to produce such large animals as are seen in the ancient continent. But, whatever be the reason, the fact is certain, that while America exceeds us in the size of its reptiles of all kinds, it is far inferior in its quadruped productions. Thus, for instance, the largest animal of that country is the tapir, which can by no means be compared to the elephant of Africa. Its beasts of prey, also, are divested of that strength and courage which is so dangerous in this part of the world. The American lion, tiger, and leopard, if such diminutive creatures deserve these names, are neither so fierce nor so valiant as those of Africa and Asia. The tiger of Bengal has been seen to measure twelve feet in length, without including the tail ; whereas the American tiger seldom exceeds three. This difference obtains still more in the other animals of that country, so that some have been of opinion that all quadrupeds in Southern America are of a different species from those most resembling them in the old

world; and that there are none which are common to both but such as have entered America by the north; and which, being able to bear the rigours of the frozen pole, have travelled from the ancient continent, by that passage, into the new. Thus the bear, the wolf, the elk, the stag, the fox, and the beaver are known to the inhabitants as well of North America as of Russia; while most of the various kinds to the southward, in both continents, bear no resemblance to each other. Upon the whole, such as peculiarly belong to the new continent are without any marks of the quadruped perfection. They are almost wholly destitute of the power of defence; they have neither formidable teeth, horns, nor tail; their figure is awkward, and their limbs ill-proportioned. Some among them, such as the ant-bear and the sloth, appear so miserably formed as scarcely to have the power of moving and eating. They seemingly drag out a miserable and languid existence in the most deserted solitude; and would quickly have been destroyed in a country where there were inhabitants or powerful beasts to oppose them.

But if the quadrupeds of the new continent be less, they are found in much greater abundance; for it is a rule that obtains through nature that the smallest animals multiply the fastest. The goat, imported from Europe to South America, soon begins to degenerate; but as it grows less it becomes more prolific; and, instead of one kid at a time, or two at the most, it generally produces five, and sometimes more. What there is in the food, or the climate that produces this change we have not been able to learn; we might be apt to ascribe it to the heat, but that on the African coast, where it is still hotter, this rule does not obtain; for

the goat, instead of degenerating there, seems rather to improve.

However, the rule is general among all quadrupeds, that those which are large and formidable produce but few at a time; while such as are mean and contemptible are extremely prolific. The lion, or tiger, have seldom above two cubs at a litter; while the cat, that is of a similar nature, is usually seen to have five or six. In this manner, the lower tribes become extremely numerous; and, but for this surprising fecundity, from their natural weakness, they would quickly be extirpated. The breed of mice, for instance, would have long since been blotted from the earth, were the mouse as slow in production as the elephant. But it has been wisely provided that such animals as can make but little resistance, should at least have a means of repairing the destruction, which they must often suffer, by their quick reproduction; that they should increase even among enemies, and multiply under the hand of the destroyer. On the other hand, it has as wisely been ordered by Providence that the larger kinds should produce but slowly; otherwise, as they require proportionate supplies from nature, they would quickly consume their own store; and, in consequence, many of them would soon perish through want; so that life would thus be given without the necessary means of subsistence. In a word, Providence has most wisely balanced the strength of the great against the weakness of the little. Since it was necessary that some should be great and others mean, since it was expedient that some should live upon others, it has assisted the weakness of one by granting it fruitfulness; and diminished the number of the other by infecundity.

In consequence of this provision, the larger creatures, which bring forth few at a time, seldom begin to generate till they have nearly acquired their full growth. On the contrary, those which bring forth many, reproduce before they have arrived at half their natural size. Thus the horse and the bull are nearly at their best before they begin to breed; the hog and the rabbit scarce leave the teat before they become parents in turn.

Whatever be the natural disposition of animals at other times, they all acquire new courage when they consider themselves as defending their young. No terrors can then drive them from the post of duty; the mildest begin to exert their little force, and resist the most formidable enemy. Where resistance is hopeless, they then incur every danger in order to rescue their young by flight, and retard their own expedition by providing for their little ones. When the female opossum, an animal of America, is pursued, she instantly takes her young into a false belly, with which nature has supplied her, and carries them off, or dies in the endeavour. I have been lately told of a vixen or she-fox which, when hunted, took her cub in her mouth, and ran for several miles without quitting it, until at last she was forced to leave it behind, upon the approach of a mastiff, as she ran through a farmer's yard. But, if at this period the mildest animals acquire new fierceness, how formidable must those be that subsist by rapine! At such times, no obstacles can stop their ravages, no threats can terrify; the lioness then seems more hardy than even the lion himself. She attacks men and beasts indiscriminately, and carries all she can overcome reeking to her cubs, whom she thus early

accustoms to slaughter. Milk in the carnivorous animals is much more sparing than in others; and it may be for this reason that all such carry home their prey alive, that, in feeding their young, its blood may supply the deficiencies of nature, and serve instead of that milk with which they are so sparingly supplied.

The choice of situation for bringing forth young is very remarkable. In most of the rapacious kinds the female takes the utmost precautions to hide the place of her retreat from the male; who otherwise, when pressed by hunger, would be apt to devour her cubs. She seldom, therefore, strays far from the den, and never approaches it while he is in view, nor visits him again till her young are capable of providing for themselves. Such animals as are of tender constitutions take the utmost care to provide a place of warmth as well as safety for their young; the rapacious kinds bring forth in the thickest woods; those that chew the cud, with the various tribes of the vermin kind, choose some hiding-place in the neighbourhood of man. Some dig holes in the ground; some choose the hollow of a tree; and all the amphibious¹ kinds bring up their young near the water, and accustom them betimes to their proper element.

Thus Nature seems kindly careful for the protection of the meanest of her creatures: but there is one class of quadrupeds that seems entirely left to chance, that no parent stands forth to protect, no instructor leads to teach the arts of subsistence. These are the quadrupeds that are brought forth from the egg, such as the lizard,

¹ *Amphibious* (from two Greek words meaning *both* and *life* respectively) is applied to animals capable of leading a life both on land and in the water.

the tortoise, and the crocodile. The fecundity of all other animals compared with these is sterility itself. These bring forth above two hundred at a time; but, as the offspring is more numerous, the parental care is less exerted. Thus the numerous brood of eggs are, without further solicitude, buried in the warm sands of the shore, and the heat of the sun alone is left to bring them to perfection. To this perfection they arrive almost as soon as disengaged from the shell. Most of them, without any other guide than instinct, immediately make to the water. In their passage thither, they have numberless enemies to fear. The birds of prey that haunt the shore, the beasts that accidentally come there, and even the animals that give them birth, are known, with a strange rapacity, to thin their numbers as well as the rest.

But it is kindly ordered by Providence, that these animals, which are mostly noxious, should thus have many destroyers; were it not for this, by their extreme fecundity, they would soon overrun the earth.

THE LION, THE FOX, AND THE GEESE

A FABLE, BY GAY.

A LION, tired with State affairs,
Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares,
Resolved (remote from noise and strife)
In peace to pass his later life.

It was proclaimed; the day was set:
Behold, the general council met.

The Fox was Viceroy named. The crowd
To the new Regent humbly bowed.
Wolves, bears, and mighty tigers bend,
And strive who most shall condescend.
He straight assumes a solemn grace,
Collects his wisdom in his face.

The crowd admire his wit, his sense ;
Each word hath weight and consequence
The flatterer all his art displays ;
He who hath power is sure of praise.
A Fox stept forth before the rest,
And thus the servile throng address :

How vast his talents, born to rule,
And trained in virtue's honest school !
What clemency his temper sways !
How uncorrupt are all his ways !
Beneath his conduct and command,
Rapine shall cease to waste the land.
His brain hath stratagem and art ;
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.
What blessings must attend the nation
Under this good administration !

He said. A Goose who distant stood,
Harangued apart the cackling brood :—

Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend.
What praise ! what mighty commendation !
But 'twas a Fox who spoke the oration.
Foxes this government may prize,
As gentle, plentiful, and wise :
If they enjoy the sweets, 'tis plain
We geese must feel a tyrant reign.
What havoc now shall thin our race.

When every petty clerk in place,¹
 To prove his taste and seem polite,
 Will feed on geese both noon and night!

MACBETH.

A TALE FROM SHAKSPEARE, BY CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

WHEN Duncan the Meek² reigned king of Scotland, there lived a great thane, or lord, called Macbeth. This Macbeth was a near kinsman to the king, and in great esteem at court for his valour and conduct in the wars; an example of which he had lately given, in defeating a rebel army, assisted by the troops of Norway, in terrible numbers.

When the two Scottish generals, Macbeth and Banquo, were returning victorious from this great battle, their way lay over a blasted heath; where they were stopped by the strange appearance of three figures like women, except that they had beards, and their withered skins and wild attire made them look not like any earthly creatures. Macbeth first addressed them, when they, seemingly offended, laid each one her choppy³ finger upon her skinny lips, in token of silence; and the first of them saluted Macbeth with the title of thane of Glamis. The general was not a little startled to find

¹ *In place, i.e., in office.*

² Duncan was King of Scotland from A.D. 1033 to 1039, when the Danish dynasty was ruling in England. He was murdered by his kinsman Macbeth, who was contemporary with Edward the Confessor.

³ *Choppy*, then, like a chopper or knife.

himself known by such creatures; but how much more, when the second of them followed up that salute by giving him the title of thane of Cawdor, to which honour he had no pretensions; and again, the third bid him—"All hail! king that shall be hereafter!" Such a prophetic greeting might well amaze him, who knew that while the king's sons lived he could not hope to succeed to the throne. Then turning to Banquo, they pronounced him in somewhat riddling¹ terms, to be *lesser than Macbeth and greater! not so happy but much happier!*—and prophesied that though he should never reign, yet his sons after him should be kings in Scotland. They then turned into air and vanished; by which the generals knew them to be the weird sisters or witches.

While they stood pondering on the strangeness of this adventure, there arrived certain messengers from the king, who were empowered by him to confer upon Macbeth the dignity of thane of Cawdor. An event so miraculously corresponding with the prediction of the witches astonished Macbeth, and he stood wrapped in amazement, unable to make reply to the messengers; and in that point of time swelling hopes arose in his mind, that the prediction of the third witch might in like manner have its accomplishment, and that he should one day reign king in Scotland.

Turning to Banquo, he said, "Do you not hope that your children shall be kings, when what the witches promised to me has so wonderfully come to pass?" "That hope," answered the general, "might enkindle you to aim at the throne; but oftentimes these ministers of

¹ *Riddling terms*, paradoxical language that sounded like riddles.

darkness tell us truths in little things, (to betray us into deeds of greatest consequence."

But the wicked suggestions of the witches had sunk too deep into the mind of Macbeth to allow him to attend to the warnings of the good Banquo. From that time he bent all his thoughts how to obtain the throne of Scotland.

(Macbeth had a wife, to whom he communicated the strange prediction of the weird sisters, and its partial accomplishment. She was a bad ambitious woman; and provided only that her husband and herself could arrive at greatness, she cared not much by what means. She spurred on the reluctant purpose of Macbeth, who felt compunction at the thoughts of blood; and she did not cease to represent the murder of the king as a step absolutely necessary to the fulfilment of the flattering prophecy.)

—It happened at this time that the king, who out of his royal condescension would oftentimes visit his principal nobility upon gracious terms, came to Macbeth's house, attended by his two sons, Malcolm and Donalbain; and a numerous train of thanes and attendants, the more to honour Macbeth for the triumphant success of his wars.

The castle of Macbeth was pleasantly situated, and the air about it was sweet and wholesome, which appeared by the nests which the martlet, or swallow, had built under all the jutting eaves of the building, wherever it found a place of advantage; for where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is observed to be delicate. The king entered well-pleased with the place, (and not less so with the attentions and respect of his honoured hostess, Lady Macbeth,) who had the

art of covering treacherous purposes with smiles ; and could look like the innocent flower, while she was indeed the serpent under it.

The king, being tired with his journey, went early to bed, and in his state-room two grooms of his chamber (as was the custom) slept beside him. He had been unusually pleased with his reception, and had made presents before he retired to his principal officers ; and among the rest, had sent a rich diamond to Lady Macbeth, greeting her by the name of his most kind hostess.

Now was the middle of night, when over half the world nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse men's minds asleep, and none but the wolf and the murderer is abroad. This was the time when Lady Macbeth waked to plot the murder of the king.—She would not have undertaken a deed so abhorrent to her sex, but that she feared her husband's nature, that it was too full of the milk of human kindness to do a contrived murder. She knew him to be ambitious, but withal to be scrupulous, and not yet prepared for that height of crime which commonly in the end accompanies inordinate ambition.—She had won him to consent to the murder, but she doubted his resolution ; and she feared that the natural tenderness of his disposition (more humane than her own) would come between, and defeat the purpose. So that with her own hands armed with a dagger, she approached the king's bed ; having taken care to ply the grooms of his chamber so with wine, that they slept intoxicated, and careless of their charge. There lay Duncan, in a sound sleep after the fatigues of his journey, and as she viewed him earnestly, there was something in his face, as he slept, which re-

sembled her own father; and she had not the courage to proceed.

She returned to confer with her husband. His resolution had begun to stagger. He considered that there were strong reasons against the deed. In the first place, he was not only a subject, but a near kinsman to the king; and he had been his host and entertainer that day, whose duty, by the laws of hospitality, it was to shut the door against his murderers, not bear the knife himself. Then he considered how just and merciful a king this Duncan had been, how clear of offence to his subjects, how loving to his nobility, and in particular to him; that such kings are the peculiar care of Heaven, and their subjects doubly bound to revenge their deaths. Besides, by the favours of the king, Macbeth stood high in the opinion of all sorts of men, and how would those honours be stained by the reputation of so foul a murder!

In these conflicts of the mind, Lady Macbeth found her husband inclining to the better part, and resolving to proceed no further. But she, being a woman not easily shaken from her evil purpose, began to pour in at his ears words which infused a portion of her own spirit into his mind, assigning reason upon reason why he should not shrink from what he had undertaken; how easy the deed was; how soon it would be over; and how the action of one short night would give to all their nights and days to come sovereign sway and royalty! Then she threw contempt on his change of purpose, and accused him of fickleness and cowardice; and declared that she had given suck, and knew how tender it was to love the babe that milked her; but she would, while it was smiling in her face, have plucked

it from her breast, and dashed its brains out, if she had sworn so to do it, as he had sworn to perform that murder. * Then she added, how practicable it was to lay the guilt of the deed upon the drunken sleepy grooms. And with the valour of her tongue she so chastised his sluggish resolutions, that he once more summoned up courage to the bloody business.

So, taking the dagger in his hand, he softly stole in the dark to the room where Duncan lay; and as he went, he thought he saw another dagger in the air, with the handle towards him, and on the blade and at the point of it drops of blood; but when he tried to grasp at it, it was nothing but air, a mere phantasm¹ proceeding from his own hot and oppressed brain and the business he had in hand.

Getting rid of this fear, he entered the king's room, and despatched him with one stroke of his dagger. Just as he had done the murder, one of the grooms, who slept in the chamber, laughed in his sleep, and the other cried "Murder!" which woke them both; but they said a short prayer; one of them said "God bless us!" and the other answered "Amen,"² and addressed themselves to sleep again. Macbeth, who stood listening to them, tried to say "Amen" when the fellow said "God bless us!"—but, though he had most need of a blessing, the word stuck in his throat, and he could not pronounce it.

¹ *Phantasm* (same as *phantom*, which is a commoner word) is derived from a Greek root, "that which appears to be"—a mere appearance. not a real or material thing.

² *Amen* (of Hebrew origin) means "so be it," and is the word spoken by all the people in a Christian assembly when the priest has uttered a prayer, to show that the people unite with the priest in offering the prayer to God. Here, the second groom means that he joins the first in praying "God bless us!"—and Macbeth, from a consciousness of guilt, is unable to join in that prayer

Again he thought he heard a voice which cried, "Sleep no more: Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep, that nourishes life." Still it cried, "Sleep no more," to all the house. "Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more."

With such horrible imaginations Macbeth returned to his listening wife, who began to think he had failed of his purpose, and that the deed was somehow frustrated. He came in so distracted a state, that she reproached him with his want of firmness, and sent him to wash his hands of the blood which stained them, while she took his dagger, with purpose to stain the cheeks of the grooms with blood, to make it seem their guilt.

Morning came, and with it the discovery of the murder, which could not be concealed; and though Macbeth and his lady made great show of grief, and the proofs against the grooms (the dagger being produced against them and their faces smeared with blood) were sufficiently strong, yet the entire suspicion fell upon Macbeth, whose inducements to such a deed were so much more forcible than such poor silly grooms could be supposed to have; and Duncan's two sons fled. Malcolm, the eldest, sought refuge in the English Court; and the youngest, Donalbain, made his escape to Ireland. †

The king's sons, who should have succeeded him, having thus vacated the throne, Macbeth as next heir was crowned king, and thus the prediction of the weird sisters was literally accomplished.

Though placed so high, Macbeth and his queen could not forget the prophecy of the weird sisters; that, though Macbeth should be king, yet not his children, but the

children of Banquo, should be kings after him. The thought of this, and that they had defiled their hands with blood, and done so great crimes, only to place the posterity of Banquo upon the throne, so rankled within them, that they determined to put to death both Banquo and his son, to make void the predictions of the weird sisters, which in their own case had been so remarkably brought to pass.

For this purpose they made a great supper, to which they invited all the chief thanes; and, among the rest, with marks of particular respect, Banquo and his son Fleance were invited. The way by which Banquo was to pass to the palace at night was beset by murderers appointed by Macbeth, who stabbed Banquo, but in the scuffle Fleance escaped. From that Fleance descended a race of monarchs who afterwards filled the Scottish throne, ending with James the Sixth of Scotland and the First of England, under whom the two crowns of England and Scotland were united. ✓

At supper, the queen, whose manners were in the highest degree affable and royal, played the hostess with a gracefulness and attention which conciliated every one present; and Macbeth discoursed freely with his thanes and nobles, saying, that all that was honourable in the country was under his roof, if he had but his good friend Banquo present, whom yet he hoped he should rather have to chide for neglect than to lament for any mischance. ✓ Just at these words the ghost of Banquo, whom he had caused to be murdered, entered the room, and placed himself on the chair which Macbeth was about to occupy. Though Macbeth was a bold man, and one that could have faced the devil without trembling, at this horrible sight his cheeks turned white with

fear, and he stood quite unmanned with his eyes fixed upon the ghost. His queen and all the nobles, who saw nothing, but perceived him gazing (as they thought) upon an empty chair, took it for a fit of distraction; and she reproached him, whispering that it was but the same fancy which made him see the dagger in the air when he was about to kill Duncan. But Macbeth continued to see the ghost, and gave no heed to all they could say, while he addressed it with distracted words, yet so significant, that his queen, fearing the dreadful secret would be disclosed, in great haste dismissed the guests, excusing the infirmity of Macbeth as a disorder he was often troubled with.

To such dreadful fancies Macbeth was subject. His queen and he had their sleeps afflicted with terrible dreams, and the blood of Banquo troubled them not more than the escape of Fleance, whom now they looked upon as father to a line of kings, who should keep their posterity out of the throne. With these miserable thoughts they found no peace, and Macbeth determined once more to seek out the weird sisters, and know from them the worst. ✓

He sought them in a cave upon the heath, where they, who knew by foresight of his coming, were engaged in preparing their dreadful charms, by which they conjured up infernal spirits to reveal to them futurity. Their horrid ingredients¹ were toads, bats, and serpents, the eye of a newt, and the tongue of a dog, the leg of a lizard, and the wing of the night owl, the scale of a dragon, the tooth of a wolf, the maw of the ravenous

¹ The *ingredients* of the charm (those things that *enter into its composition*, from two Latin words meaning "*to go*" and "*into*" respectively) are things that were anciently regarded with superstitious horror.

salt-sea shark, the mummy of a witch, the root of the poisonous hemlock (this to have effect must be dug in the dark), the gall of a goat, and the liver of a Jew, with slips of the yew-tree that roots itself in graves, and the finger of a dead child: all these were set on to boil in a great kettle, or caldron, which, as fast as it grew too hot, was cooled with a baboon's blood: to these they poured in the blood of a sow that had eaten her young, and they threw into the flame the grease that had sweaten¹ from a murderer's gibbet. By these charms they bound the infernal spirits to answer their questions.

It was demanded of Macbeth, whether he would have his doubts resolved by them, or by their masters, the spirits. He, nothing daunted by the dreadful ceremonies which he saw, boldly answered, "Where are they? let me see them." And they called the spirits, which were three. And the first arose in the likeness of an armed head, and he called Macbeth by name, and bid him beware of the thane of Fife; for which caution Macbeth thanked him; for Macbeth had entertained a jealousy of Macduff, the thane of Fife.

And the second spirit arose in the likeness of a bloody child, and he called Macbeth by name, and bid him have no fear, but laugh to scorn the power of man, for none of woman born should have power to hurt him; and he advised him to be bloody, bold, and resolute. "Then live, Macduff!" cried the king; "what need I fear of thee? but yet I will make assurance doubly sure. Thou shalt not live; that I may tell

¹ The ordinary form of this would be "that had been sweated." *Sweaten* is here the past participle of a verb *to swcat*, used in the sense of *to exude*, or *to be discharged as sweat*.

pale-hearted Fear it lies, and sleep in spite of
thunder." ✓

That spirit being dismissed, a third arose in the form of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand.

He called Macbeth by name, and comforted him against conspiracies, saying, that he should never be vanquished, until the wood of Birnam to Dunsinane Hill should come against him. "Sweet bodements!¹ good!" cried Macbeth; "who can unfix the forest, and move it from its earth-bound roots? I see I shall live the usual period of man's life, and not be cut off by a violent death. But my heart throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art can tell so much, if Banquo's issue shall ever reign in this kingdom?" Here the caldron sunk into the ground, and a noise of music was heard, and eight shadows, like kings, passed by Macbeth, and Banquo last, who bore a glass which showed the figures of many more, and Banquo all bloody smiled upon Macbeth, and pointed to them; by which Macbeth knew, that these were the posterity of Banquo, who should reign after him in Scotland; and the witches, with a sound of soft music, and with dancing, making a show of duty and welcome to Macbeth, vanished. And from this time the thoughts of Macbeth were all bloody and dreadful.

The first thing he heard when he got out of the witches' cave, was that Macduff, thane of Fife, had fled to England, to join the army which was forming against him under Malcolm, the eldest son of the late king, with intent to displace Macbeth, and set Malcolm, the right

¹ *Bodements* (from an Anglo-Saxon root meaning *to tell*) is an obsolete noun, for which we now use *forebodings* or *prophecies*. The verb "to bode," meaning "to portend," is still common.

heir, upon the throne. Macbeth, stung with rage, set upon the castle of Macduff, and put his wife and children, whom the thane had left behind, to the sword, and extended the slaughter to all who claimed the least relationship to Macduff


These and such-like deeds alienated the minds of ~~all~~ his chief nobility from him. Such as could, fled to join Malcolm and Macduff, who were now approaching with a powerful army which they had raised in England; and the rest secretly wished success to their arms, though for fear of Macbeth they could take no active part. His recruiting¹ went on slowly. Everybody hated the tyrant, nobody loved or honoured him; but all suspected him, and he began to envy the condition of Duncan, whom he had murdered, who slept soundly in his grave, against whom treason had done its worst: neither steel nor poison, neither domestic malice nor foreign levies, could hurt him any longer.

While these things were acting,² the queen, who had been the sole partner in his wickedness, in whose bosom he could sometimes seek a momentary repose from those terrible dreams which afflicted them both nightly, died, it is supposed, by her own hands, unable to bear the remorse of guilt, and the public hate; by which event he was left alone, without a soul to love or care for him, or a friend to whom he could confide his wicked purposes.

He grew careless of life, and wished for death; but the near approach of Malcolm's army roused in him what remained of his ancient courage, and he determined

¹ *Recruiting* (lit. "growing again," from a Latin root,) means "the work or process of enlisting new soldiers for an army."

² What is peculiar in the use of the word "acting" here!

to die (as he expressed it) "with armour on his back." Besides this, the hollow promises of the witches had filled him with false confidence, and he remembered the sayings of the spirits, that none of woman born was to hurt him, and that he was never to be vanquished till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane, which he thought could never be. So he shut himself up in his castle, whose impregnable strength was such as defied a siege : here he sullenly waited the approach of Malcolm; When, upon a day, there came a messenger to him, pale and shaking with fear, almost unable to report that which he had seen ; for he averred, that as he stood upon his watch on the hill, he looked towards Birnam, and to his thinking the wood began to move ! "Liar and slave !" cried Macbeth ; - "if thou speakest false, thou shalt hang alive upon the next tree, till famine end thee. If thy tale be true, I care not if thou dost as much by me :"—for Macbeth now began to faint in resolution, and to doubt the equivocal speeches of the spirits. He was not to fear till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane ; and now a wood did move. "However," said he, "if this which he avouches¹ be true, let us arm and out. There is no flying hence nor staying here. I begin to be weary of the sun, and wish my life at an end." With these desperate speeches he sallied forth upon the besiegers, who had now come up to the castle. 

The strange appearance, which had given the messenger an idea of a wood moving, is easily explained. When the besieging army marched through the wood of Birnam, Malcolm, like a skilful general, instructed his soldiers to hew down every one a bough and bear it

¹ *Avouches* here means "testifies" or "solemnly declares to be true."

before him, by way of concealing the true numbers of his host. This marching of the soldiers with boughs had at a distance the appearance which had frightened the messenger. Thus were the words of the spirit brought to pass in a sense different from that in which Macbeth had understood them, and one great stronghold of his confidence was gone.

And now a severe skirmishing took place, in which Macbeth, though feebly supported by those who called themselves his friends, but in reality hated the tyrant and inclined to the party of Malcolm and Macduff, yet fought with the extreme of rage and valour, cutting to pieces all who were opposed to him, till he came to where Macduff was fighting. Seeing Macduff, and remembering the caution of the spirit who had counselled him to avoid Macduff above all men, he would have turned, but Macduff, who had been seeking him through the whole fight, opposed his turning, and a fierce contest ensued; Macduff reproaching Macbeth bitterly for the murder of his wife and children. Macbeth, whose soul was charged enough with blood of that family already, would still have declined the combat; but Macduff still urged him to it, calling him tyrant, murderer, hell-hound, and villain.

Then Macbeth remembered the words of the spirit. How none of woman born should hurt him; and smiling confidently he said to Macduff, "Thou lovest thy labour, Macduff. As easily thou mayest impress the air with thy sword, as make me vulnerable. I bear a charmed life, which must not yield to one of woman born."

"Despair thy charm," said Macduff, "and let that lying spirit, whom thou hast served, tell thee, that Macduff was never born of woman, never as the ordinary

manner of men is to be born, but was untimely taken from his mother."

"Accursed be the tongue which tells me so," said the trembling Macbeth, who felt his last hold of confidence giving way; "and let never man in future believe the lying equivocations of witches and juggling spirits, who deceive us in words which have double senses, and while they keep their promise literally, disappoint our hopes with a different meaning. I will not fight with thee."

"Then live!" said the scornful Macduff: "we will have a show of thee, as men show monsters, and a painted board, on which shall be written, 'Here men may see the tyrant!'"

"Never!" said Macbeth, whose courage returned with despair; "I will not live to kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet, and to be baited¹ with the curses of the rabble. Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, and thou opposed to me, who wast never born of woman, yet will I try the last." With these frantic words he threw himself upon Macduff, who, after a severe struggle, in the end overcame him, and cutting off his head, made a present of it to the young and lawful king, Malcolm; who took upon him the government which, by the machinations of the usurper, he had so long been deprived of, and ascended the throne of Dunearn the Meek amid the acclamations of the nobles and the people.

¹ To *bait* (connected with the word "bite") literally means "to tease an animal by inciting dogs to bite it."

Bull-baiting and bear-baiting were cruel amusements formerly very popular in many countries. "To be baited," then, here means "to be teased or harassed."

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

LEAVES have their time to fall,¹
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour—
Its feverish hour, of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee,

¹ *Their time to fall.*—*To fall* is here the gerund, and means *of falling, or for falling.* See Adams's *English Language*, p. 98.

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?—
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
'Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.¹

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

EYES AND NO EYES; OR, THE ART OF SEEING.

A NEW VERSION, BY KINGSLEY.

AMONG the old-fashioned books for boys which I used to read when I was a boy, was one that taught me that the mere reading of wise books does not make any one wise; and therefore I am more grateful to that old-fashioned book than if it had been as full of wonderful

¹ *The princely crest*—the crests or heads of princes.

pictures as all the natural-history books you ever saw. Its name was "Evenings at Home;" and in it was a story called "Eyes and no Eyes;" a regular old-fashioned, prim, sententious story; and it began thus:—

"Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?" said Mr. Andrews¹ to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday.

Oh—Robert had been to Broom Heath, and round by Camp Mount, and home through the meadows. But it was very dull. He hardly saw a single person. He had much rather have gone by the turnpike-road.

Presently in comes Master William, the other pupil; and terribly dirty and wet he is: but he never (he says) had such a pleasant walk in his life; and he has brought home his handkerchief full of curiosities

He has got a piece of mistletoe, wants to know what it is; and he has seen a woodpecker, and a wheat-ear, and gathered strange flowers on the heath; and hunted a peewit² because he thought its wing was broken, till of course it led him into a bog, and very wet he got. But he did not mind it, because he fell in with an old man cutting turf,³ who told him all about turf-cutting, and gave him a dead adder. And then he went up a hill, and saw a grand prospect; and wanted to go again and make out the geography of the country from the county maps. And then, because the hill was called

¹ "Mr. Andrews" is the name of the tutor in the story.

² A *peewit* or *lapwing* is a kind of bird very common in those parts of England that are thinly inhabited. It is rather bigger than the common Indian *maina*. When any person approaches its nest, it pretends to be wounded so as to entice the intruder to run after it; and when it has thus led him a long distance from the nest, it takes wing and flies away.

³ In many parts of England the *turf* (i.e., the surface of grass-land, consisting of the matted roots of the grass mixed with a little soil) is cut for fuel.

Camp Mount, he looked for a Roman Camp,¹ and found one; and then he went down to the river, saw twenty things more;² and so on, and so on, till he had brought home curiosities enough, and thoughts enough, to last him a week.

Whereon Mr. Andrews, who seems to have been a very sensible old gentleman, tells him all about his curiosities: and then it comes out—if you will believe it—that Master William has been over the very same ground as Master Robert, who saw nothing at all.

Whereon, Mr. Andrews says, wisely enough, in his solemn old-fashioned way,—

“So it is. One man walks through the world with his eyes open, another with his eyes shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge which one man acquires over another. I have known sailors who had been in all quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses,³ and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, Franklin⁴ could not cross the Channel⁵

¹ *A Roman camp.*—The ancient Romans held possession of England for four hundred years (A.D. 43 to A.D. 446); and there are still in existence many remains of these camps, which were always built with great strength and durability.

² *Twenty things more.*—The particular number *twenty* is not meant here; but *twenty* is put vaguely for a great many.

³ *Houses for tippling.*—To *tipple* literally means to drink frequently, in small quantities; but it is generally used as here in the broader sense to drink so as to get nearly or quite drunk. The signs.—In England, public-houses (here called tippling-houses) are often distinguished by some sign or picture, which is painted on a board and hung outside the house.

⁴ *Benjamin Franklin* was a famous American politician and philosopher, born in 1706, died in 1790. He was one of the most eminent of those statesmen by whose abilities the English colonies in America were enabled to make themselves independent of England, and so to become the “United States of America.” He is also famous as the inventor of the lightning-conductor.

⁵ *The Channel*—i.e., the English Channel, the narrow strip of sea that separates England from France.

without making observations useful to mankind. While many a vacant thoughtless youth is whirled through Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing the street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble. You, then, William, continue to use your eyes. And you, Robert, learn that eyes were given to you to use."

So said Mr. Andrews: and so I say, dear boys—and so says he who has the charge of you—to you. Therefore I beg all good boys among you to think over this story, and settle in their own minds whether they will be "Eyes," or "No Eyes;" whether they will, as they grow up, look and see for themselves what happens: or whether they will let other people look for them, or pretend to look: and dupe them, and lead them about—the blind leading the blind, till both fall into the ditch.

I say "good boys;" not merely clever boys, or prudent boys: because using your eyes, or not using them, is a question of doing Right or doing Wrong. God has given you eyes; it is your duty to God to use them. If your parents tried to teach you your lessons in the most agreeable way, by beautiful picture-books, would it not be ungracious, ungrateful, and altogether naughty and wrong, to shut your eyes to those pictures, and refuse to learn? And is it not altogether naughty and wrong to refuse to learn from your Father in Heaven, the Great God who made all things, when He offers to teach you all day long by the most beautiful and most wonderful of all picture-books, which is simply all things which you can see, hear, and touch, from the sun and stars above your head to the mosses and insects at your feet? It is your duty to learn His lessons: and it is your interest. God's Book, which is the Universe, and the

reading of God's Book, which is Science, can do you nothing but good, and teach you nothing but truth and wisdom. God did not put his wondrous world about your young souls to tempt or to mislead them.—KINGSLY'S *Madam How and Lady Why*.

THE HERMIT.

BY GOLDSMITH.

"TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale,
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow ;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem length'ning as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
For yonder faithless phantom¹ flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

¹ In marshes a deceptive light (called an *Ignis fatuus*, or *Will o the Wisp*) is often seen dancing before the eyes of travellers ; when followed it shifts its position, and has been known thus to lead benighted travellers astray into dangerous pools and impassable swamps. In this poem, the "taper" mentioned in the first verse and the "faithless phantom" in the third verse, both refer to such a false light as this ; which was misleading the traveller, who thought that its ray was "hospitable"—i. e., that it was shining from some hospitable cottage where shelter might be obtained.

Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows,
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring,
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,
All earth-born cares are wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay.
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care ;
The wicket, op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their ev'ning rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd, and smiled ;
And skill'd in legendary lore
The ling'ring hours beguiled.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
With answer'ing care oppress'd :
" And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
" The sorrows of thy breast ?

" From better habitations spurn'd.
Reluctant dost thou rove ?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love ?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest:
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried;
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where Heav'n and you reside.

“ But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray :
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

“ My father lived beside the Tyne,¹
A wealthy lord was he :
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

“ To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came ;
Who praised me for imputed charm
And felt, or feign'd, a flame.

“ Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove ;
Amongst the rest young Edwin vow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

“ In humble, simplest habit clad,
Nor wealth nor power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

“ And when, beside me in the dale,
He caroll'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale
And music to the grove.

“ The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of Heav'n refin'd,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

¹ The Tyne is a river in the county of Northumberland.

“The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine :
Their charms were his, but woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

“For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain ;
And while his passion touch’d my heart,
I triumph’d in his pain.

“Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride ;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret where he died.

“But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay ;
I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

“And there, forlorn, despairing hid,
I’ll lay me down and die ;
’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.”

“Forbid it, Heav’n !” the Hermit cried,
And clasp’d her to his breast :
The wond’ring fair one turn’d to chide,-
’Twas Edwin’s self that press’d.

“Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thine own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor’d to love and thee

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign :
And shall we never, never part,
My life,—my all that's mine ?

"No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true ;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too."
From the "Vicar of Wakefield."

CHEERFULNESS.

AN ESSAY, BY ADDISON.¹

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy. On the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment ; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too

¹ Joseph Addison (born 1672, died 1719) was chiefly famous as an essayist, though he was also a poet of considerable merit. His best essays (of which this is one) were contributed to a periodical called the *Spectator*. He was at one time Secretary of State.

wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious¹ to the greatest dangers.

Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul. His imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and goodwill towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging; but raises the same good

¹ *Obnoxious* is derived from a Latin word meaning *liable* or *subject* (to punishment or hurt). It is here used in this its original meaning; but in modern English it is more frequently used in the sense of *blameworthy* or *offensive*.

humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion. It is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine Will in His conduct towards man.

There are but two things which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Cheerfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is pos-

sible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of; and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil. It is indeed no wonder that men who are uneasy to themselves should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and the Atheist have therefore no pretence to cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good-humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of cheerfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay, death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence,¹ and with cheerfulness of heart. The tossing

¹ *Indolence* is derived from a Latin word meaning *freedom from pain or sorrow*, and is here used in this sense. In the English of the present day, it *never* has this meaning; it now means *a love of ease, or a dislike of activity*. How is this modern meaning connected with the original meaning?

of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those faculties, which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will still be receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness! The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind is the consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see everything that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves everywhere upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short we depend upon a Being whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to Him whom we were made to please.

The same subject continued.

In my last Saturday's paper I spoke of cheerfulness as it is a moral habit of the mind, and accordingly mentioned such moral motives as are apt to cherish and keep alive this happy temper in the soul of man: I shall now consider cheerfulness in its natural state and reflect on those motives to it which are indifferent either as to virtue or vice.

Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repinings, and secret murmurs of heart, give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly; not to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular disturbed motions which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember in my own observation to have met with many old men, or with such, who (to use our English phrase) wear well, that had not

at least a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and cheerfulness of heart. The truth of it is, health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain cheerfulness, but very often see cheerfulness where there is no great degree of health.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body. It banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this last consideration, I shall here take notice, that the world in which we are placed is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it was made for our use; but if we consider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the necessaries of life, has a particular influence in cheering the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

Those several living creatures which are made for our service or sustenance, at the same time either fill the woods with their music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are as refreshing to the imagination as to the soil through which they pass.

There are writers of great distinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green rather than with any other colour, as

being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye, instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason several painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to ease the eye upon, after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philosopher¹ accounts for it in the following manner. All colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and, by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain; for which reason, the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of cheerful.

To consider further this double end in the works of nature, and how they are at the same time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the several races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal design, and to be industrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman, after the same manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landscape, and making everything smile about him, whilst in reality he thinks of nothing but of the harvest, and the increase which is to arise from it.

¹ Sir Isaac Newton.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this cheerfulness in the mind of man, by having formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in them: as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like grotesque¹ parts of nature. Those who are versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher, by observing, that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities, which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable figure: and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities, as tastes and colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheered and delighted with agreeable sensations? In short, the whole universe is a kind of theatre, filled with objects that raise in us either pleasure, amusement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all the variety of scenes which diversify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I shall not here mention the several entertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life; because I would only take notice of such incitements to a cheerful temper as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions, and which may sufficiently show us that

¹ The word *grotesque* originally meant *like a grotto or natural cavern*, and so *in a rough state of nature*. It has this meaning here; but in modern English it means *ludicrous*, or *absurdly formed*.

Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy.

Every one ought to guard himself against the temper of his constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those considerations which may give him a serenity of mind, and enable him to bear up cheerfully against those little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which, by a right improvement of them, will produce a satiety of joy and uninterrupted happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils which naturally spring up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from over-casting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that cheerfulness of temper which I have been recommending. This interspersion of evil with good, and pain with pleasure, in the works of nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. Locke in his Essay on the Human Understanding to a moral reason, in the following words:—

“Beyond all this we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together, in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness, in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him ‘with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.’”—

From the Spectator.

THE STARS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

No cloud obscures the summer sky,
The moon in brightness walks on high ;
And, set in azure, every star
Shines, a pure gem of heaven, afar

Child of the earth ! oh, lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse ;
The glories of its realm explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore !

Doth it not speak to every sense
The marvels of Omnipotence ?
Seest thou not there the Almighty name
Inscribed in characters of flame ?

Count o'er these lamps of quenchless light,
That sparkle through the shades of night :
Behold them ! can a mortal boast
To number that celestial host ?

Mark well each little star, whose rays
In distant splendour meet thy gaze :
Each is a world, by Him sustain'd
Who from eternity hath reign'd.

Each, kindled not for earth alone,
Hath circling planets of its own,
And beings, whose existence springs
From Him, the all-powerful King of Kings

Haply, those glorious beings know
No stain of guilt, no tear of woe;
But, raising still the adoring voice,
For ever in their God rejoice.

What then art *thou*, O child of clay!
Amid creation's grandeur, say?
E'en as an insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dew-drop lost in seas!

Yet fear thou not! The sovereign Hand
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath, e'en for thee, a Father's care!

Be thou at peace! The all-seeing Eye,
Pervading earth, and air, and sky—
The searching glance, which none may flee,
Is still in mercy turned on thee.

THE STRUCTURE AND HABITS OF BIRDS.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

WE now come to a beautiful and loquacious race of animals, that embellish our forests, amuse our walks, and exclude solitude from our most shady retirements. From these man has nothing to fear; their pleasures, their desires, and even their animosities, only serve to enliven the general picture of Nature, and give harmony to meditation.

No part of Nature appears destitute of inhabitants. The woods, the waters, the depths of the earth, have their respective tenants; while the yielding air, and those tracts of seeming space where man never can ascend, are also passed through by multitudes of the most beautiful beings of the creation.

Every order and rank of animals seems fitted for its situation in life; but none more apparently than birds; they share in common with the stronger race of quadrupeds the vegetable spoils of the earth, are supplied with swiftness to compensate for their want of force; and have a faculty of ascending into the air to avoid that power which they cannot oppose.

The bird seems formed entirely for a life of escape; and every part of the anatomy of the animal seems calculated for swiftness. As it is designed to rise upon air, all its parts are proportionably light, and expand a large surface without solidity.

In a comparative view with man, their formation seems much ruder and more imperfect; and they are in general found incapable of the docility even of quadrupeds. Indeed, what great degree of sagacity can be expected in animals whose eyes are almost as large as their brain? However, though they fall below quadrupeds in the scale of Nature, and are less imitative of human endowments; yet they hold the next rank, and far surpass fishes and insects both in the structure of their bodies and in their sagacity.

As in mechanics the most curious instruments are generally the most complicated, so it is in anatomy. The body of man presents the greatest variety upon dissection; quadrupeds, less perfectly formed, discover their defects by the simplicity of their conformation;

the mechanism in birds is still less complex; fishes are furnished with fewer organs still; whilst insects, more imperfect than all, seem to fill up the chasm that separates animal from vegetable nature. Of man, the most perfect animal, there are but three or four varieties; of quadrupeds, the kinds are more numerous; birds are more various still; fishes yet more; but insects afford so very great a variety, that they elude the search of the most inquisitive pursuer.

Quadrupeds, as was said, have some distant resemblance in their internal structure with man; but that of birds is entirely dissimilar. As they seem chiefly formed to inhabit the empty regions of air, all their parts are adapted to their destined situation. It will be proper therefore, before I give a general history of birds, to enter into a slight detail of their anatomy and conformation.

. As to their external parts, they seem surprisingly adapted for swiftness of motion. The shape of their body is sharp before, to pierce and make way through the air; it then rises by a gentle swelling to its bulk, and falls off in an expansive tail, that helps to keep it buoyant, while the fore-parts are cleaving the air by their sharpness. From this conformation, they have often been compared to a ship making its way through water; the trunk of the body answers to the hold, the head to the prow, the tail to the rudder, and the wings to the oars.

What we are called upon next to admire in the external formation of birds is the neat position of the feathers, lying all one way, answering at once the purposes of warmth, speed, and security. They mostly tend backward, and are laid over one another in an exact

and regular order, armed with warm and soft down next the body, and more strongly fortified and curiously closed externally, to fence off the injuries of the weather. But, lest the feathers should spoil by their violent attrition against the air, or imbibed the moisture of the atmosphere, the animal is furnished with a gland behind, containing a proper quantity of oil, which can be pressed out by the bird's bill, and laid smoothly over every feather that wants to be dressed for the occasion. This gland is situated on the rump, and furnished with an opening or excretory duct; about which grows a small tuft of feathers, somewhat like a painter's pencil. When, therefore, the feathers are shattered or crumpled, the bird, turning its head backward, with the bill catches hold of the gland, and, pressing it, forces out the oily substance, with which it anoints the disjointed parts of the feathers; and drawing them out with great assiduity, re-composes and places them in due order; by which they unite more closely together. Such poultry, however, as live for the most part under cover, are not furnished with so large a stock of this fluid as those birds that reside in the open air. The feathers of a hen, for instance, are pervious to every shower; on the contrary, swans, geese, ducks, and all such as Nature has directed to live upon the water, have their feathers dressed with oil from the very first day of their leaving the shell. Thus their stock of fluid is equal to the necessity of its consumption. Their very flesh contracts a flavour from it, which renders it in some so very rancid, as to make it utterly unfit for food; however, though it injures the flesh, it improves the feathers for all the domestic purposes to which they are usually converted.

Nor are the feathers with which birds are covered

less an object of admiration. The shaft of every feather is made proportionably strong; but hollow below for strength and lightness, and above filled with pith to feed the growth of the beard that springs from the shaft of the feather on either side. All these feathers are placed generally according to their length and strength, so that the largest and strongest feathers in flight have the greatest share of duty. The vane, or beard of the feather, is formed with equal contrivance and care. It consists not of one continued membrane; because if this were broken, it could not easily be repaired; but it is composed of many layers, each somewhat in itself resembling a feather, and lying against each other in close conjunction. Towards the shaft of the feather, these layers are broad, and of a semicircular form, to serve for strength, and for the closer grafting them one against another when in action. Towards the outer part of the vane, these layers grow slender and taper to be more light. On their under side they are thin and smooth, but their upper outer edge is parted into two hairy edges, each side having a different sort of hairs, broad at bottom, and slender and bearded above. By this mechanism, the hooked beards of one layer always lie next the straight beards of the next, and by that means lock and hold each other.

The next object that comes under consideration in contemplating an animal that flies, is the wing, the instrument by which this wonderful progression is performed. In such birds as fly, they are usually placed at that part of the body which serves to poise the whole, and support it in a fluid that at first seems so much lighter than itself. They answer to the fore-legs in quadrupeds, and at the extremity of this they have

a certain finger-like appendix, which is usually called the *bastard-wing*. This instrument of flight is furnished with quills, which differ from the common feathers only in their size, being larger, and also from their springing from the deeper part of the skin, their shafts lying almost close to the bone. The beards of these quills are broad on one side, and more narrow on the other, both which contribute to the progressive motion of the bird and the closeness of the wing. The manner in which most birds avail themselves of these is first thus: They quit the earth with a bound, in order to have room for flapping with the wing; when they have room for this, they strike the body of air beneath the wing with a violent motion, and with the whole under surface of the same; but then, to avoid striking the air with equal violence on the upper side as they rise, the wing is instantly contracted: so that the animal rises by the impulse till it spreads the wing for a second blow. For this reason, we always see birds choose to rise against the wind, because they have thus a greater body of air on the under than the upper side of the wing. For these reasons also large fowls do not rise easily, both because they have not sufficient room at first for the motion of their wings, and because the body of air does not lie so directly under the wing as they rise.

In order to move the wings, all birds are furnished with two very strong pectoral muscles, which lie on each side of the breast-bone. The pectoral muscles of quadrupeds are trifling in comparison to those of birds. In quadrupeds, as well as in man, the muscles which move the thighs and hinder parts of the body are by far the strongest, while those of the arms are feeble; but in birds, which make use of their wings, the contrary

obtains; the pectoral muscles that move the wings or arms are of enormous strength, while those of the thighs are weak and slender. By means of these, a bird can move its wings with a degree of strength which, when compared to the animal's size, is almost incredible. The flap of a swan's wing would break a man's leg; and a similar blow from an eagle has been known to lay a man dead in an instant. Such, consequently, is the force of the wing, and such its lightness, as to be inimitable by art. No machines that human skill can contrive are capable of giving such force to so light an apparatus. The art of flying, therefore, that has so often and so fruitlessly been sought after, must, it is feared, for ever be unattainable; since as man increases the force of his flying machine, he must be obliged to increase its weight also.

In all birds, except nocturnal ones, the head is smaller, and bears less proportion to the body than in quadrupeds, that it may more readily divide the air in flying, and make way for the body, so as to render its passage more easy. Their eyes also are more flat and depressed than in quadrupeds; a circle of small plates of bone, placed scalewise, under the outer coat of the organ, encompasses the pupil of each, to strengthen and defend it from injuries. Beside this, birds have a kind of skin, called the nictitating membrane, with which, like a veil, they can at pleasure cover their eyes, though their eyelids continue open. This membrane takes its rise from the greater or more obtuse corner of the eye, and serves to wipe, cleanse, and probably to moisten its surface. The eyes, though they outwardly appear but small, yet separately, each almost equals the brain; whereas in man the brain is more than twenty times larger than the orbit of the eye. Nor is this organ in birds less

adapted for vision by a particular expansion of the optic nerve, which renders the impressions of external objects more vivid and distinct.

From this conformation of the eye it follows, that the sense of seeing in birds is infinitely superior to that of other animals. Indeed, this piercing sight seems necessary to the creature's support and safety. Were this organ blunter, from the rapidity of the bird's motion, it would be apt to strike against every object in its way; and it could scarcely find subsistence unless possessed of a power to discern its food from above with astonishing sagacity. A hawk, for instance, perceives a lark at a distance which neither men nor dogs could spy; a kite, from an almost imperceptible height in the clouds, darts down on its prey with the most unerring aim. The sight of birds, therefore, exceeds what we know in most other animals, and excels them both in strength and precision.

All birds want the external ear standing out from the head; they are only furnished with holes that convey sounds to the auditory canal. It is true, indeed, that the horned owl, and one or two more birds, seem to have external ears; but what bears that resemblance, are only feathers sticking out on each side of the head, but no way necessary to the sense of hearing. It is probable, however, that the feathers encompassing the ear-holes in birds supply the defect of the exterior ear, and collect sounds to be transmitted to the internal sensory. The extreme delicacy of this organ is easily proved by the readiness with which birds learn tunes, or repeat words, and the great exactness of their pronunciation.

The sense of smelling seems not less vivid in the

generality of birds. Many of them *wind* their prey at an immense distance, while others are equally protected by this sense against their insidious pursuers. In decoys, where ducks are caught, the men who attend them universally keep a piece of turf burning near their mouths, upon which they breathe, lest the fowl should smell them, and consequently fly away. The universality of this practice, puts the necessity of it beyond a doubt, and proves the extreme delicacy of the sense of smelling, at least in this species of the feathered creation.

Next to the parts for flight, let us view the legs and feet ministering to motion. They are both made light for the easier transportation through the air. The toes in some are webbed, to fit them for the waters; in others they are separate, for the better holding objects, or clinging to trees for safety. Such as have long legs have also long necks, as otherwise they would be incapable of gathering up their food, either by land or water. But it does not hold, however, that those which have long necks should have long legs, since we see that swans and geese, whose necks are extremely long, have very short legs, and these chiefly employed in swimming.

Thus every external part hitherto noticed appears adapted to the life and situation of the animal; nor are the inward parts, though less immediately appropriated to flight, less necessary to safety. The bones of every part of the body are extremely light and thin; and all the muscles, except that immediately moving the wings, extremely slight and feeble. The tail, which is composed of quill feathers, serves to counterbalance the head and neck; it guides the animal's flight like a rudder, and greatly assists it either in its ascent or when descending.

If we go on to examine birds internally, we shall find the same wonderful conformation, fitting them for a life in air, and increasing the surface by diminishing the solidity. In the first place, their lungs, which are commonly called the sole, stick fast to the sides of the ribs and back, and can be very little dilated or contracted. But to make up for this, which might impede their breathing, the ends of the branches of the wind-pipe open into them, while these have openings into the cavity of the belly, and convey the air drawn in by breathing into certain receptacles like bladders running along the length of the whole body. Nor are these openings obscure or difficult to be discerned: for a probe thrust into the lungs of a fowl will easily find a passage into the belly; and air blown into the wind-pipe will be seen to distend the animal's body like a bladder. In quadrupeds this passage is stopped by the midriff; but in fowls the communication is obvious; and consequently they have a much greater facility of taking a long and large inspiration. It is sometimes also seen that the wind-pipe makes many convolutions within the body of a bird, and it is then called the labyrinth; but of what use these convolutions are, or why the wind-pipe should make so many turnings within the body of some birds, is a difficulty for which no naturalist has been able to account.

This difference of the wind-pipe often obtains in animals that to all appearance are of the same species. Thus in the tame swan, the wind-pipe makes but a straight passage into the lungs; while in the wild swan, which to all external appearance seems the same animal, the wind-pipe pierces through the breast-bone, and there has several turnings, before it comes out again and goes

to enter the lungs. It is not to form the voice that these turnings are found, since the fowls that are without them are vocal; and those, particularly the bird just now mentioned, that have them, are silent. Whence, therefore, some birds derive that loud and various modulation in their warblings is not easily to be accounted for; at least, the knife of the anatomist goes but a short way in the investigation. All we are certain of is, that birds have much louder voices, in respect to their bulk, than animals of any other kind; for the bellowing of an ox is not louder than the scream of a peacock.

In these particulars, birds pretty much resemble each other in their internal conformation; but there are some varieties which we should more attentively observe. All birds have, properly speaking, but one stomach; but this is very different in different kinds. In all the rapacious kinds that live upon animal food, as well as in some of the fish-feeding tribe, the stomach is peculiarly formed. The gullet in them is found replete with glandular bodies, which serve to dilate and macerate the food as it passes into the stomach, which is always very large in proportion to the size of the bird, and generally wrapped round with fat, in order to increase its warmth and powers of digestion.

Granivorous birds, or such as live upon fruits, corn, and other vegetables, have their intestines differently formed from those of the rapacious kind. Their gullet dilates just above the breast-bone, and forms itself into a pouch or bag, called the crop. This is replete with salivary glands, which serve to moisten and soften the grain and other food which it contains. These glands are very numerous, with longitudinal openings, which

emit a whitish and a viscous substance. After the dry food of the bird has been macerated for a convenient time, it then passes into the belly, where, instead of a soft moist stomach, as in the rapacious kinds, it is ground between two pair of muscles, commonly called the gizzard, covered on the inside with a stony ridgy coat, and almost cartilaginous. These coats, rubbing against each other, are capable of bruising and attenuating the hardest substances, their action being often compared to that of the grinding-teeth in man and other animals. Thus the organs of digestion are in a manner reversed in birds. Beasts grind their food with their teeth, and then it passes into the stomach, where it is softened and digested. On the contrary, birds of this sort first macerate and soften it in the crop, and then it is ground and comminuted in the stomach or gizzard. Birds are also careful to pick up sand, gravel, and other hard substances, not to grind their food, as has been supposed, but to prevent the too violent action of the coats of the stomach against each other.

Most birds have two appendices or blind guts, which in quadrupeds are always found single. Among such birds as are thus supplied, all carnivorous fowl, and all birds of the sparrow kind, have very small and short ones: water-fowl, and birds of the poultry kind, the longest of all. There is still another appendix-observable in the intestines of birds, resembling a little worm, which is nothing more than the remainder of that passage by which the yolk was conveyed into the guts of the young chicken while yet in the egg and under incubation.

From the simple conformation of the animal, it should seem that birds are subject to few diseases; and in fact

they have but few. There is one, however, which they are subject to, from which quadrupeds are in a great measure exempt: this is the annual moulting which they suffer; for all birds whatsoever obtain a new covering of feathers once a year, and cast the old. During moulting season, they ever appear disordered; those most remarkable for their courage then lose all their fierceness; and such as are of a weakly constitution often expire under this natural operation. No feeding can maintain their strength; they all cease to breed at this season; that nourishment which goes to the production of the young, is wholly absorbed by the demand required for supplying the nascent plumage.

This moulting time, however, may be artificially accelerated; and those who have the management of singing birds frequently put their secret in practice. They inclose the bird in a dark cage, where they keep it excessively warm, and throw the poor little animal into an artificial fever; this produces the moult; his old feathers fall before their time, and a new set takes their place, more brilliant and beautiful than the former. They add, that it mends the bird's singing, and increases its vivacity; but it must not be concealed, that scarcely one bird in three survives the operation.

The manner in which Nature performs this operation of moulting is this: the quill or feather, when first protruded from the skin and come to its full size, grows harder as it grows older, and receives a kind of peristomum or skin round the shaft, by which it seems attached to the animal. In proportion as the quill grows older, its sides, or the bony pen part, thicken; but its whole diameter shrinks and decreases. Thus, by the thickening of its sides, all nourishment from the body becomes

more sparing; and, by the decrease of its diameter, it becomes more loosely fixed in its socket, till at length it falls out. In the meantime, the rudiments of an incipient quill are beginning below. The skin forms itself into a little bag, which is fed from the body by small vein and artery, and which every day increases in size till it is protruded. While the one end vegetates into the beard or vane of the feather, that part attached to the skin is still soft, and receives a constant supply of nourishment, which is diffused through the body of the quill by that little light substance which we always find within when we make a pen. This substance, which as yet has received no name that I know of, serves the growing quill as the umbilical artery does an infant in the womb, by supplying it with nourishment, and diffusing that nourishment over the whole frame. When, however, the quill is come to its full growth, and requires no further nourishment, the vein and artery become less and less, till at last the little opening by which they communicated with the quill becomes wholly obliterated; and the quill thus deprived continues in its socket for some months, till in the end it shrinks, and leaves room for a repetition of the same process of nature as before.

The moulting season commonly obtains from the end of summer to the middle of autumn. The bird continues to struggle with this malady during the winter; and Nature has kindly provided, that when there are the fewest provisions, then the animal's appetite shall be least craving. At the beginning of spring, when food begins again to be plentiful, the animal's strength and vigour return.

NIGHT.

BY MONTGOMERY.

NIGHT is the time for rest :

How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams ;

The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife ;
Ah ! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil,

To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield ;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep,

To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years ;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things of earth !

Night is the time to watch
On Ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades,¹ or catch
The full moon's earliest glance;
That brings unto the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care,
Brooding on hours mis-spent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.²

Night is the time to muse:
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and, with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

¹ *The Pleiades* (sometimes called the Seven Stars) are a group of stars in the constellation Taurus.

² This refers to a legend narrated by an ancient writer called Plutarch, and repeated by Shakspere in his play of *Julius Cæsar*. Brutus was one of the Roman conspirators who assassinated Julius Cæsar; and it was said that the ghost of Cæsar appeared to him, one night during the subsequent campaign, and said, "We shall meet again at Philippi." Shortly afterwards Brutus was defeated in the battle of Philippi, and committed suicide.

QUEEN PHILIPPA AND THE SIEGE OF CALAIS

BY DICKENS.

FIVE days after this great battle,¹ the King laid siege to Calais. This siege—ever afterwards memorable—lasted nearly a year. In order to starve the inhabitants out, King Edward built so many wooden houses for the lodgings of his troops, that it is said their quarters looked like a second Calais suddenly sprung up around the first. Early in the siege, the governor of the town drove out what he called the useless mouths, to the number of seventeen hundred persons, men and women young and old. King Edward allowed them to pass through his lines, and even fed them, and dismissed them with money; but, later in the siege, he was not so merciful—five hundred more, who were afterwards driven out, dying of starvation and misery. The garrison were so hard-pressed at last, that they sent a letter to King Philip,² telling him that they had eaten all the horses, all the dogs, and all the rats and mice that could be found in the place; and, that if he did not relieve them, they must either surrender to the English, or eat one another. Philip made one effort to give them relief; but they were so hemmed in by the English power, that he could not succeed, and was fain to leave the place. Upon this they hoisted the English flag and surrendered

¹ This refers to the great battle of Crecy or Cressy, fought between the English and the French on the 26th of August, 1346. Edward III and his son the Black Prince completely defeated the French King, and nearly 40,000 Frenchmen, including large numbers of the chief nobility of France, were slain.

² Philip VI., King of France.

to King Edward. "Tell your general," said he to the humble messengers who came out of the town, "that I require to have sent here, six of the most distinguished citizens, barelegged, and in their shirts, with ropes about their necks; and let those six men bring with them the keys of the castle and the town."

When the Governor of Calais related this to the people in the Market-place, there was great weeping and distress; in the midst of which, one worthy citizen, named Eustace de Saint Pierre, rose up and said, that if the six men required were not sacrificed, the whole population would be; therefore he offered himself as the first. Encouraged by this bright example, five other worthy citizens rose up one after another, and offered themselves to save the rest. The Governor, who was too badly wounded to be able to walk, mounted a poor old horse that had not been eaten, and conducted these good men to the gate, while all the people cried and mourned.

Edward received them wrathfully, and ordered the heads of all the six to be struck off. Sir Walter Manny pleaded for them, but in vain. However, the good Queen fell upon her knees, and besought the King to give them up to her. The King replied, "I wish you had been somewhere else; but I cannot refuse you." So she had them properly dressed, made a feast for them, and sent them back with a handsome present, to the great rejoicing of the whole camp. I hope the people of Calais loved the daughter to whom she gave birth soon afterwards, for her gentle mother's sake

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF

BY MRS HEMANS.

' Oh call my Brother back to me !
I cannot play alone ;
The summer comes with flower and bee--
Where is my Brother gone ?

' The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track ;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh ! call my Brother back !

' The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd
Around our garden tree ;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh ! call him back to me !”

“ He could not hear thy voice, fair child,
He may not come to thee ;
The face that once like spring-time smiled
On earth no more thou'lt see.

“ A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given ;
Go—thou must play alone, my boy !
Thy Brother is in heaven !”

“ And has he left his birds and flowers,
And must I call in vain ?
And, through the long, long summer hours
Will he not come again ?

“ And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o’er ?
Oh ! while my brother with me play’d,
Would I had loved him more ! ”

WHY A MANGO FALLS TO THE GROUND.

A DIALOGUE¹ BETWEEN A LITTLE BOY AND HIS TUTOR.

(*Adapted from “ Evenings at Home.”*)

SIR,—said a little boy one day to his tutor, on seeing a mango fall from a tree—I have been reading to-day that Sir Isaac Newton was led to make some of his great discoveries by seeing an apple fall from a tree. What was there extraordinary in that ?

T. There was nothing extraordinary ; but it happened to catch his attention and set him thinking.

B. And what did he think about ?

T. He tried to find out by what means the apple was brought to the ground.

B. Why, I could have told him that—because the stalk gave way, and there was nothing left to support it.

T. And what then ?

B. Why then—it must fall, you know.

T. But why must it fall ? that is the point.

¹ This dialogue, and the one that follows a few pages lower down, may with advantage be used as repetition-lessons. One boy should be told to learn by heart the speeches of the tutor (marked *T.*), and another those of the little boy (marked *B.*) the two boys should repeat the lesson before the master, as if they were talking to each other without restraint ; and this will accustom them in some measure to a colloquial style in speaking English.

B. Because it could not help it.

T. But why could it not help it?

B. I don't know—that is an odd question. Because there was nothing to keep it up.

T. Suppose there was not—does it follow that it must come to the ground?

B. Yes, surely!

T. Is an apple animate or inanimate?

B. Inanimate, to be sure!

T. And can inanimate things move of themselves?

B. No—I think not—but the apple falls because it is forced to fall.

T. Right! some force out of itself acts upon it, otherwise it would remain for ever where it was, even when loosened from the tree.

B. Would it?

T. Undoubtedly! for there are only two ways in which it could be moved; by its own power of motion, or the power of something else moving it. Now the first you acknowledge it has not; the cause of its motion must therefore be the second. And what that is was the object of the philosopher's inquiry.

B. But everything falls to the ground as well as an apple when there is nothing to keep it up.

T. True—there must therefore be a universal cause of this tendency to fall.

B. And what is it?

T. Why, if things out of the earth cannot move themselves to it, there can be no other cause of their coming together than that the earth pulls them.

B. But the earth is no more animate than they are, so how can it pull?

T. Well objected! This will bring us to the point.

Sir Isaac Newton, after deep meditation, discovered that there was a law in nature called *attraction*, by virtue of which every particle of matter, that is, everything of which the world is composed, draws towards it every other particle of matter, with a force proportioned to its size and distance. Lay two marbles on the table. They have a tendency to come together, and, if there were nothing else in the world, they would come together; but they are also attracted by the table, by the ground, and by everything besides in the room; and these different attractions pull against each other. Now, the globe of the earth is a prodigious mass of matter, to which nothing near it can bear any comparison. It draws, therefore, with mighty force, everything within its reach; which is the cause that everything falls, or has a tendency to fall; and this is called the *gravitation* of bodies, or that which gives them *weight*. When I lift up anything, I act contrary to this force; for which reason it seems *heavy* to me, and the heavier the more matter it contains; since that increases the attraction of the earth for it. Do you understand this?

B. I think I do. It is like a loadstone¹ drawing a needle.

T. Yes—that is an attraction, but of a particular kind, taking place only between the magnet and iron. But gravitation, or the attraction of the earth, acts upon everything alike.

B. Then it is pulling you and me at this moment.

T. It is.

B. But why do we not stick to the ground, then?

T. Because, as we are alive, we have a power of self-motion, which can, to a certain degree, overcome the

¹ The *loadstone* is the stone that *leads* or draws iron; the magnet.

attraction of the earth. But the reason you cannot jump a mile high as well as a foot, is this attraction, which brings you down again after the force of your jump is spent.

B. I think, then, I begin to understand what I have heard of people living on the other side of the world. I believe they are called *Antipodes*, who have their feet turned towards ours, and their heads in the air. I used to wonder how it could be that they did not fall off; but I suppose the earth pulls them to it?

T. Very true. And whither should they fall? What have they over their heads?

B. I don't know—sky, I suppose.

T. They have. This earth is a vast ball, hung in the air, and continually spinning round, and that is the cause why the sun and stars seem to rise and set. At noon we have the sun over our heads, when the antipodes have the stars over theirs; and at midnight the stars are over our heads, and the sun over theirs. So whither should they fall to more than we?—to the stars or the sun.

B. But we are up, and they are down.

T. What is up, but *from* the earth and *towards* the sky? Their feet touch the earth and their heads point to the sky, as well as ours; and we are under their feet, as much as they are under ours. If a hole were dug quite through the earth, what would you see through it?

B. Sky, with the sun or the stars; and now I see the whole matter plainly. But pray what supports the earth in the air?

T. Why, whither should it go?

B. I don't know—I suppose towards the point where there might be most to draw it. I have heard that the

sun is a great many times bigger than the earth. Would it not go to that ?

T. You have thought very justly on the matter, I see. But I shall take another opportunity¹ of showing you how this is, and why the earth does not fall into the sun, of which, I confess, there seems to be some danger. Meanwhile, think how far the falling of an apple has carried us.

B. To the antipodes, and I know not whither.

T. You may see thence what use may be made of the commonest fact by a thinking mind

THE TRAVELLER'S HYMN.

BY ADDISON.

How are thy servants blest, oh Lord !

How sure is their defence !

Eternal wisdom is their guide,

Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,

Supported by thy care,

Through burning climes I passed unhurt,

And breathed the tainted² air.

Thy mercy sweetened every toil,

Made every region please ;

The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,

And smoothed the Tyrrhene³ seas.

¹ See the next dialogue, a few pages further on.

² *Tainted*, because the climate of very hot countries injures the health of those born in a cold climate.

³ The Tyrrhene or Etruscan Sea is that part of the Mediterranean Sea which lies between the coasts of Sicily, Sardinia and Corsica, and the west coast of Italy.

Think, oh my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise !

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart ;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord
Thy mercy set me free,
Whilst in the confidence of prayer,
My faith took hold on thee.

For, though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roared at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death.
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, if death must be my doom
Shall join my soul to thee.

THE GREEKS.

THE Greeks come very suddenly into prominence about B.C. 500, and their history for the next 200 years is the most splendid that the world has yet seen. The extreme suddenness of their rise may be partly an error in our notions, because we do not possess any contemporaneous history that goes back farther than this date. But from B.C. 500—B.C. 300 we see them performing the mightiest deeds, and attaining in many respects the highest excellence that ever has been attained by any nation. Possessed of the most beautiful language, they wrote poems, dramas, and histories, which we vainly now attempt to equal: gifted with the most exquisite appreciation of beauty, they executed sculptures and constructed buildings which we cannot imitate: endowed with the keenest mental acuteness, they devised systems of philosophy and of government which we still discuss, though we can carry the discussion little farther. In their deeds the Greeks have afforded examples of courage, self-sacrifice and patriotism, which have earned imperishable renown.

Modern Greece on the map of Europe is a small country, but Ancient Greece proper comprised also a large part of Turkey in Europe. And as at the present day the greater number of men of English race are not contained in England, so anciently the greater part of the Greek nation was not contained in Greece. Greece proper seems to have been occupied by successive swarmings of Aryan tribes southward: and from Greece they passed into Italy; the southern part of which they colonised to such an extent that it was called Great

Greece. They also colonised the whole coast of Asia Minor with Greek cities, and occupied all the islands between Asia and Europe. They planted colonies all round the Mediterranean, founding big cities on the coasts of North Africa, Spain, and France: they occupied the larger part of the island of Sicily, and planted large cities on the coasts of the Black Sea. All this the Greeks had done before B.C. 500, and they probably occupied Greece proper a thousand years before that. Their earliest descriptions of themselves represent their condition between B.C. 1200 and B.C. 1000: they appear then as a half-barbarous race imperfectly acquainted with the use of iron and ignorant of the art of writing.¹

Even in this early period the Greeks possessed a Government altogether unlike the despotisms of Egypt and Assyria. There was no king of the whole Greek nation: each tribe had its own prince, and he had to govern in accordance with the advice of the chief men and with the vote of the whole assembly of his people. This way of government was remarkably like the present English plan of a Queen with a House of Lords who consult, and a House of Commons who by their vote really determine everything. Every Greek thus a thousand years B.C. had a voice in the government of the small State to which he belonged. In the whole Greek nation, sometimes one State, sometimes another, held the chief place: but in B.C. 500 the two leading States were Athens and Sparta, and these are the two most celebrated during this golden period of the Greek nation.—*From "The World's History."*

¹ Of this very early age in Greece we have no real history, but only legends like that about the hero Theseus given below.

BOADICEA.

BY COWPER.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
 Sat the Druid,² hoary chief;
 Every burning word he spoke
 Full of rage, and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 'Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish—write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt;
 Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renown'd,
 Tramples on a thousand states;
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
 Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

¹ During the first century after Christ, the Romans gradually conquered the whole of Great Britain except the Highlands of Scotland. In the course of these wars, a great insurrection of the native Britons in A.D. 61-62 was headed by Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, a tribe of Britons living in the eastern counties. Boadicea's daughters had been outraged, and herself beaten with rods, by the command of a Roman officer. The insurrection was at length put down by the Romans, and Boadicea committed suicide.

² The priests of the ancient Britons were called *Druids*. They had an extreme veneration for the oak-tree; and were believed to possess prophetic power.

" Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name,
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.¹

" Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder,² clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

" Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles³ never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died;
Dying hurl'd them at the foe.

" Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you "

¹ This alludes to the fact that the modern Italians are more famous for their skill in music than for their military prowess.

² The *thunder* referred to is the thunder of fire-arms wielded by the English; who are here (not quite accurately) represented as the "*progeny*" of the ancient Britons. The *wings* are the sails of ships, or perhaps the paddles of steamboats. The *wider world*, and the *regions Cæsar never knew*, are America, Australia, &c.

³ The standards carried by the Romans were *eagles*

THE STORY OF THESEUS AND THE
MINOTAUR.

BY KINGSLEY.

THESEUS¹ stayed with his father at Athens all the winter: and when the spring equinox drew near, all the Athenians grew sad and silent, and Theseus saw it, and asked the reason; but no one would answer him a word.

Then he went to his father, and asked him: but Ægeus turned away his face and wept.

"Do not ask, my son, beforehand, about evils which must happen: it is enough to have to face them when they come."

And when the spring equinox came, a herald came to Athens, and stood in the market, and cried, "O people and King of Athens, where is your yearly tribute?" Then a great lamentation arose throughout the city. But Theseus stood up to the herald, and cried,—

"And who are you, dog-faced, who dare demand tribute here? If I did not reverence your herald's staff, I would brain you with this club."

And the herald answered proudly, for he was a grave and ancient man,—

"Fair youth, I am not dog-faced or shameless; but I do my master's bidding, Minos, the King of hundred-citied Crete, the wisest of all kings on earth. And you

¹ Theseus was the great legendary hero of the Athenians. He was the son of Ægeus, King of Athens, who was believed to have lived in the earliest age of Greek History [see the account of the Greeks at page 138.]

must be surely a stranger here, or you would know why I come, and that I come by right."

"I am a stranger here. Tell me, then, why you come."

"To fetch the tribute which King *Ægeus* promised to *Minos*, and confirmed his promise with an oath. For *Minos* conquered all this land, and *Megara* which lies to the east, when he came hither with a great fleet of ships, enraged about the murder of his son. For his son *Androgeos* came hither to the *Panathenaic* games, and overcame all the Greeks in the sports, so that the people honoured him as a hero. But when *Ægeus* saw his valour, he envied them, and feared lest he should join the sons of *Pallas*, and take away the sceptre from him. So he plotted against his life, and slew him basely, no man knows how or where. Some say that he way-laid him by *Oinoe*, on the road which goes to *Thebes*: and some that he sent him against the bull of *Marathon*, that the beast might kill him. But *Ægeus* says that the young men killed him from envy, because he had conquered them in the games. So *Minos* came hither and avenged him, and would not depart till this land had promised him tribute, seven youths and seven maidens every year, who go with me in a black-sailed ship, till they come to hundred-citied *Crete*."

And *Theseus* ground his teeth together, and said, "Wert thou not a herald I would kill thee, for saying such things of my father: but I will go to him, and know the truth." So he went to his father, and asked him; but he turned away his head and wept, and said, "Blood was shed in the land unjustly, and by blood it is avenged. Break not my heart by questions; it is enough to endure in silence"

Then Theseus groaned inwardly, and said, "I will go myself with these youths and maidens, and kill Minos upon his royal throne."

And Ægeus shrieked, and cried, "You shall not go, my son, the light of my old age, to whom alone I look to rule this people, after I am dead and gone. You shall not go, to die horribly, as those youths and maidens die; for Minos thrusts them into a labyrinth, which Daidalos made for him among¹ the rocks,—Daidalos the renegade, the accursed, the pest of this his native land. From that labyrinth no one can escape, entangled in its winding ways, before they meet the Minotaur the monster,¹ who feeds upon the flesh of men. There he devours them horribly, and they never see this land again."

Then Theseus grew red, and his ears tingled, and his heart beat loud in his bosom. And he stood a while like a tall stone pillar on the cliffs above some hero's grave; and at last he spoke,—

"Therefore all the more I will go with them, and slay the accursed beast. Have I not slain all evil-doers and monsters, that I might free this land? And this Minotaur shall go the road which they have gone, and Minos himself, if he dare stay me."

"But how will you slay him, my son? For you must leave your club and your armour behind, and be cast to the monster, defenceless and naked like the rest."

And Theseus said, "Are there no stones in that labyrinth; and have I not fists and teeth?"

Then Ægeus clung to his knees; but he would not

¹ The *Minotaur* was a fabulous monster, said to be half-man and half-bull.

hear; and at last he let him go, weeping bitterly, and said only this one word,—

“Promise me but this, if you return in peace—though that may hardly be—take down the black sail of the ship (for I shall watch for it all day upon the cliffs), and hoist instead a white sail, that I may know afar off that you are safe.”

And Theseus promised, and went out, and to the market-place where the herald stood, while they drew lots for the youths and maidens who were to sail in that doleful crew. And the people stood wailing and weeping, as the lot fell on this one and on that: but Theseus strode into the midst, and cried,—

“Here is a youth who needs no lot. I myself will be one of the seven.”

And the herald asked in wonder, “Fair youth, know you whither you are going?”

And Theseus said, “I know. Let us go down to the black-sailed ship.”

So they went down to the black-sailed ship, seven maidens and seven youths, and Theseus before them all, and the people following them lamenting. But Theseus whispered to his companions, “Have hope, for the monster is not immortal.” Then their hearts were comforted a little: but they wept as they went on board, and the cliffs of Sunium rang,¹ and all the isles of the Ægean Sea, with the voice of their lamentation, as they sailed on towards their deaths in Crete

And at last they came to Crete, and to Cnossus, beneath the peaks of Ida, and to the palace of Minos

¹ *Sunium* was the name of the promontory at the southern extremity of Attica, jutting out into the Ægean Sea

the great king, to whom Zeus¹ himself taught laws. So he was the wisest of all mortal kings, and conquered all the Ægean isles; and his ships were as many as the sea-gulls, and his palace like a marble hill. And he sat among the pillars of the hall, upon his throne of beaten gold, and around him stood the speaking statues which Daidalos had made by his skill. For Daidalos was the most cunning of all Athenians, and he first invented the plumb-line, and the auger, and glue, and many a tool with which wood is wrought. And he first set up masts in ship and yards,² and his son made sails for them; but Perdix his nephew excelled him; for he first invented the saw and its teeth, copying it from the backbone of a fish; and invented, too, the chisel, and the compasses, and the potter's wheel which moulds the clay. Therefore Daidalos envied him, and hurled him headlong from the temple of Athené:³ but the goddess pitied him (for she loves the wise), and changed him into a partridge, which flits for ever about the hills. And Daidalos fled to Crete, to Minos, and worked for him many a year, till he did a shameful deed, at which the sun hid his face on high.

Then he fled from the anger of Minos, he and Icaros his son having made themselves wings of feathers, and fixed the feathers with wax. So they flew over the sea toward Sicily; but Icaros flew too near the sun; and the wax of his wings was melted, and he fell into the Icarian Sea. But Daidalos came safe to Sicily, and

¹ Zeus was the name of the chief god of the Greeks, corresponding to the *Jupiter* of the Romans.

² The *yards* of the ship are pieces of wood that hang across the masts, to which the sails are fastened.

³ *Athené* (corresponding to the Latin *Minerva*) was the patron goddess of the Athenians; and her temple was on the *Acropolis*, the hill which was the citadel of Athens.

there wrought many a wondrous work; for he made for King Cocalos a reservoir, from which a great river watered all the land, and a castle and a treasury on a mountain, which the giants themselves could not have stormed; and in Selinos he took the steam which comes up from the fires of *Ætna*, and made of it a warm bath of vapour, to cure the pains of mortal men; and he made a honeycomb of gold, in which the bees came and stored their honey, and in Egypt he made the forecourt of the temple of *Hephaistos* in Memphis, and a statue of himself within it, and many another wondrous work. And for Minos he made statues which spoke and moved, and the temple of *Britomartis*, and the dancing-hall of *Ariadne*,¹ which he carved of fair white stone. And in Sardinia he worked for *Iolaos*, and in many a land beside, wandering up and down for ever with his cunning, unlovely and accursed by men.

But Theseus stood before Minos, and they looked each other in the face. And Minos bade take them to prison, and cast them to the monster one by one, that the death of *Androgeos* might be avenged. Then Theseus cried,—

“A boon, O Minos! Let me be thrown first to the beast. For I came hither for that very purpose, of my own will, and not by lot.”

“Who art thou, then, brave youth?”

“I am the son of him whom of all men thou hatest most, *Ægeus* the king of Athens, and I am come here to end this matter.”

And Minos pondered a while, looking stedfastly at him, and he thought, “The lad means to atone by his own death for his father’s sin;” and he answered at last mildly,—

¹ *Ariadne* was the beautiful daughter of Minos.

"Go back in peace, my son It is a pity that one so brave should die."

But Theseus said, "I have sworn that I will not go back till I have seen the monster face to face."

And at that Minos frowned, and said, "Then thou shalt see him; take the madman away."

And they led Theseus away into the prison, with the other youths and maids.

But Ariadne, Minos' daughter, saw him, as she came out of her white stone hall; and she loved him for his courage and his majesty, and said, "Shame that such a youth should die!" And by night she went down to the prison, and told him all her heart; and said,—

"Flee down to your ship at once, for I have bribed the guards before the door. Flee, you and all your friends, and go back in peace to Greece; and take me take me with you! for I dare not stay after you are gone; for my father will kill me miserably, if he knows what I have done."

And Theseus stood silent a while; for he was astonished and confounded by her beauty: but at last he said, "I cannot go home in peace, till I have seen and slain this Minotaur, and avenged the deaths of the youths and maidens, and put an end to the terrors of my land."

"And will you kill the Minotaur? How, then?"

"I know not, nor do I care; but he must be strong if he be too strong for me."

Then she loved him all the more, and said, "But when you have killed him, how will you find your way out of the labyrinth?"

"I know not, neither do I care: but it must be a

strange road, if I do not find it out before I have eaten up the monster's carcase."

Then she loved him all the more, and said,—

"Fair youth, you are too bold; but I can help you, weak as I am. I will give you a sword, and with that perhaps you may slay the beast; and a clue of thread, and by that, perhaps, you may find your way out again. Only promise me, that if you escape safe, you will take me home with you to Greece; for my father will surely kill me, if he knows what I have done."

Then Theseus laughed, and said, "Am I not safe enough now?" And he hid the sword in his bosom, and rolled up the clue in his hand; and then he swore to Ariadne, and fell down before her, and kissed her hands and her feet; and she wept over him a long while, and then went away; and Theseus lay down and slept sweetly.

And when the evening came, the guards came in and led him away to the labyrinth.

And he went down into that doleful gulf, through winding paths among the rocks, under caverns, and arches, and galleries, and over heaps of fallen stone. And he turned on the left hand, and on the right hand, and went up and down, till his head was dizzy; but all the while he held his clue. For when he went in he had fastened it to a stone, and left it to unroll out of his hand as he went on; and it lasted him till he met the Minotaur, in a narrow chasm between black cliffs.

And when he saw him he stopped a while, for he had never seen so strange a beast. His body was a man's: but his head was the head of a bull and his teeth were the teeth of a lion; and with them he tore his prey.

And when he saw Theseus he roared, and put his head down, and rushed right at him.

But Theseus stept aside nimbly, and as he passed by, cut him in the knee; and ere he could turn in the narrow path, he followed him, and stabbed him again and again from behind, till the monster fled bellowing wildly; for he never before had felt a wound. And Theseus followed him at full speed, holding the clue of thread in his left hand.

Then on, through cavern after cavern, under dark ribs of sounding stone, and up rough glens and torrent-beds, among the sunless roots of Ida,¹ and to the edge of the eternal snow, went they, the hunter and the hunted, while the hills bellowed to the monster's bellow.

And at last Theseus came up with him, where he lay panting on a slab among the snow, and caught him by the horns, and forced his head back, and drove the keen sword through his throat.

Then he turned, and went back limping and weary, feeling his way down by the clue of thread, till he came to the mouth of that doleful place; and saw waiting for him, whom but Ariadne!

And he whispered "It is done!" and showed her the sword; and she laid her finger on her lips, and led him to the prison, and opened the doors, and set all the prisoners free, while the guards lay sleeping heavily; for she had silenced them with wine.

Then they fled to their ship together, and leapt on board, and hoisted up the sail; and the night lay dark around them, so that they passed through Minos' ships, and escaped all safe to Naxos; and there Ariadne became Theseus' wife.

¹ Mount Ida, a great mountain in the island of Crete.

loosed him from his chain, and brought him up to the light once more.

But when he came back his people had forgotten him, and Castor and Poludeuces, the sons of the wondrous Swan, had invaded his land, and carried off his mother Aithra for a slave, in revenge for a grievous wrong.

So the fair land of Athens was wasted, and another king ruled in it, who drove out Theseus shamefully, and he fled across the sea to Scuros. And there he lived in sadness, in the house of Lucomedes the king, till Lucomedes killed him by treachery, and there was an end of all his labours.

So it is still, my children, and so it will be to the end. In those old Greeks, and in us also, all strength and virtue come from God. But if men grow proud and self-willed, and misuse God's fair gifts, He lets them go their own ways, and fall pitifully, that the glory may be His alone. God help us all, and give us wisdom, and courage to do noble deeds! but God keep pride from us when we have done them, lest we fall, and come to shame!—*From* KINGSLEY'S "*Heroes*."

RAMA'S FAREWELL!

FROM THE RĀMĀYANA, TRANSLATED BY GRIFFITH.

Rāma, his wife, and brother walk through the streets, crowded with mourning citizens, to the palace of Dasaratha. They bid the king farewell, and then leave Ayodhya amid the tears and lamentations of the people.

THEIR gold and gems among the Brahmans shared,
The bows were brought, the swords and mail prepared,

people honoured him after he was dead, for many a hundred years, as the father of their freedom and their laws. And six hundred years after his death, in the famous fight at Marathon,¹ men said that they saw the ghost of Theseus, with his mighty brazen club, fighting in the van of battle against the invading Persians for the country which he loved. And twenty years after Marathon, his bones (they say) were found in Scuros, an isle beyond the sea; and they were bigger than the bones of mortal man. So the Athenians brought them home in triumph; and all the people came out to welcome them; and they built over them a noble temple, and adorned it with sculptures and paintings; in which we are told all the noble deeds of Theseus, and the Centaurs, and the Lapithai, and the Amazons; and the ruins of it are standing still.

But why did they find his bones in Scuros? Why did he not die in peace at Athens, and sleep by his father's side? Because, after his triumph he grew proud, and broke the laws of God and man. And one thing worst of all he did, which brought him to his grave with sorrow. For he went down (they say beneath the earth) with that bold Peirithoos his friend, to help him to carry off Persephone, the queen of the world below. But Peirithoos was killed miserably, in the dark fire-kingdoms under ground; and Theseus was chained to a rock in everlasting pain. And there he sat for years, till Heracles² the mighty came down, to bring up the three-headed dog³ who sits at Pluto's gate. So Heracles

¹ The battle of Marathon, in which the Greeks defeated the invading Persians, was fought in B.C. 490.

² *Heracles* (corresponding to the Latin *Hercules*) was the most famous of all the Greek mythological heroes.

³ The name of this fabulous monster was *Cerberus*.

loosed him from his chain, and brought him up to the light once more.

But when he came back his people had forgotten him, and Castor and Pollux, the sons of the warlike Swan, had invaded his land, and carried off his mother Althra for a slave, in revenge for a grievous wrong.

So the fair land of Athens was wasted, and another king ruled in it, who drove our Theseus shamefully, and he fled across the sea to Saron. And there he lived in sadness, in the house of Looceias the king, till Looceias killed him by treachery, and there was an end of all his labours.

So it is still, my children, and so it will be to the end. In those old Greeks and in us also, all strength and virtue come from God. But if men grow proud, and self-willed, and misuse God's fair gifts, He lets them go their own ways, and tell pitifully that the glory may be His alone. God help us all, and give us wisdom, and courage to do noble deeds; but God keep pride from us when we have done them, lest we fall and come to shame!—From KINGSLEY'S *"Hercules"*

RAMA'S FAREWELL:

FROM THE RAMAYANA, TRANSLATED BY GEOPHILE.

Since his wife and brother walk through the forest, creep'd with mourning children, to the place of Banarash. They fill the king's heart, and then have Ayodhya and the more and lamentations of the people.

There gold and gems among the Barmans stored.
The bows were brought, the swords and mail prepared.

On which fair Sita with her faultless hand,
Set here a flower, there tied a silken band.
Then to the palace waked the royal three,
For the last time the aged king to see,
Through crowds that filled, as for a festive show,
Street, balcony, and roof, and portico.

“ Ah ! look, our hero, ever wont to ride,
Leading an army in its pomp and pride,—
Now only Lakshman, faithful to the end,
And his true wife, his weary steps attend.
Though his bright soul has known the sweets of power
Though his free hand poured gifts in endless shower,
Yet firm in duty, resolute and brave,
He keeps the promise that his father gave.
And she, whose sweet face, delicately fair,
Not e'en the wandering spirits of the air
Might look upon, unveiling to the day
Walks, seen of all, along the open way.
Alas, her beauty ! Ah, that tender form !
How will it change beneath the sun and storm !
How will the piercing cold, the rain, the heat,
Pale her dear lips and stain her perfect feet !
Come, all ye mourners, share his weal and woe,
And follow Rama wheresoe'er he go.
Let us arise, our wives and children call,
And leave our fields and gardens, homes and all.
Our houses, empty of their store of grain,
With grass-grown courtyard and deserted lane
Our ruined chambers, where the voice is still
Of women singing as they turn the mill :
Groves, where no children sport in thoughtless glee,
Nor elders sit beneath the mango-tree :
The falling shop, with none to buy or sell,

The pond choked up with weeds, the broken well :
Neglected temples, whence the Gods have fled,
O'errun with rats, with dust and dirt o'erspread ;
Where floats no incense on the evening air,
No hum of worship, and no Brahman's prayer :
Where broken vessels strew the unswept floor,
And the chain rusts upon the mouldering door—
These let the greedy queen Kaikeyi gain,
And triumph in her melancholy reign.
Our town shall be a wilderness : where he,
Our Rama, lives, the wood our town shall be.
The snake shall leave his hole, the bear his den,
And settle in the empty homes of men.”
Such were the words of sorrow that the throng
Spoke loudly out as Rama passed along,
And his hard fate in faithful love bewailed,
Yet not for this his lofty spirit failed.

On to the palace of the king he prest,
And thus Sumantra at the gate addrest :
“ I pray thee, haste and let my father know
That Rama craves a blessing ere he go.”
He lingered not, but hastened where the king,
Lord of the world, lay sadly sorrowing ;
Changed, like the sun behind a misty cloud ;
Like the quencht flame which dust and ashes shroud ;
Like a broad lake with its sweet waters dried.
With a slow faltering voice Sumantra cried :
“ Long be thy days, O king ! Thy Rama waits,
Thy lion-lord of men, before the gates.
His weeping friends his last farewell have heard,
Graced with a precious gift and pleasant word ;
And now he longs his father's face to see,
And take a blessing, ere he go, of thee ”

"Haste," cried the king, "my queens and ladies call,
And bid my servants throng into the hall."
Quick at the monarch's word he called each dame,
And half seven hundred at the summons came.
When all were present, at the king's behest,
Rama and Lakshman in their armour drest,
Came toward the hall, with anxious ladies lined,
And gentle Sita meekly came behind.
But the old king, ere Rama yet was nigh,
Sprang from his throne, and with a bitter cry
Ran forth to meet him: but his limbs gave way,
And falling prostrate on the ground he lay,
And Rama threw him by his father's side,
And gently called him, but no voice replied.
Then with a mighty wail the hall was rent:
A thousand women, in one wild lament,
Cried, Rama, Rama! 'mid the silver sound
Of tinkling ornaments their wrists that bound.
The king, unconscious, on a couch was laid,
And weeping Sita lent her tender aid,
And with her healing care restored him: then
Rama spoke, reverent, to the king of men:

"O father, thou both sire and sovereign art:
Bless me, I pray thee, for to-day we part.
Lakshman and Sita will not here remain:
Counsel is useless and entreaty vain.
Refuse them not, but grant thy kind consent
That they may follow as their heart is bent.
And now as kings dismiss their people, so,
Grieve not, O lord, but bless and let us go."
He stood expecting when the king should speak;
Who answered: "Rama, I am old and weak,
By Queen Kaikeyi's cruel guile misled:

Rule thou Ayodhya in thy father's stead."
And Rama cried: "A thousand years retain
Thy sceptre, King: I have no wish to reign
I in the wild my destined years will spend,
And clasp thy feet returning when they end.
This populous land, which I this day resign,
Let Bharat rule, with all its corn and kine.
And from Kaikeyi do not thou withhold
Aught thy tongue promised in the days of old.
By thy good deeds and by thy truth I swear,
I crave not heaven or all the glories there:
Wealth, lordship, life are worthless in mine eyes.
One thing alone above the rest I prize,
That thou, my king and sire, shouldst still remain
Untoucht in honour, without spot or stain.
Weep not for me: thy troubled bosom still,
Nor hope, with tears, to change my changeless will.
My word is pledged as well as thine, for know
Kaikeyi prayed me, and I sware to go.
Grieve not: the forest will have charms for me,
Where sweet birds sing and wild deer wander free.
Swift will the years of easy exile run,
And thou once more shalt see restored thy son."

"Make ready," cried the king, "a mighty force
With cars and elephants and foot and horse:
Equip them nobly with the utmost care;
Silver and gold and priceless gems prepare.
Let various traders, with the wealth they sell,
Come from the city, and the concourse swell;
And singing-women, fair of form and face,
The royal progress of prince Rama grace.
Let every noble whom he counts his friend,
Enricht with precious gifts, his lord attend,

Let the best arms in many a ponderous wain,
And skilful huntsmen, follow in his train.
It may be that the banisht prince may blunt
Each sting of memory in the eager hunt,
And, as he sucks the wild-bee's balmy spoil,
Forget his kingdom and enjoy the toil.
Let all my gold, and boundless wealth of corn,
To the wild forest, where he goes, be borne.
For it will sweeten the poor exile's lot
To sacrifice in every holy spot:
To give rich offerings as he roams, and meet
Each saintly hermit in his lone retreat."

And Rama answered: "Useless, Sire, to me
The host, the riches, and the pomp would be:
For I, the world and all its lusts resigned,
Have left its pride and joys and cares behind.
My home is now the wilderness, and there
The hermit's life awaits, the hermit's fare.
Give me no banners o'er my head to float,
All I now covet is the hermit's coat."

.And queen Kaikeyi, with unblushing brow,
Cried, "See, 'tis ready: take and wear it now."
The hero took it from her hand, and threw
His own fine robe upon the ground, and drew
The rough bark mantle on. So Lakshman braced,
His dress removed, the bark around his waist.
But modest Sita in her silks arrayed,
Eyed the strange mantle trembling and afraid:
As from Kaikeyi's hand the coat she took,
She viewed it with a startled wondering look,
As, in the brake beside the stream, the deer
Looks at the hunter's snare with doubt and fear.
With weeping eyes, like a poor bleating lamb

That runs with trembling feet to find its dam,
She nestled closely to her Rama's side,
And in her soft low faltering accents, cried :
" Tell me how hermits, dwelling in the wood,
Tie their bark mantles on." Perplexed she stood,
Shrinking in modest dread, while one small hand
Strove at the neck to join the rugged band.

Then, quickly hastening, Rama, first and best
Of Virtue's children, o'er her silken vest
Fastened the coat of bark. Then rose a cry
From all the women, and each tender eye
Drops water : " Rama, leave us Sita ; she
Shares not the cruel doom that falls on thee.
Hear us, we pray thee ; let thy Sita stay,
To bless our sight while thou art far away."

Then spoke the sovereign's venerable guide,
Sainted Vasishtha, as he deeply sighed
Looking on Sita in her coat of bark :
" O cruel queen Kaikeyi, fell and dark
In purpose, evil-hearted ; thou disgrace
To thy great father and thy royal race :
Deceiver of thy lord, thy plots are vain ;
For still will Sita in her home remain,
And sit as rightful ruler on the throne
Prepared for Rama, till he claim his own.
The pair who live in wedlock's sweet control
Form but one heart and mind and self and soul :
She, Rama's self, shall Rama's kingdom sway,
And we with joy her gentle rule obey.
If she resolve to share her husband's woes,
We all will follow where our lady goes.
Our wives and children, our young men and maids,
Will roam with Rama through the forest glades ;

Nay, thy son Bharat, and Satrughna,¹ too
 Will to Ayodhya bid a long adieu,
 Around their limbs the hermit's garb to fold,
 And serve their elder brother, as of old.
 Do thou, rejoicing in the people's bane,
 Enjoy, 'mid empty homes, thy lonely reign :
 For 'tis no kingdom where our king is not ;
 He makes an empire in the wildest spot."

Sumantra, bowing with his reverent head,
 Upraised his suppliant hands, to Rama said :
 " My ready car, O royal prince ascend,
 And where thou wilt, my rapid course I bend."
 With cheerful heart, her toilet task complete,
 The Rose of women rose² and took her seat.
 And Rama next and Lakshman true and bold,
 Sprang on the sun-bright chariot deckt with gold
 Sumantra, mounted, urged each willing steed,
 Of noble lineage, like the wind for speed.

Then rose to heaven one universal shriek ;
 And the whole city, old, young, strong, and weak,
 Rusht toward the car, as, from the scorching sun,
 The panting herds to shaded water run.
 Before the chariot and behind they hung,
 And cried, with weeping eyes, as there they clung :
 " O check thy steeds ; drive slower, we implore,
 And let us see our Rama's face once more..
 His mother's heart is, surely, barred with steel,
 Or it had broken with the pangs we feel.
 Sita, well done ! Vidcha's flower and pride,
 Still, like his shadow, by thy husband's side :

¹ Satrughna was the youngest of the sons of Dasaratha.

² *Aruraha varārohā*.

Cheering his path with thy loved presences still,
 As the sun never sets on Meru's hill.¹
 And thou, O Lakshman, shalt have honour too,
 Serving thy brother with a love so true :
 Yea, noblest honour for thy noble deeds,
 For this the path to heaven and bliss that leads."

Thus in their sorrow cried the weeping throng.
 "Drive on," said Rama, "we delay too long."
 Perplexed, the driver could not both obey ;
 "Hasten," cried Rama ; cried the people, "Stay."
 From the men's eyes the tears in torrents flowed,
 And laid the dust upon the royal road ;
 While, in the woe that rent their bosoms, all
 The women rained their tears, like drops that fall
 From the drenched lotus-leaves upon the lake,
 Which darting fish, glittering under, shake.
 The king, as Rama from his sight was borne,
 Fell, like a Sal tree by the roots uprooted ;
 And the loud wailing cry that rent the skies
 Made Rama for a moment turn his eyes
 Where his sad mother and her train stood round
 His hapless father fainting on the ground.
 Then, as a young thing, in the meshes caught,
 Looks to its mother with a quick glance fraught
 With utter anguish, bound by duty's chain,
 Gazing in most intolerable pain,
 One long last look of love and grief he cast,
 Then urged the steeds till out of sight he passed.

Scenes from the Rāmāyana, translated by
 R. T. H. GRIFFITH.

¹ A sacred mountain placed by the Hindus in the centre of the seven continents of which the earth is made up. It is said to be 84,000 *yojanas* high (a *yojana* is reckoned variously at four and nine miles). Its summit is a residence of the God Brahma.

WHY THE EARTH MOVES ROUND THE SUN.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN¹ A LITTLE BOY AND HIS TUTOR.*(Adapted from "Evenings at Home.")*

Tutor. I dare say you remember that I explained to you, some time ago, the cause of the fall of a mango to the ground?

Boy. O yes—it was because the earth attracts it.

T. True. That is a consequence of the universal law in nature, that bodies attract each other in proportion to their bulk. So a very small thing in the neighbourhood of a very large one always tends to go to it, if not prevented by some other power. Well—you know I told you that the sun was a ball, many times bigger than the ball we inhabit, called the earth; upon which you properly asked, how, then, it happened that the earth did not fall into the sun.

B. And does it not?

T. That I am going to explain to you. You have seen your brother whirl round a ball, tied to the end of a string which he held in his hand?

B. Yes; and I have done it myself, too.

T. Well, then—you felt that the ball was continually pulling, as though it tried to make its escape?

B. Yes; and one my brother was swinging *did* make its escape, and flew through the window.

T. It did so. That was a lesson in the *centrifugal* motion, or that power by which a body thus whirled continually endeavours to fly off from the centre round

¹ See footnote at page 132.

which it moves. This is owing to the force or impulse you give it at setting out, as though you were going to throw it away from you. The string by which you hold it, on the contrary, is the power which keeps the ball towards the centre, called the *centripetal* power. Thus, you see, there are two powers acting upon the ball at the same time; one to make it fly off, the other to hold it in; and the consequence is, that it moves directly according to neither, but between both; that is, round and round. This it continues to do while you swing it properly; but should the string break or slip off, away flies the ball; on the other hand, if you cease to give it the whirling force, it falls towards your hand.

B. I understand all this.

T. I will give you another instance of this double force acting at the same time. Do not you remember seeing some curious feats of horsemanship?

B. Yes.

T. One of them was, that a man standing with one leg upon the saddle and riding full speed, threw up balls into the air and caught them as they fell.

B. I remember it very well.

T. Perhaps you would have expected these balls to have fallen behind him, as he was going at such a rate.

B. So I did.

T. But you saw that they fell into his hand as directly as if he had been standing quite still. That was because at the instant he threw them up, they received the motion of the horse straight forward, as well as the upright motion that he gave them, so that they made a curved line through the air, and came down in the same place they would have reached if he had held them in his hand all the while.

B. That is very curious, indeed!

T. In the same manner, you may have observed, in riding in a carriage, that if you throw anything out of the window, it falls directly opposite, just as though the carriage were standing still, and is not left behind you.

B. I will try that, the next time I ride in one.

T. You are then to imagine the sun to be a mighty mass of matter, many thousand times larger than our earth, placed in the centre, quiet and unmoved. You are to conceive our earth, as soon as created, launched with vast force in a straight line. It would have flown off in this line for ever, through the boundless regions of space, had it not, at the same instant, received a pull from the sun, by its attraction. By the wonderful skill of the Creator, these two forces were made exactly to counterbalance each other; so that just as much as the earth, from the original motion given it, tends to fly forwards, just so much the sun draws it to the centre; and the consequence is, that it takes a course between the two, which is a circle round and round the sun.

B. But if the earth were set a-rolling, like a ball upon a green field, I should think it would stop of itself, as the ball does.

T. The ball stops because it is continually rubbing against the ground, which checks its motion; but the ball of the earth moves in empty space, where there is nothing to stop it.

B. But if I throw a ball through the air, it will not go on for ever, but it will come down to the ground.

T. That is because the force with which you can throw it is much less than the force by which it is

drawn to the earth. But there is another reason, too, which is the resistance of the air. This space all around us and over us is not empty space; it is quite full of a thin, transparent liquid, called air.

B. Is it?

T. Yes. If you move your hand quickly through it, you will find something resisting you, though in a slight degree. And the wind, you well know, is capable of pressing against anything with almost irresistible force; and yet wind is nothing but a quantity of air put into violent motion. Everything, then, that moves through the air is continually obliged to push some of this fluid out of the way, by which means, it is constantly losing part of its motion.

B. Then the earth would do the same.

T. No; for it moves in *empty* space.

B. What! does not it move through the air?

T. The earth does not move *through* the air, but carries the air along with it. All the air is contained in what is called the *atmosphere*, which you may compare to a sort of mist or fog clinging to the ball of the earth, and reaching a certain distance above it, which has been calculated at about forty-five or fifty miles.

B. That is above the clouds, then.

T. Yes; all the clouds are within the atmosphere, for they are supported by the air. Well—this atmosphere rolls about along with the earth, as though it were a part of it, and moves with it through the sky, which is a vast field of empty space. In this immense space are all the stars and planets, which have also their several motions. There is nothing to stop them but they continually go on, by means of the force that the Creator has originally impressed upon them.

FEED THE POOR.

If thou would win the dear reward
Which only virtue earns,
Waste not thy wealth upon the lord
Who gift for gift returns.
Not with the rich thy treasures share;
Give aid to those who need;
And, with the gold thy wants can spare
The poor and hungry feed.
Be sure that those who would receive,
Deserve and crave thy care;
And ponder, ere thy hands relieve,
The how, and when, and where.

Translated from the Sanskrit, by GRIFFITH

KING LEAR.

A TALE FROM SHAKSPEARE, BY CHARLES AND
MARY LAMB.

LEAR, King of Britain, had three daughters; Goneril, wife to the Duke of Albany; Regan, wife to the Duke of Cornwall; and Cordelia, a young maid, for whose love the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy were joint suitors, and were at this time making stay for that purpose in the court of Lear.

The old king, worn out with age and the fatigues of government, he being more than fourscore years old, determined to take no further part in state affairs, but

to leave the management to younger strengths, that he might have time to prepare for death, which must at no long period ensue. With this intent he called his three daughters to him, to know from their own lips which of them loved him best, that he might part his kingdom among them in such proportions as their affection for him should seem to deserve.

Goneril, the eldest, declared that she loved her father more than words could give out, that he was dearer to her than the light of her own eyes, dearer than life and liberty, with a deal of such professing stuff,¹ which is easy to counterfeit where there is no real love, only a few fine words delivered with confidence being wanted in that case. The king, delighted to hear from her own mouth this assurance of her love, and thinking truly that her heart went with it, in a fit of fatherly fondness bestowed upon her and her husband one third of his ample kingdom.

Then calling to him his second daughter, he demanded what she had to say. Regan, who was made of the same hollow metal as her sister, was not a whit behind in her professions, but rather declared that what her sister had spoken came short of the love which she professed to bear for his highness; insomuch that she found all other joys dead, in comparison with the pleasure which she took in the love of her dear king and father.

Lear blessed himself in having such loving children, as he thought; and could do no less, after the handsome assurances which Regan had made, than bestow a third of his kingdom upon her and her husband, equal in size to that which he had already given away to Goneril.

¹ *Professing stuff*, i.e., mere empty insincere profession.

Then turning to his youngest daughter Cordelia, whom he called his joy, he asked what she had to say, thinking no doubt that she would glad his ears with the same loving speeches which her sisters had uttered, or rather that her expressions would be so much stronger than theirs, as she had always been his darling, and favoured by him above either of them. But Cordelia, disgusted with the flattery of her sisters, whose hearts she knew were far from their lips, and seeing that all their coaxing speeches were only intended to wheedle the old king out of his dominions; that they and their husbands might reign in his lifetime, made no other reply but this,—that she loved his majesty according to her duty, neither more nor less.

The king, shocked with this appearance of ingratitude in his favourite child, desired her to consider her words, and to mend her speech, lest it should mar her fortunes.

Cordelia then told her father, that he was her father, that he had given her breeding, and loved her; that she returned those duties back as was most fit, and did obey him, love him, and most honour him. But that she could not frame her mouth to such large speeches as her sisters had done, or promise to love nothing else in the world. Why had her sisters husbands, if (as they said) they had no love for anything but their father? If she should ever wed, she was sure the lord to whom she gave her hand would want half her love, half of her care and duty; she should never marry like her sisters, to love her father all. ✓

Cordelia, who in earnest loved her old father even almost as extravagantly as her sisters pretended to do, would have plainly told him so at any other time, in

more daughter-like and loving terms, and without these qualifications, which did indeed sound a little ungracious; but after the crafty flattering speeches of her sisters, which she had seen draw such extravagant rewards, she thought the handsomest thing she could do was to love and be silent. This put her affection out of suspicion of mercenary ends, and showed that she loved, but not for gain; and that her professions, the less ostentatious they were, had so much the more of truth and sincerity than her sisters.

This plainness of speech, which Lear called pride, so enraged the old monarch—who in his best of times always showed much of spleen and rashness, and in whom the dotage, incident to old age, had so clouded over his reason, that he could not discern truth from flattery, nor a gay painted speech from words that came from the heart—that in a fury of resentment he took back the third part of his kingdom which yet remained, and which he had reserved for Cordelia, and gave it away from her, sharing it equally between her two sisters and their husbands, the dukes of Albany and Cornwall; whom he now called to him, and in presence of all his courtiers bestowing a coronet between them, invested them jointly with all the power, revenue, and execution of government, only retaining to himself the name of king; all the rest of royalty he resigned; with this reservation, that himself, with a hundred knights for his attendants, should be maintained by monthly course in each of his daughter's palaces in turn. ✓

So preposterous a disposal of his kingdom, so little guided by reason, and so much by passion, filled all his courtiers with astonishment and sorrow; but none of them had the courage to interpose between this incensed

king and his wrath, except the Earl of Kent, who was beginning to speak a good word for Cordelia, when the passionate Lear on pain of death commanded him to desist; but the good Kent was not so to be repelled. He had been ever loyal to Lear, whom he had honoured as a king, loved as a father, followed as a master; and had never esteemed his life further than as a pawn to wage against his royal master's enemies, nor feared to lose it when Lear's safety was the motive; nor now that Lear was most his own enemy, did this faithful servant of the king forget his old principles, but manfully opposed Lear, to do Lear good; and was unmannerly only because Lear was mad. He had been a most faithful counsellor in times past to the king, and he besought him now, that he would see with his eyes (as he had done in many weighty matters), and go by his advice still; and in his best consideration recall this hideous rashness: for he would answer with his life, his judgment that Lear's youngest daughter did not love him least, nor were those empty-hearted whose low sound gave no token of hollowness. When power bowed to flattery, honour was bound to plainness. For Lear's threats, what could he do to him, whose life was already at his service? That should not hinder duty from speaking.X

The honest freedom of this good Earl of Kent only stirred up the king's wrath the more, and like a frantic patient who kills his physician, and loves his mortal disease, he banished this true servant, and allotted him but five days to make his preparations for departure; but if on the sixth his hated person was found within the realm of Britain, that moment was to be his death. And Kent bade farewell to the king, and said, that

since he chose to show himself in such fashion, it was but banishment to stay there; and before he went, he recommended Cordelia to the protection of the gods, the maid who had so rightly thought, and so discreetly spoken; and only wished that her sisters' large speeches might be answered with deeds of love: and then he went, as he said, to shape his old course to a new country.

The King of France and Duke of Burgundy were now called in to hear the determination of Lear about his youngest daughter, and to know whether they would persist in their courtship to Cordelia, now that she was under her father's displeasure, and had no fortune but her own person to recommend her; and the Duke of Burgundy declined the match, and would not take her to wife upon such conditions; but the King of France, understanding what the nature of the fault had been which had lost her the love of her father, that it was only a tardiness of speech, and the not being able to frame her tongue to flattery like her sisters, took this young maid by the hand, and saying that her virtues were a dowry above a kingdom, bade Cordelia take farewell of her sisters, and of her father, though he had been unkind, and she should go with him, and be queen of him and of fair France, and reign over fairer possessions than her sisters: and he called the Duke of Burgundy in contempt a waterish duke, because his love for this young maid had in a moment run all away like water. ✓

Then Cordelia with weeping eyes took leave of her sisters, and besought them to love their father well, and make good their professions; and they sullenly told her not to prescribe to them, for they knew their duty; but

to strive to content her husband, who had taken her (as they tauntingly expressed it) as Fortune's alms. And Cordelia, with a heavy heart departed, for she knew the cunning of her sisters, and she wished her father in better hands than she was about to leave him in.

Cordelia was no sooner gone, than the devilish dispositions of her sisters began to show themselves in their true colours. Even before the expiration of the first month, which Lear was to spend by agreement with his eldest daughter Goneril, the old king began to find out the difference between promises and performances. This wretch having got from her father all that he had to bestow, even to the giving away of the crown from off his head, began to grudge even those small remnants of royalty which the old man had reserved to himself, to please his fancy with the idea of being still a king. She could not bear to see him and his hundred knights. Every time she met her father, she put on a frowning countenance; and when the old man wanted to speak with her, she would feign sickness, or anything to be rid of the sight of him; for it was plain that she esteemed his old age a useless burden, and his attendants an unnecessary expense: not only she herself slackened in her expressions of duty to the king, but by her example, and (it is to be feared) not without her private instructions, her very servants affected to treat him with neglect, and would either refuse to obey his orders, or still more contemptuously pretend not to hear them. Lear could not but perceive this alteration in the behaviour of his daughter, but he shut his eyes against it as long as he could, as people commonly are unwilling to believe the unpleasant consequences which their own mistakes and obstinacy have brought upon them. *

True love and fidelity are no more to be estranged ~~ill~~, than falsehood and hollow-heartedness can be conciliated by *good* usage. This eminently appears in the instance of the good Earl of Kent, who, though banished by Lear, and his life made forfeit if he were found in Britain, chose to stay and abide all consequences, as long as there was a chance of his being useful to the king his master. See to what mean shifts and disguises poor loyalty is forced to submit sometimes; yet it counts nothing base or unworthy, so that it can but do service where it owes an obligation! In the disguise of a serving man, all his greatness and pomp laid aside, this good earl proffered his services to the king, who not knowing him to be Kent in that disguise, but pleased with a certain plainness, or rather bluntness in his answers which the earl put on (so different from that smooth oily flattery which he had so much reason to be sick of, having found the effects not answerable in his daughter), a bargain was quickly struck, and Lear took Kent into his service by the name of Caius, as he called himself, never suspecting him to be his once great favourite, the high and mighty Earl of Kent.

This Caius quickly found means to show his fidelity and love to his royal master; for Goneril's steward that same day behaving in a disrespectful manner to Lear, and giving him saucy looks and language, as no doubt he was secretly encouraged to do by his mistress, Caius, not enduring to hear so open an affront put upon his majesty, made no more ado but presently tripped up his heels, and laid the unmanneily slave in the kennel; for which friendly service Lear became more and more attached to him.

Nor was Kent the only friend Lear had. In his

degree, and as far as so insignificant a personage could show his love, the poor fool, or jester, that had been of his palace, while Lear had a palace, as it was the custom of kings and great personages at that time to keep a fool (as he was called) to make them sport after serious business : this poor fool ciung to Lear after he had given away his crown, and by his witty sayings would keep up his good humour, though he could not refrain sometimes from jeering at his master for his imprudence, in uncrowning himself, and giving all away to his daughters ; at which time, as he rhymingly expressed it, these daughters

“ For sudden joy did weep
And he for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.”

And in such wild sayings, and scraps of songs, of which he had plenty, this pleasant honest fool poured out his heart even in the presence of Goneril herself, in many a bitter taunt and jest which cut to the quick : such as comparing the king to the hedge-sparrow, who feeds the young of the cuckoo till they grow old enough, and then has its head bit off for its pains ; and saying, that an ass may know when the cart draws the horse (meaning that Lear's daughters, that ought to go behind, now ranked before their father) ; and that Lear was no longer Lear, but the shadow of Lear : for which free speeches he was once or twice threatened to be whipped.

The coolness and falling off of respect which Lear had begun to perceive, were not all which this foolish fond father was to suffer from his unworthy daughter : she now plainly told him that his staying in her palace was inconvenient so long as he insisted upon keeping

up an establishment of a hundred knights; that this establishment was useless and expensive, and only served to fill her court with riot and feasting; and she prayed him that he would lessen their number, and keep none but old men about him, such as himself, and fitting his age.

Lear at first could not believe his eyes or ears, nor that it was his daughter who spoke so unkindly. He could not believe that she who had received a crown from him could seek to cut off his train, and grudge him the respect due to his old age. But she persisting in her undutiful demand, the old man's rage was so excited, that he called her a detested kite, and said that she spoke an untruth; and so indeed she did, for the hundred knights were all men of choice behaviour and sobriety of manners, skilled in all particulars of duty, and not given to rioting and feasting as she said. And he bid his horses to be prepared, for he would go to his other daughter, Regan, he and his hundred knights; and he spoke of ingratitude, and said it was a marble-hearted devil, and showed more hideous in a child than the sea-monster. And he cursed his eldest daughter Goneril in a way that was terrible to hear; praying that she might never have a child, or if she had, that it might live to return that scorn and contempt upon her which she had shown to him: that she might feel how sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a thankless child. And Goneril's husband, the Duke of Albany, beginning to excuse himself for any share which Lear might suppose he had in the unkindness, Lear would not hear him out, but in a rage ordered his horses to be saddled, and set out with his followers for the abode of Regan, his other daughter. And Lear thought to himself how small the

fault of Cordelia (if it was a fault) now appeared, in comparison with her sister's, and he wept; and then he was ashamed that such a creature as Goneril should have so much power over his manhood as to make him weep.

Regan and her husband were keeping their court in great pomp and state at their palace; and Lear despatched his servant Caius with letters to his daughter, that she might be prepared for his reception, while he and his train followed after. But it seems that Goneril had been beforehand with him, sending letters also to Regan, accusing her father of waywardness and ill humours, and advising her not to receive so great a train as he was bringing with him. This messenger arrived at the same time with Caius, and Caius and he met: and who should it be but Caius's old enemy the steward, whom he had formerly tripped up by the heels for his saucy behaviour to Lear. Caius not liking the fellow's look, and suspecting what he came for, began to revile him, and challenged him to fight, which the fellow refusing, Caius, in a fit of honest passion, beat him soundly, as such a mischief-maker and carrier of wicked messages deserved; which coming to the ears of Regan and her husband, they ordered Caius to be put in the stocks,¹ though he was a messenger from the king her father, and in that character demanded the highest respect: so that the first thing the king saw when he entered the castle, was his faithful servant Caius, sitting in that disgraceful situation.

This was but a bad omen of the reception which he was to expect; but a worse followed, when upon inquiry

¹ *The stocks*, a machine made of wood, in which the legs of criminals were fastened.

for his daughter and her husband, he was told they were weary with travelling all night, and could not see him; and when lastly, upon his insisting in a positive and angry manner to see them, they came to greet him, whom should he see in their company but the hated Goneril, who had come to tell her own story, and set her sister against the king her father!

This sight much moved the old man, and still more to see Regan take her by the hand; and he asked Goneril if she was not ashamed to look upon his old white beard. And Regan advised him to go home again with Goneril, and live with her peaceably, dismissing half of his attendants, and to ask her forgiveness; for he was old and wanted discretion, and must be ruled and guided by persons that had more discretion than himself. And Lear showed how preposterous that would sound, if he were to go down on his knees, and beg of his own daughter for food and raiment, and he argued against such an unnatural dependence, declaring his resolution never to return with her, but to stay where he was with Regan, he and his hundred knights; for he said that she had not forgotten the half of the kingdom which he had endowed her with, and that her eyes were not fierce like Goneril's, but mild and kind. And he said that rather than return to Goneril, with half his train cut off, he would go over to France, and beg a wretched pension of the king there, who had married his youngest daughter without a portion.

But he was mistaken in expecting kinder treatment of Regan than he had experienced from her sister Goneril. As if willing to outdo her sister in unfilial behaviour, she declared that she thought fifty knights too many to wait upon him: that five-and-twenty were

enough. Then Lear, nigh heart-broken, turned to Goneril, and said that he would go back with her, for her fifty doubled five-and-twenty, and so her love was twice as much as Regan's. But Goneril excused herself, and said, What need of so many as five-and-twenty? or even ten? or five? when he might be waited upon by her servants, or her sister's servants? So these two wicked daughters, as if they strove to exceed each other in oruclty to their old father who had been so good to them, by little and little would have abated him of all his train, all respect (little enough for him that once commanded a kingdom), which was left him to show that he had once been a king! Not that a splendid train is essential to happiness, but from a king to a beggar is a hard change, from commanding millions to be without one attendant; and it was the ingratitude in his daughters' denying it, more than what he would suffer by the want of it, which pierced this poor king to the heart; insomuch, that with this double ill-usage, and vexation for having so foolishly given away a kingdom, his wits began to be unsettled, and while he said he knew not what, he vowed revenge against those unnatural hags, and to make examples of them that should be a terror to the earth!

While he was thus idly threatening what his weak arm could never execute, night came on, and a loud storm of thunder and lightning with rain; and his daughters still persisting in their resolution not to admit his followers, he called for his horses, and chose rather to encounter the utmost fury of the storm abroad, than stay under the same roof with these ungrateful daughters: and they, saying that the injuries which wilful men procure to themselves are their just punishment,

suffered him to go in that condition and shut their doors upon him.

The winds were high, and the rain and storm increased, when the old man sallied forth to combat with the elements, less sharp than his daughters' unkindness. For many miles about there was scarce a bush; and there upon a heath, exposed to the fury of the storm in a dark night, did King Lear wander out, and defy the winds and the thunder: and he bid the winds to blow the earth into the sea, or swell the waves of the sea, till they drowned the earth, that no token might remain of any such ungrateful animal as man. The old king was now left with no other companion than the poor fool, who still remained with him, with his merry conceits striving to outjest misfortune, saying, it was but a naughty night to swim in, and truly the king had better go in and ask his daughter's blessing:

“ But he that has a little tny wit,
With heigh-ho, the wind and the rain?¹
Must make content with his fortune's fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day: ”

and swearing it was a brave night to cool a lady's pride.

Thus poorly accompanied, this once great monarch was found by his ever-faithful servant the good Earl of Kent, now transformed to Caius, who ever followed close at his side, though the king did not know him to be the earl; and he said, “Alas! sir, are you here? creatures that love night, love not such nights as these. This dreadful storm has driven the beasts to their hiding

¹ *With heigh-ho the wind and the rain.*—This is a parenthetical exclamation. *Heigh-ho* is supposed to represent the sound of a sigh, and is used (generally only in poetry) as an exclamation of sorrow.

places. Man's nature cannot endure the affliction or the fear." And Lear rebuked him and said, these lesser evils were not felt, where a greater malady was fixed. When the mind is at ease, the body has leisure to be delicate; but the tempest in his mind did take all feeling else from his senses, but of that which beat at his heart. And he spoke of filial ingratitude, and said it was all one as if the mouth should tear the hand for lifting food to it; for parents were hands and food and everything to children.

But the good Caius still persisting in his entreaties that the king would not stay out in the open air, at last persuaded him to enter a little wretched hovel which stood upon the heath, where the fool first entering, suddenly ran back terrified, saying that he had seen a spirit. But upon examination this spirit proved to be nothing more than a poor Bedlam¹ beggar, who had crept into this deserted hovel for shelter, and with his talk about devils frightened the fool; one of those poor lunatics who are either mad, or feign to be so, the better to extort charity from the compassionate country people, who go about the country, calling themselves poor Tom and poor Turlygood, saying, "Who gives anything to poor Tom!" sticking pins and nails and sprigs of rosemary into their arms to make them bleed; and with such horrible actions, partly by prayers, and partly with lunatic curses, they move or terrify the ignorant country-folks into giving them alms. This poor fellow was such a one; and the king seeing him in so wretched a plight, with nothing but a blanket about his loins to cover his

¹ *A Bedlam beggar.*—This means a mad beggar. *Bedlam* is a corruption of *Bethlehem*, and *Bethlehem* or *Bedlam Hospital* was the great asylum for lunatics in London.

nakedness, could not be persuaded but that the fellow was some father who had given all away to his daughters, and brought himself to that pass: for nothing he thought could bring a man to such wretchedness but having unkind daughters.

And from this and many such wild speeches which he uttered, the good Caius plainly perceived that he was not in his perfect mind, but that his daughters' ill-usage had really made him go mad. And now the loyalty of this worthy Earl of Kent showed itself in more essential services than he had hitherto found opportunity to perform. For with the assistance of some of the king's attendants who remained loyal, he had the person of his royal master removed at daybreak to the castle of Dover, where his own friends and influence, as Earl of Kent, chiefly lay; and himself embarking for France, hastened to the court of Cordelia, and did there in such moving terms represent the pitiful condition of her royal father, and set out in such lively colours the inhumanity of her sisters, that this good and loving child with many tears besought the king her husband, that he would give her leave to embark for England with a sufficient power to subdue these cruel daughters and their husbands, and restore the old king her father to his throne; which being granted, she set forth, and with a royal army landed at Dover.

Lear having by some chance escaped from the guardians which the good Earl of Kent had put over him to take care of him in his lunacy, was found by some of Cordelia's train, wandering about the fields near Dover, in a pitiable condition, mad, and singing aloud to himself, with a crown upon his head which he had made of straw and nettles and other wild weeds that he had

picked up in the corn-fields. By the advice of the physicians, Cordelia, though earnestly desirous of seeing her father, was prevailed upon to put off the meeting, till, by sleep and the operation of herbs which they gave him, he should be restored to greater composure. By the aid of these skilful physicians, to whom Cordelia promised all her gold and jewels for the recovery of the old king, Lear was soon in a condition to see his daughter.

A tender sight it was to see the meeting between this father and daughter; to see the struggles between the joy of this poor old king at beholding again his once darling child, and the shame at receiving such filial kindness from her whom he had cast off for so small a fault in his displeasure; both these passions struggling with the remains of his malady, which in his half-crazed brain sometimes made him so wild that he scarce remembered where he was, or who it was that so kindly kissed him and spoke to him: and then he would beg the standers-by not to laugh at him, if he were mistaken in thinking this lady to be his daughter Cordelia! And then he would fall on his knees to beg pardon of his child; she, good lady, kneeling all the while to ask a blessing of him, and telling him that it did not become him to kneel, but it was her duty, for she was his child, his true and very child Cordelia! And she kissed him (as she said) to kiss away all her sisters' unkindness, and said that they might be ashamed of themselves, to turn their old kind father with his white beard out into the cold air, when her enemy's dog, though it had bitten her (as she prettily expressed it), should have stayed by her fire such a night as that, and warmed himself. And she told her father how she had come from France with

purpose to bring him assistance; and he said that she must forget and forgive, for he was old and foolish, and did not know what he did; but that to be sure she had great cause not to love him, but her sisters had none. And Cordelia said, that she had no cause, no more than they had.

So we will leave this old king in the protection of this dutiful and loving child, where, by the help of sleep and medicine, she and her physicians at length succeeded in winding up the untuned and jarring senses which the cruelty of his other daughters had so violently shaken. Let us return to say a word or two about those cruel daughters.

These monsters of ingratitude, who had been so false to their old father, could not be expected to prove more faithful to their own husbands. They soon grew tired of paying even the appearance of duty and affection, and in an open way showed they had fixed their loves upon another. It happened that the object of their guilty loves was the same. It was Edmund, a natural son of the late Earl of Gloucester, who by his treacheries had succeeded in disinheriting his brother Edgar, the lawful heir, from his earldom, and by his wicked practices was now earl himself; a wicked man, and a fit object for the love of such wicked creatures as Goneril and Regan. It falling out about this time that the Duke of Cornwall, Regan's husband, died, Regan immediately declared her intention of wedding this Earl of Gloucester, which rousing the jealousy of her sister, to whom as well as to Regan this wicked earl had at sundry times professed love, Goneril found means to make away with her sister by poison; but being detected in her practices, and imprisoned by her husband the Duke of Albany for

this deed, and for her guilty passion for the earl which had come to his ears, she, in a fit of disappointed love and rage, shortly put an end to her own life. Thus the justice of Heaven at last overtook these wicked daughters.

While the eyes of all men were upon this event, admiring the justice displayed in their deserved deaths, the same eyes were suddenly taken off from this sight to wonder at the mysterious ways of the same power in the melancholy fate of the young and virtuous daughter, the lady Cordelia, whose good deeds did seem to deserve a more fortunate conclusion: but it is an awful truth, that innocence and piety are not always successful in this world. The forces which Goneril and Regan had sent out under the command of the bad Earl of Gloucester were victorious; and Cordelia, by the practices of this wicked earl, who did not like that any should stand between him and the throne, ended her life in prison. Thus Heaven took this innocent lady to itself in her young years, after showing her to the world an illustrious example of filial duty. Lear did not long survive this kind child.

Before he died, the good Earl of Kent, who had still attended his old master's steps from the first of his daughters' ill-usage to this sad period of his decay, tried to make him understand that it was he who had followed him under the name of Caius; but Lear's care-crazed brain at that time could not comprehend how that could be, or how Kent and Caius could be the same person; so Kent thought it needless to trouble him with explanations at such a time; and Lear soon after expiring, this faithful servant to the king, between age and grief for his old master's vexations, soon followed him to the grave.

How the judgment of Heaven overtook the bad Earl of Gloucester, whose treasons were discovered, and himself slain in single combat with his brother, the lawful earl; and how Goneril's husband, the Duke of Albany, who was innocent of the death of Cordelia, and had never encouraged his wife in her wicked proceedings against her father, ascended the throne of Britain after the death of Lear, it is needless here to narrate; Lear and his Three Daughters being dead, whose adventures alone concern our story.

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I AM now to call your attention to an action of the Scottish Government, which leaves a great stain on the memory of King William,¹ although probably that Prince was not aware of the full extent of the baseness, treachery, and cruelty, for which his commission was made a cover.

I have formerly mentioned that some disputes arose concerning the distribution of a large sum of money with which the Earl of Breadalbane was intrusted, to procure, or rather to purchase, a peace in the Highlands. Lord Breadalbane and those with whom he negotiated disagreed, and the English Government becoming suspicious of the intentions of the Highland chiefs to play fast and loose on the occasion sent forth a proclamation in the month of August, 1691, requiring all and each of them to submit to Govern-

¹ King William III.

ment before the first day of January, 1692. After this period, it was announced in the same proclamation that those who had not submitted themselves, should be subjected to the extremities of fire and sword.

This proclamation was framed by the Privy Council, under the influence of Sir John Dalrymple (Master of Stair,¹ as he was called), whom I have already mentioned as holding the place of Lord Advocate, and who had in 1690 been raised to be Secretary of State, in conjunction with Lord Melville. The Master of Stair was at this time an intimate friend of Breadalbane, and it seems that he shared with that nobleman the warm hope and expectation of carrying into execution a plan of retaining a Highland army in the pay of Government, and accomplishing a complete transference of the allegiance of the chiefs to the person of King William, from that of King James. This could not have failed to be a most acceptable piece of service, upon which, if it could be accomplished, the Secretary might justly reckon as a title to his master's further confidence and favour.

But when Breadalbane commenced his treaty, he was mortified to find, that though the Highland chiefs expressed no dislike to King William's money, yet they retained their secret fidelity to King James too strongly to make it safe to assemble them in a military body, as had been proposed. Many chiefs, especially those of the MacDonalds, stood out also for terms, which the Earl of Breadalbane and the Master of Stair considered as extravagant; and the result of the whole was, the breaking off the treaty, and the publishing of the severe proclamation already mentioned.

¹ Sir John Dalrymple was the eldest son and heir-apparent of Lord Stair; and consequently bore the title of *Master of Stair*.

Breadalbane and Stair were greatly disappointed and irritated against those chiefs and tribes, who, being refractory on this occasion, had caused a breach of their favourite scheme. Their thoughts were now turned to revenge; and it appears from Stair's correspondence, that he nourished and dwelt upon the secret hope that several of the most stubborn chiefs would hold out beyond the term appointed for submission, in which case it was determined that the punishment inflicted should be of the most severe and awful description. That all might be prepared for the meditated operations, a considerable body of troops were kept in readiness at Inverlochy, and elsewhere. These were destined to act against the refractory clans, and the campaign was to take place in the midst of winter, when it was supposed that the season and weather would prevent the Highlanders from expecting an attack.

But the chiefs received information of these hostile intentions, and one by one submitted to Government within the appointed period, thus taking away all pretence of acting against them. It is said that they did so by secret orders from King James, who, having penetrated the designs of Stair, directed the chiefs to comply with the proclamation, rather than incur an attack which they had no means of resisting.

The indemnity, which protected so many victims, and excluded both lawyers and soldiers from a profitable job, seems to have created great disturbance in the mind of the Secretary of State. As chief after chief took the oath of allegiance to King William, and by doing so put themselves one by one out of danger, the greater became the anxiety of the Master of Stair to find some legal flaw for excluding some of the Lochaber clans from the

benefit of the indemnity. But no opportunity occurred for exercising these kind intentions, excepting in the memorable, but fortunately the solitary instance, of the clan of the MacDonalds of Glencoe.

This clan inhabited a valley formed by the river Coe, or Cona, which falls into Lochleven, not far from the head of Loch Etive. It is distinguished, even in that wild country, by the sublimity of the mountains, rocks, and precipices, in which it lies buried. The minds of men are formed by their habitations. The MacDonalds of the Glen were not very numerous, seldom mustering above two hundred armed men: but they were bold and daring to a proverb, confident in the strength of their country, and in the protection and support of their kindred tribes, the MacDonalds of Clanranald, Glengarry, Keppoch, Ardnamurchan, and others of that powerful name. They also lay near the possessions of the Campbells, to whom, owing to the predatory habits to which they were especially addicted, they were very bad neighbours, so that blood had at different times been spilt between them.

MacIan of Glencoe (this was the patronymic¹ title of the chief of this clan) was a man of a stately and venerable person and aspect. He possessed both courage and sagacity, and was accustomed to be listened to by the neighbouring chieftains, and to take a lead in their deliberations. MacIan had been deeply engaged both in the campaign of Killicerankie, and in that which followed under General Buchan;² and when the insurgent

¹ *Patronymic* means derived from the name of a father or ancestor; thus *MacIan* means, in the Gaelic language of Scotland, *Son of Ian*.

² These were insurrections raised in Scotland in 1689 by the *Jacobites* (the adherents of King James II.—*Jacobus* being the Latin form of *James*). In the battle of *Killicerankie*, Dundee was defeated and killed by the troops of William III.

Highland chiefs held a meeting with the Earl of Breadalbane, at a place called Auchallader, in the month of July, 1691, for the purpose of arranging an armistice, MacIan was present with the rest, and, it is said, taxed Breadalbane with the design of retaining a part of the money lodged in his hands for the pacification of the Highlands. The earl retorted with vehemence, and charged MacIan with a theft of cattle, committed upon some of his lands by a party from Glencoe. Other causes of offence took place in which old feuds were called to recollection; and MacIan was repeatedly heard to say he dreaded mischief from no man so much as from the Earl of Breadalbane. Yet this unhappy chief was rash enough to stand out to the last moment, and decline to take advantage of King William's indemnity, till the time appointed by the proclamation was well-nigh expired.

The displeasure of the Earl of Breadalbane seems speedily to have communicated itself to the Master of Stair, who, in his correspondence with Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, then commanding in the Highlands, expresses the greatest resentment against MacIan of Glencoe, for having, by his interference, marred the bargain between Breadalbane and the Highland chiefs. Accordingly, in a letter of 3rd December, the Secretary intimated that government was determined to destroy utterly some of the clans, in order to terrify the others, and he hoped that, by standing out and refusing to submit under the indemnity, the MacDonalds of Glencoe would fall into the net,—which meant that they would afford a pretext for their extirpation. This letter is dated a month before the time limited by the indemnity, so long did these bloody thoughts occupy the mind of this unprincipled statesman.

Ere the term of mercy expired, however, MacIan's own apprehensions, or the advice of friends, dictated to him the necessity of submitting to the same conditions which others had embraced, and he went with his principal followers to take the oath of allegiance to King William. This was a very brief space before the 1st of January, when, by the terms of the proclamation, the opportunity of claiming the indemnity was to expire. MacIan was, therefore, much alarmed to find that Colonel Hill, the Governor of Fort William, to whom he tendered his oath of allegiance, had no power to receive it, being a military, and not a civil officer. Colonel Hill, however, sympathised with the distress and even tears of the old chieftain, and gave him a letter to Sir Colin Campbell of Ardkinlas, Sheriff of Argyleshire, requesting him to receive the "lost sheep," and administer the oath to him, that he might have the advantage of the indemnity, though so late in claiming it.

MacIan hastened from Fort William to Inverary, without even turning aside to his own house, though he passed within a mile of it. But the roads, always very bad, were now rendered almost impassable by a storm of snow; so that, with all the speed the unfortunate chieftain could exert, the fatal 1st of January was passed before he reached Inverary.

The sheriff, however, seeing that MacIan had complied with the spirit of the statute, in tendering his submission within the given period, under the sincere, though mistaken belief that he was applying to the person ordered to receive it; and considering also, that, but for the tempestuous weather, it would after all have been offered in the presence of the proper law-officer, did not hesitate

to administer the oath of allegiance, and sent off an express to the Privy Council, containing an attestation of MacIan's having taken the oaths, and a full explanation of the circumstances which had delayed his doing so until the lapse of the appointed period. The Sheriff also wrote to Colonel Hill what he had done, and requested that he would take care that Glencoe should not be annoyed by any military parties until the pleasure of the Council should be known, which he could not doubt would be favourable.

MacIan, therefore, returned to his own house, and resided there, as he supposed, in safety, under the protection of the Government to which he had sworn allegiance. That he might merit this protection, he convoked his clan, acquainted them with his submission, and commanded them to live peaceably, and give no cause of offence, under pain of his displeasure.

In the meantime, the vindictive Secretary of State had procured orders from his Sovereign respecting the measures to be followed with such of the chiefs as should not have taken the oaths within the term prescribed. The first of these orders, dated 11th January, contained peremptory directions for military execution, by fire and sword, against all who should not have made their submission within the time appointed. It was, however, provided, in order to avoid driving them to desperation, that there was still to remain a power of granting mercy to those clans who, even after the time was past, should still come in and submit themselves. Such were the terms of the first royal warrant, in which Glencoe was not expressly named.

It seems afterwards to have occurred to Stair, that Glencoe and his tribe would be sheltered under this

mitigation of the intended severities, since he had already come in and tendered his allegiance, without waiting for the menace of military force. A second set of instructions was therefore made out on the 16th January. These held out the same indulgence to other clans who should submit themselves at the very last hour (a hypocritical pretext, for there existed none which stood in such a predicament), but they closed the gate of mercy against the devoted MacIan, who had already done all that was required of others. The words are remarkable:—"As for MacIan of Glencoe, and that tribe, if they can be well distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to extirpate that set of thieves."

You will remark the hypocritical clemency and real cruelty of these instructions, which profess a readiness to extend mercy to those who needed it not (for all the other Highlanders had submitted within the limited time), and deny it to Glencoe, the only man who had not been able literally to comply with the proclamation, though in all fair construction he had done what it required.

Under what pretence or colouring King William's authority was obtained for such cruel instructions, it would be in vain to inquire. The Sheriff of Argyle's letter had never been produced before the Council: and the certificate of MacIan's having taken the oath was blotted out, and, in the Scottish phrase, deleted from the books of the Privy Council. It seems probable therefore that the fact of that chief's submission was altogether concealed from the King, and that he was held out in the light of a desperate and incorrigible leader of banditti, who was the main obstacle to the peace of

the Highlands; but if we admit that William acted under such misrepresentations, deep blame will still attach to him for rashly issuing orders of an import so dreadful. It is remarkable that these fatal instructions are both superscribed and subscribed by the King himself, whereas, in most State-papers the Sovereign only superscribes, and they are countersigned by the Secretary of State, who is answerable for their tenor; a responsibility which Stair, on that occasion, was not probably ambitious of claiming.

The Secretary's letters to the military officers, directing the mode of executing the King's orders, betray the deep and savage interest which he took personally in their tenor, and his desire that the bloody measure should be as general as possible. He dwelt in these letters upon the proper time and season for cutting off the devoted tribe. "The winter," he said, "is the only season in which the Highlanders cannot elude us, or carry their wives, children, and cattle, to the mountains. They cannot escape you; for what human constitution can then endure to be long out of house? This is the proper season to maul them, in the long dark nights." He could not suppress his joy that Glencoe had not come in within the term prescribed; and expresses his hearty wishes that others had followed the same course. He assured the soldiers that their powers should be ample; and he exacted from them proportional exertions. He entreated that the thieving tribe of Glencoe might be *rooted out* in earnest; and he was at pains to explain a phrase which is in itself terribly significant. He gave directions for securing every pass by which the victims could escape, and warned the soldiers that it were better to leave the thing unattempted, than fail

to do it to purpose. "To plunder their lands, or drive off their cattle, would," say his letters, "be only to render them desperate; they must be all slaughtered, and the manner of execution must be sure, secret, and effectual."

These instructions, such as have been rarely penned in a Christian country, were sent to Colonel Hill, the Governor of Fort William, who, greatly surprised and grieved at their tenor, endeavoured for some time to evade the execution of them. At length obliged by his situation to render obedience to the King's commands, he transmitted the orders to Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, directing him to take four hundred men of a Highland regiment belonging to the Earl of Argyle, and fulfil the royal mandate. Thus, to make what was intended yet worse, if possible, than it was in its whole tenor, the perpetration of the cruelty was committed to soldiers, who were not only the countrymen of the proscribed, but the near neighbours, and some of them the close connexions, of the MacDonalds of Glencoe. This is the more necessary to be remembered, because the massacre has unjustly been said to have been committed by English troops. The course of the bloody deed was as follows.

Before the end of January, a party of the Earl of Argyle's regiment, commanded by Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, approached Glencoe. MacIan's sons went out to meet them with a body of men, to demand whether they came as friends or foes. The officer replied that they came as friends, being sent to take up their quarters for a short time in Glencoe, in order to relieve the garrison of Fort William, which was crowded with soldiers. On this they were welcomed with all the hospitality which

the chief and his followers had the means of extending to them, and they resided for fifteen days among the unsuspecting MacDonalds, in the exchange of every species of kindness and civility. That the laws of domestic affection might be violated at the same time with those of humanity and hospitality, you are to understand that Alaster MacDonald, one of the sons of MacIan, was married to a niece of Glenlyon, who commanded the party of soldiers. It appears also, that the intended cruelty was to be exercised upon defenceless men : for the MacDonalds, though afraid of no other ill-treatment from their military guests, had supposed it possible the soldiers might have a commission to disarm them, and therefore had sent their weapons to a distance, where they might be out of reach of seizure.

Glenlyon's party had remained in Glencoe for fourteen or fifteen days, when he received orders from his commanding officer, Major Duncanson, expressed in a manner which shows him to have been the worthy agent of the cruel Secretary. They were sent in conformity with orders of the same date, transmitted to Duncanson by Hamilton, directing that all the MacDonalds, under seventy years of age, were to be cut off, and that the *Government was not to be troubled with prisoners*. Duncanson's orders to Glenlyon were as follows :—

“ You are hereby ordered to fall upon the rebels, and put all to the sword under seventy. You are to have especial care that the old fox and his cubs do on no account escape your hands ; you are to secure all the avenues, that no man escape. This you are to put in execution at four in the morning precisely, and by that time, or very shortly after, I will strive to be at you

with a stronger party. But if I do not come to you at four, you are not to tarry for me, but fall on. This is by the King's special command, for the good and safety of the country, that these miscreants be cut off root and branch. See that this be put into execution without either fear or favour, else you may expect to be treated as not true to the King or Government, nor a man fit to carry a commission in the King's service. Expecting that you will not fail in the fulfilling hereof, as you love yourself, I subscribe these with my hand.

" ROBERT DUNCANSON."

This order was dated 12th February, and addressed, "For their Majesties'" service to Captain Robert Campbell of Glenlyon."

This letter reached Glenlyon soon after it was written; and he lost no time in carrying the dreadful mandate into execution. In the interval he did not abstain from any of those acts of familiarity which had lulled asleep the suspicions of his victims. He took his morning draught, as had been his practice every day since he came to the glen, at the house of Alaster MacDonald, MacIan's second son, who was married to his (Glenlyon's) niece. He, and two of his officers named Lindsay, accepted an invitation to dinner from MacIan himself, for the following day, on which they had determined he should never see the sun rise. To complete the sum of treachery, Glenlyon played at cards, in his own quarters, with the sons of MacIan, John and Alaster, both of whom were also destined for slaughter.

¹ *Majestics*' is here in the plural, because the sovereignty at this time was held jointly by King William III. and his wife Mary II. (daughter of James II.)

About four o'clock in the morning of 13th February, the scene of blood began. A party, commanded by one of the Lindsays, came to MacIan's house and knocked for admittance, which was at once given. Lindsay, one of the expected guests at the family meal of the day, commanded this party, who instantly shot MacIan dead by his own bedside, as he was in the act of dressing himself, and giving orders for refreshments to be provided for his fatal visitors. His aged wife was stripped by the savage soldiery, who, at the same time drew off the gold rings from her fingers with their teeth. She died the next day, distracted with grief, and the brutal treatment she had received. Several domestics and clansmen were killed at the same place.

The two sons of the aged chieftain had not been altogether so confident as their father respecting the peaceful and friendly purpose of their guests. They observed, on the evening preceding the massacre, that the sentinels were doubled, and the mainguard strengthened. John, the elder brother, had even overheard the soldiers muttering amongst themselves, that they cared not about fighting the men of the glen fairly, but did not like the nature of the service they were engaged in; while others consoled themselves with the military logic, that their officers must be answerable for the orders given, they having no choice save to obey them. Alarmed with what had been thus observed and heard, the young men hastened to Glenlyon's quarters, where they found that officer and his men preparing their arms. On questioning him about these suspicious appearances, Glenlyon accounted for them by a story, that he was bound on an expedition against some of Glengarry's men; and alluding to the circumstance of their alliance, which

made his own cruelty more detestable, he added, "If anything evil had been intended, would I not have told Alaster and my niece?"

Reassured by this communication, the young men retired to rest, but were speedily awakened by an old domestic, who called on the two brothers to rise and fly for their lives, "Is it time for you," he said, "to be sleeping, when your father is murdered on his own hearth?" Thus roused, they hurried out in great terror, and heard throughout the glen, wherever there was a place of human habitation, the shouts of the murderers, the report of the muskets, the screams of the wounded, and the groans of the dying. By their perfect knowledge of the scarce accessible cliffs amongst which they dwelt, they were enabled to escape observation, and fled to the southern access of the glen.

Meantime, the work of death proceeded with as little remorse as Stair himself could have desired. Even the slight mitigation of their orders respecting those above seventy years was disregarded by the soldiery in their indiscriminate thirst for blood, and several very aged and bedridden persons were slain amongst others. At the hamlet where Glenlyon had his own quarters, nine men, including his landlord, were bound and shot like felons; and one of them, MacDonald of Auchintriaten, had General Hill's passport¹ in his pocket at the time. A fine lad of twenty had, by some glimpse of compassion on the part of the soldiers, been spared, when one Captain Drummond came up, and demanding why the orders were transgressed in that particular, caused him

¹ *Passport* literally means a permission to pass out of port, or through the gates. It is generally used for a *permission to travel, granted to a foreigner*; here, a *safe-conduct, or permission to travel, granted to an enemy*.

instantly to be put to death. A boy, of five or six years old, clung to Glenlyon's knees, entreating for mercy, and offering to become his servant for life, if he would spare him. Glenlyon was moved; but the same Drummond stabbed the child with his dirk, while he was in this agony of supplication.

At a place called Auchnaion, one Barber, a sergeant with a party of soldiers, fired on a group of nine MacDonalds, as they were assembled round their morning fire, and killed four of them. The owner of the house, a brother of the slain Auchintriatten, escaped unhurt, and expressed a wish to be put to death rather in the open air than within the house. "For your bread which I have eaten," answered Barber, "I grant your request." MacDonald was dragged to the door accordingly; but he was an active man, and when the soldiers were presenting their firelocks¹ to shoot him, he cast his plaid over their faces, and taking advantage of the confusion, broke from them, and escaped up the glen.

The alarm being now general, many other persons, male and female, attempted their escape in the same manner as the two sons of MacIan and the person last mentioned. Flying from their burning huts, and from their murderous visitors, the half-naked fugitives committed themselves to a winter morning of darkness, snow, and storm, amidst a wilderness the most savage in the West Highlands, having a bloody death behind them, and before them tempest, famine, and desolation. Bewildered in the snow-wreaths, several sunk to rise no more. But the severities of the storm were tender

¹ *Firelock* was the name formerly given to muskets or guns carried by soldiers; because the *fire* was caused by a *lock* containing flint and steel. The term is now obsolete.

mercies compared to the cruelty of their persecutors. The great fall of snow, which proved fatal to several of the fugitives, was the means of saving the remnant that escaped. Major Duncanson, agreeably to the plan expressed in his orders to Glenlyon, had not failed to put himself in motion, with four hundred men, on the evening preceding the slaughter; and had he reached the eastern passes out of Glencœ by four in the morning, as he calculated, he must have intercepted and destroyed all those who took that only way of escape from Glenlyon and his followers. But as this reinforcement arrived so late as eleven in the forenoon, they found no MacDonald alive in Glencoe save an old man of eighty, whom they slew; and after burning such houses as were yet unconsumed, they collected the property of the tribe, consisting of twelve hundred head of cattle and horses, besides goats and sheep, and drove them off to the garrison of Fort William.

Thus ended this horrible deed of massacre. The number of persons murdered was thirty-eight; those who escaped might amount to a hundred and fifty males, who, with the women and children of the tribe, had to fly more than twelve miles through rocks and wildernesses, ere they could reach any place of safety or shelter.

This detestable butchery excited general horror and disgust, not only throughout Scotland, but in foreign countries; and did King William, whose orders, signed and superscribed by himself, were the warrant of the action, incredible evil both in popularity and character.

Stair, however, seemed undaunted, and had the infamy to write to Colonel Hill, while public indignation was at the highest, that all that could be said of the matter

was, that the execution was not so complete as it might have been. There was, besides, a pamphlet published in his defence, offering a bungled vindication of his conduct; which, indeed, amounts only to this, that a man of the Master of Stair's high place and eminent accomplishments, who had performed such great services to the public, of which a laboured account was given: one also, who, it is particularly insisted upon, performed the duty of family worship regularly in his household, ought not to be over-severely questioned for the death of a few Highland Papists, whose morals were no better than those of English highwaymen.

No public notice was taken of this abominable deed until 1695, three years after it had been committed, when, late and reluctantly, a Royal Commission, loudly demanded by the Scottish nation, was granted, to inquire into the particulars of the transaction, and to report the issue of their investigations to Parliament.

The members of the Commission, though selected as favourable to King William, proved of a different opinion from the apologist of the Secretary of State; and reported, that the letters and instructions of Stair to Colonel Hill and others, were the sole cause of the murder. They slurred over the King's share of the guilt by reporting, that the Secretary's instructions went beyond the warrant which William had signed and superscribed. The royal mandate, they stated, only ordered the tribe of Glencoe to be subjected to military execution, *in case* there could be any mode found of separating them from the other Highlanders. Having thus found a screen, though a very flimsy one, for William's share in the transaction, the report of the Commission let the whole weight of the charge fall on

the Master of Stair, whose letters, they state, intimated no mode of separating the Glencoe men from the rest, as directed by the warrant; but, on the contrary, did, under a pretext of public duty, appoint them, without inquiry or distinction, to be cut off and rooted out in earnest and to purpose, and that "suddenly, secretly, and quietly." They reported, that these instructions of Stair had been the warrant for the slaughter; that it was unauthorized by His Majesty's orders, and, in fact, deserved no name save that of a most barbarous murder. Finally, the report named the Master of Stair as the deviser, and the various military officers employed as the perpetrators, of the same; and suggested, with great moderation, that Parliament should address His Majesty to send home Glenlyon and the other murderers to be tried, or should do otherwise as His Majesty pleased.

The Secretary, being by this unintelligible mode of reasoning thus exposed to the whole severity of the storm, and overwhelmed at the same time by the King's displeasure about other matters, was deprived of his office, and obliged to retire from public affairs. General indignation banished him so entirely from public life, that, having about this period succeeded to his father's title of Viscount Stair, he dared not take his seat in Parliament as such, on account of the threat of the Lord Justice-Clerk, that if he did so, he would move that the address and report upon the Glencoe Massacre should be produced and inquired into. It was the year 1700 before the Earl of Stair found the affair so much forgotten, that he ventured to assume the place in Parliament to which his rank entitled him; and he died in 1707, on the very day when the treaty of Union was signed, not without suspicion of suicide.

Of the direct agents in the massacre, Hamilton absconded, and afterwards joined King William's army in Flanders, where Glenlyon, and the officers and soldiers connected with the murder, were then serving. The King, availing himself of the option left to him in the address of the Scottish Parliament, did *not* order them home for trial; nor does it appear that any of them were dismissed the service, or punished for their crime, otherwise than by the general hatred of the age in which they lived, and the universal execration of posterity.

Although it is here a little misplaced, I cannot refrain from telling you an anecdote connected with the preceding events, about an affair that happened so late as the year 1745-6, during the romantic attempt of Charles Edward, grandson of James II., to regain the throne of his fathers. He marched through the Lowlands, at the head of an army consisting of the Highland clans, and obtained for a time considerable advantages. Amongst other Highlanders, the descendant of the murdered MacIan of Glencoe joined his standard with a hundred and fifty men. The route of the Highland army brought them near to a beautiful seat built by the Earl of Stair, so often mentioned in the preceding narrative, and the principal mansion of his family. An alarm arose in the councils of Prince Charles, lest the MacDonalds of Glencoe should seize this opportunity of marking their recollection of the injustice done to their ancestors, by burning or plundering the house of the descendant of their persecutor; and, as such an act of violence might have done the Prince great prejudice in the eyes of the people of the Lowlands, it was agreed that a guard should be posted to protect the house of Lord Stair.

MacDonald of Glencoe heard of the resolution, and deemed his honour and that of his clan concerned. He demanded an audience of Charles Edward, and admitting the propriety of placing a guard on a house so obnoxious to the feelings of the Highland army, and to those of his own clan in particular, he demanded as a matter of right rather than favour, that the protecting guard should be supplied by the MacDonalds of Glencoe. If this request were not granted he announced his purpose to return home with his people, and prosecute the enterprise no further. "The MacDonalds of Glencoe," he said, "would be dishonoured by remaining in a service where others than their own men were employed to restrain them, under whatsoever circumstances of provocation, within the line of their military duty." The royal Adventurer granted the request of the high spirited chieftain, and the MacDonalds of Glencoe guarded from the slightest injury the house of the cruel and crafty statesman who had devised and directed the massacre of their ancestors. Considering how natural the thirst of vengeance becomes to men in a primitive state of society, and how closely it was interwoven with the character of the Scottish Highlander, Glencoe's conduct on this occasion is a noble instance of a high and heroic preference of duty to the gratification of revenge.

LOVE OF FATHERLAND.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

“This is my own, my native land!”

Whose heart hath ne’er within him burn’d,
As home his footsteps he hath turn’d,

From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well:

For him no minstrel raptures swell;

High though his titles, proud his name,

Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,

The wretch, concentr’d all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,

And, doubly dying, shall go down

To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,

Unwept, unhonour’d, and unsung.

From the “Lay of the Last Minstrel.”

LUCY.

BY WORDSWORTH.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways

Beside the springs of Dove;¹

A maid whom there were none to praise,

And very few to love.

¹ The river Dove is a tributary of the Trent, in the counties of Derby and Stafford.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.
She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and O!—
The difference to me!

G I N E V R A.

BY ROGERS.

If thou shouldst ever come to Modena,
Stop at a palace near the Reggio Gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.¹
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And numerous fountains, statues, cypresses,²
Will long detain thee; but before thou go,
Enter the house—prythee,³ forget it not—
And look a while upon a picture there.
'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth;—
She sits inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said "Beware!"——her vest of gold
Brodered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot—
An emerald-stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,

¹ The *Orsini*, a noble Italian family.

² Cypress, an ornamental kind of tree.

³ *Prythee*, I pray thee. Seldom used except in poetry.

So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowings of an innocent heart—
 It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
 Like some wild melody!—Alone it hangs
 Over mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
 An oaken chest half eaten by the worm.
 She was an only child; from infancy
 The joy, the pride, of an indulgent sire.
 Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
 That precious gift what else remained to him?
 The young Ginevra was his all in life;
 Still as she grew, for ever in his sight.
 She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
 Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
 But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
 And in the lustre of her youth, she gave
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.
 Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
 When all sat down, the bride was wanting there—
 Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
 " 'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
 And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
 And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
 'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
 Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
 Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
 But now, alas! she was not to be found;
 Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
 But that she was not! Wreny of his life,
 Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.¹

¹ During the Middle Ages, the Venetians were continually engaged in war against the Turks.

Orsini lived ; and long mightst thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something
Something he could not find—he knew not what
When he was gone, the house remained a while
Silent and tenantless, then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed ; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless, as Ginevra,
“Why not remove it from its lurking-place ?”
Twas done as soon as said ; but on the way
It burst—it fell ; and lo, a skeleton !
And here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both—

“GINEVRA.” There, then, had she found a grave !
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there
Fastened her down—for ever !

GOD THE AUTHOR OF NATURE.

BY COWPER.

THERE lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
The beauties of the wilderness are his,

That make so gay the solitary place,
 Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms,
 That cultivation glories in, are his.
 He sets the bright procession on its way,
 And marshals all the order of the year;
 He marks the bounds which Winter may not pass,
 And blunts his pointed fury; in its case,
 Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ
 Uninjured, with inimitable art;
 And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
 Designs the blooming wonders of the next.
 The Lord of all, himself through all diffused,
 Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.

THE LITTLE DUKE.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "HEIR OF REDCLYFFE."

DUKE Richard² of Normandy slept in the room which had been his father's; Alberic de Montémar, as his

¹ The chief value of this extract from *The Little Duke* will be found in the large amount of easy and unaffected dialogue contained in it. As a familiarity with the English language, as used in conversation by persons of education, is exceedingly valuable, this extract might well be read over two or three times by the learner.

² The story, of which this extract forms a part, is founded on the following historical facts. In the year 942 A.D., a king of France was reigning in Paris called Louis IV., *d'Outremer*, or *From-over-the-sea*, because he had been educated in exile at the court of Æthelstan, King of England. Another prince, named William, Duke of Normandy (one of whose descendants afterwards conquered England), was reigning at Rouen, over the north-west of France, called Normandy. Duke William was nominally subject to King Louis; but he was in reality quite as powerful as Louis, and indeed had helped him to recover his throne. But in the course of the year 942, Duke William was assassinated; and the only heir he left to succeed him was a little boy named Richard, who thus became Richard I., Duke of Normandy. King Louis now offered to take charge of and protect his young vassal, Duke

page, slept at his feet, and Osmond de Ceuteville had a bed on the floor, across the door, where he lay with his sword close at hand, as his young lord's guard and protector.

All had been asleep for some little time when Osmond was startled by a slight movement at the door which could not be pushed open without awakening him. In an instant he had grasped his sword, while he pressed his shoulder to the door to keep it close; but it was his father's voice that answered him with a few whispered words in the Norse¹ tongue, "It is I, open." He made way instantly, and old Sir Eric entered treading cautiously with bare feet, and sat down on the bed motioning him to do the same, so that they might be able to speak lower. "Right, Osmond," he said: "It is well to be on the alert, for peril enough is around him—The Frank² means mischief! I know from a sure hand that Arnulf of Flanders³ was in council with him just before he came hither, with his false tongue wiling and coaxing the poor child!"

"Ungrateful traitor!" murmured Osmond; "Do you guess his purpose?" "Yes, surely to carry the boy off

Richard; but the Normans were very much afraid that this offer was a treacherous one, and that the King intended to kill the little Duke. This is the period with which the story is concerned. It may be mentioned that the little Duke subsequently ruled over Normandy for fifty-four years, and was known as Duke Richard *Sans-peur*, or *without-fear*; he was the great-grandfather of William the Conqueror of England.

¹ The Normans had originally been Norse-men or Norwegians, who had sailed from Norway and other parts of the north of Europe, and had landed in France and conquered a part of the country, which was called after them *Normandy*.

² The royal family of Paris were by descent *Franks*. The *Franks* were a Teutonic or German tribe that conquered France, and gave their name to the country.

³ Duke William, the father of the little Duke Richard, had been assassinated by a band of Flemings.

with him, and so he trusts doubtless to cut off all the race of Rollo! I know his purpose is to bear off the Duke, as a ward of the crown forsooth. Did you not hear him luring the child with his promises of friendship with the princes? I could not understand all his French words, but I saw it plain enough."

"You will never allow it?"

"If he does, it must be across our dead bodies; but taken as we are by surprise, our resistance will little avail. The castle is full of French, the hall and court swarm with them. Even if we could draw our Normans together, we should not be more than a dozen men, and what could we do but die? That we are ready for if it may not be otherwise, rather than let our charge be thus borne off without a pledge for his safety, and without the knowledge of the states."¹

"The king could not have come at a worse time," said Osmond.

"No, just when Bernard the Dane is absent. If he only knew what has befallen, he could raise the country and come to the rescue."

"Could we not send some one to bear the tidings to-night?"

"I know not," said Sir Eric, musingly. "The French have taken the keeping of the doors; indeed they are so thick through the castle that I can hardly reach one of our men, nor could I spare one hand that may avail to guard the boy to-morrow."

"Sir Eric;" a bare little foot was heard on the floor, and Alberic de Montémar² stood before him. "I did not

¹ The *states*, i.e., the meeting of the chief people of Normandy, the nobles and clergy.

² This was the name of the boy who, as page, was the personal attendant of the Little Duke.

mean to listen, but I could not help hearing you. I cannot fight for the Duke yet, but I could carry a message."

"How would that be?" said Osmond eagerly. "Once out of the castle and in Rouen, he could easily find means of sending to the count. He might go either to the convent of St. Ouen, or, which would be better, to the trusty armourer, Thibault, who would soon find man and horse to send after the count."

"Ah! let me see," said Sir Eric. "It might be, but how is he to get out?"

"I know a way," said Alberic. "I scrambled down that wide buttress by the east wall last week when our ball was caught in a branch of the ivy, and the draw-bridge is down."

"If Bernard knew, it would be off my mind at least!" said Sir Eric. "Well, my young Frenchman, you may do good service."

"Osmond," whispered Alberic, as he began hastily to dress himself, "only ask one thing of Sir Eric,—never to call me young Frenchman again!"

Sir Eric smiled saying, "Prove yourself Norman, my boy."

"Then," added Osmond, "if it were possible to get the Duke himself out of the castle to-morrow morning. If I could take him forth by the postern,¹ and once bring him into the town, he would be safe. It would be only to raise the burghers, or else to take refuge in the Church of Our Lady² till the count came up, and then Louis

¹ *Postern* (from a Latin word meaning *behind*) means a small back-door.

² *Our Lady* (in French *Notre Dame*) is the term often applied by Roman Catholic Christians to the Virgin Mary, the Mother of Christ. The chief church of Rouen is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and is called the Cathedral of *Notre Dame*.

would find his prey out of his hands when he awoke and sought him."

"That might be," replied Sir Eric; "but I doubt your success. The French are too eager to hold him fast to let him slip out of their hands. You will find every door guarded."

"Yes, but all the French have not seen the Duke, and the sight of a squire and a little page going forth will scarcely excite their suspicion."

"Ay, if the Duke would bear himself like a little page; but that you need not hope for. Besides he is so taken with this King's flatteries, that I doubt whether he would consent to leave him for the sake of Count Bernard. Poor child, he is like to be soon taught to know his true friends."

"I am ready," said Alberic, coming forward.

The Baron de Ceuteville repeated his instructions, and then undertook to guard the door, while his son saw Alberic set off on his expedition.

Osmond went with him softly down the stairs, then avoiding the hall, which was filled with French, they crept silently to a narrow window, guarded by iron bars, placed at such short intervals apart that only so small and slim a form as Alberic's could have squeezed out between them. The distance to the ground was not much more than twice his own height, and the wall was so covered with ivy that it was not a very dangerous feat for an active boy; so that Alberic was soon safe on the ground, then looking up to wave his cap, he ran on along the side of the moat, and was soon lost to Osmond's sight in the darkness.

Osmond returned to the Duke's chamber, and relieved his father's guard, while Richard slept soundly on, little

guessing at the plots of his enemies, or at the schemes of his faithful subjects for his protection.

Osmond thought this all the better, for he had small trust in Richard's patience and self-command, and thought there was much more chance of getting him unnoticed out of the castle, if he did not know how much depended on it, and how dangerous his situation was.

When Richard awoke he was much surprised at missing Alberic, but Osmond said he was gone into the town to Thibault the armourer, and this was a message on which he was so likely to be employed that Richard's suspicion was not excited. All the time he was dressing he talked about the king, and everything he meant to show him that day; then, when he was ready, the first thing was as usual to go to attend morning mass.¹

"Not by that way to-day, my lord," said Osmond, as Richard was about to enter the great hall. "It is crowded with the French who have been sleeping there all night: come to the postern."

Osmond turned as he spoke, along the passage, walking fast, and not sorry that Richard was lingering a little, as it was safer for him to be first. The postern was, as he expected, guarded by two tall steel-cased figures, who immediately held their lances across the doorway, saying "None passes without warrant."

"You will surely let us of the castle attend to our daily business?" said Osmond. "You will hardly break your fast this morning if you stop all communication with the town."

"You must bring warrant," repeated one of the men-at-arms. Osmond was beginning to say that he was the

¹ *Mass*, a solemn religious ceremony.

son of the Seneschal¹ of the Castle, when Richard came hastily up.

"What? Do these men want to stop us?" He exclaimed in the imperious manner he had begun to take up since his accession. "Let us go on, sirs."

The men-at-arms looked at each other, and guarded the door more closely. Osmond saw it was hopeless, and only wanted to draw his young charge back without being recognised, but Richard exclaimed loudly, "What means this?"

"The king has given orders that none should pass without warrant," was Osmond's answer. "We must wait."

"I will pass!" said Richard, impatient at opposition, to which he was little accustomed. "What mean you, Osmond? This is my castle, and no one has a right to stop me. Do you hear, grooms? Let me go. I am the Duke!"

The sentinels bowed, but all they said was, "Our orders are express."²

"I tell you I am Duke of Normandy, and I will go where I please in my own city!" exclaimed Richard, passionately pressing against the crossed staves of the weapons, to force his way between them, but he was caught and held fast in the powerful gauntlet of one of the men-at-arms.

"Let me go, villain!" cried he, struggling with all his might. "Osmond, Osmond, help!"

Even as he spoke Osmond had disengaged him from

¹ *Seneschal* originally meant *the senior or oldest of the servants*; but was often a title applied to the officer who had charge of a royal castle.

² *Express orders* mean literally *orders that are clearly expressed or stated*; and hence *orders that do not admit of being questioned*.

the grasp of the Frenchman, and putting his hand on his arm said, "Nay, my Lord, it is not for you to strive with such as these."

"I will strive!" cried the boy. "I will not have my way barred in my own castle. I will tell the king how these rogues of his use me. I will have them in the dungeon. Sir Eric, where is Sir Eric?"

Away he rushed to the stairs, Osmond hurrying after him, lest he should throw himself into some fresh danger, or by his loud calls attract the French, who might then easily make him prisoner. However, on the very first step of the stairs stood Sir Eric, who was too anxious for the success of the attempt to escape to be very far off. Richard, too angry to heed where he was going, dashed up against him without seeing him, and as the old Baron took hold of him, began, "Sir Eric, Sir Eric, those French are villains! they will not let me pass——."

"Hush! hush! my lord," said Sir Eric. "Silence! come here."

However imperious with others, Richard from force of habit always obeyed Sir Eric, and now allowed himself to be dragged hastily and silently by him, Osmond following closely, up the stairs, up a second and a third winding flight, still narrower, and with broken steps, to a small round thick-walled turret chamber, with an extremely small door, and loop-holes of windows high up in the tower. Here, to his great surprise, he found Dame Astrida, kneeling and telling her beads,¹ two or three of her maidens, and about four of the Norman Squires and men-at-arms.

¹ That is, *saying her prayers*, which were counted by means of beads on a string.

"So you have failed, Osmond?" said the Baron.

"But what is all this?" How did Fru¹ Astrida come up here? May I not go to the king, and have those insolent Franks punished?"

"Listen to me, Lord Richard," said Sir Eric; "that smooth-spoken king, whose words so charmed you last night, is an ungrateful deceiver. The Franks have always hated and feared the Normans, and not being able to conquer us fairly, they now take to foul means. Louis came hither from Flanders, he has brought this great troop of French to surprise us, claim you as a ward of the crown, and carry you away with him to some prison of his own."

"You will not let me go?" said Richard.

"Not while I live," said Sir Eric. "Alberic is gone to warn the Count of Harcourt to call the Normans together, and here we are ready to defend this chamber to our last breath; but we are few, the French are many, and succour may be far off."

"Then you meant to have taken me out of their reach this morning, Osmond?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"And if I had not flown into a passion and told who I was, I might have been safe! Oh, Sir Eric! Sir Eric! you will not let me be carried off to a French prison?"

"Here, my child," said Dame Astrida, holding out her arms, "Sir Eric will do all he can for you, but we are in God's hands." Richard came and leant against her.

"I wish I had not been in a passion!" said he, sadly, after a silence; then looking at her in wonder, "But how came you up all this way?"

"It is a long way for my old limbs," said Fru Astrida,

¹ Fru, the Norse word for *dame* or *Lady*.

smiling, "but my son helped me, and he deems it the only safe place in the castle."

"The safest," said Sir Eric, "and that is not saying much for it."

"Hark!" said Osmond, "what a tramping the Franks are making. They are beginning to wonder where the Duke is."

"To the stairs, Osmond," said Sir Eric. "On that narrow step one man can keep them at bay a long time. You can speak their jargon, too, and hold parley with them." "Perhaps they will think I am gone," whispered Richard, "if they cannot find me, and go away."

Osmond and two of the Normans were, as he spoke, taking their stand on the narrow spiral stair, where there was just room for one man on the step. Osmond was the lowest, the other two above him, and it would have been very hard for an enemy to force his way past them.

Osmond could plainly hear the sounds of the steps and voices of the French as they consulted together, and sought for the Duke. A man at length was heard clanking up these very stairs, till winding round he suddenly found himself close upon young de Ceuteville.

"Ha! Norman!" he cried, starting back in amazement, "what are you doing here?"

"My duty," answered Osmond, shortly. "I am here to guard this stair;" and his drawn sword expressed the same intention.

The Frenchman drew back, and presently a whispering below was heard, and soon after a voice came up the stairs, saying, "Norman, good Norman——"

"What would you say?" replied Osmond, and the head of another Frank appeared.

"What means all this, my friend?" was the address. "Our king comes as a guest to you, and you received him last evening as loyal vassals. Wherefore have you now drawn out of the way, and striven to bear off your young Duke into secret places? Truly it looks not well that you should thus strive to keep him apart, and therefore the king requires to see him instantly."

"Sir Frenchman," replied Osmond, "your king claims the Duke as his ward. How that may be, my father knows not, but as he was committed to his charge by the states of Normandy, he holds himself bound to keep him in his own hands until further orders from them."

"That means, insolent Norman, that you intend to shut the boy up and keep him in your own rebel hands. You had best yield: it will be the better for you and for him. The child is the king's ward, and he shall not be left to be nurtured in rebellion by northern pirates."

At this moment a cry from without arose, so loud as almost to drown the voices of the speakers on the turret stair, a cry welcome to the ears of Osmond, repeated by a multitude of voices. "Haro! Haro! our little Duke!"

It was well known as a Norman shout. So just and so ready to redress all grievances had the old Duke Rollo¹ been, that his very name was an appeal against injustice; and whenever wrong was done, the Norman outcry against the injury was always "Ha Rollo!" or as it had become shortened, "Haro." And now Osmond knew that those, whose affection had been won by the uprightness of Rollo, were gathering to protect his helpless grandchild.

¹ *Rollo* or *Rolf* was the name of the leader of the Norsemen when they landed in France and conquered Normandy: he was the father of Duke William, and grandfather of Duke Richard *Sanspeur*.

The cry was likewise heard by the little garrison in the turret chamber, bringing hope and joy. Richard thought himself already rescued, and springing from Fru Astrida, danced about in ecstasy, only longing to see the faithful Normans, whose voices he heard ringing out again and again, in calls for their little Duke and outcries against the Franks. The windows were, however, so high, that nothing could be seen from them but the sky: and like Richard, the old Baron de Ceuteville was almost beside himself with anxiety to know what force was gathered together, and what measures were being taken. He opened the door, called to his son and asked him if he could tell what was passing, but Osmond knew as little: he could see nothing but the black, cobwebbed dusty steps winding above his head, while the clamours outside, waxing fiercer and louder, drowned all the sounds which might otherwise have come up to him from the French within the castle. At last, however, Osmond called out to his father, in Norse, "There is a Frank Baron come to entreat, and this time very humbly, that the Duke may come to the king."

"Tell him," replied Sir Eric, "that, save with consent of the council of Normandy, the child leaves not my hands."

"He says," called back Osmond, after a moment, "that you shall guard him yourself, with as many as you choose to bring with you. He declares on the faith of a free Baron that the king has no thought of ill: he wants to show him to the Rouennais¹ without, who are calling for him, and threaten to tear down the tower rather than not see their little Duke. Shall I bid him send a hostage?"

¹ The *Rouennais*, i.e., the people of Rouen.

"Answer him," returned the Baron, "that the Duke leaves not this chamber unless a pledge is put into our hands for his safety. There was an oily-tongued count, who sat next the king at supper, let him come hither, and then perchance I may trust the Duke among them."

Osmond gave the desired reply, which was carried to the king. Meantime the uproar outside grew louder than ever, and there were new sounds, a horn was winded and there was a shout of "*Dieu aide!*" the Norman war cry, joined with "*Notre Dame de Harcourt!*"¹

"There, there!" cried Sir Eric, with a long breath, as if relieved of half his anxieties, "the boy has sped well. Bernard is here at last! Now his head and hand are there, I doubt no longer."

"Here comes the count," said Osmond, opening the door, and admitting a stout, burly man who seemed sorely out of breath with the ascent of the steep broken stair and very little pleased to find himself in such a situation. The Baron de Ceuteville augured well from the speed with which he had been sent, thinking it proved great perplexity and distress on the part of Louis. Without waiting to hear his hostage speak, he pointed to a chest on which he had been sitting, and bade two of his men-at-arms stand on each side of the count, saying at the same time to Frau Astrida, "Now, mother, if aught of evil befalls the child, you know your part. Come, Lord Richard."

Richard moved forward. Sir Eric held his hand.

¹ *Dieu aide!* means God help us! *Notre Dame de Harcourt* means Our Lady of Harcourt. The latter is represented as the war-cry of Bernard, Count of Harcourt, one of the most powerful Norman nobles.

Osmond kept close behind him, and with as many men-at-arms as could be spared from guarding Fru Astrida and her hostage, he descended the stairs, not by any means sorry to go, for he was weary of being besieged in that turret chamber, whence he could see nothing, and with those friendly cries in his ears, he could not be afraid.

He was conducted to the large council-room which was above the hall. There the king was walking up and down anxiously, looking paler than his wont, and no wonder, for the uproar sounded tremendous there, and now and then a stone dashed against the sides of the deep window.

Nearly at the same moment as Richard entered by one door, Count Bernard de Harcourt came in from the other, and there was a slight lull in the tumult.

"What means this, my lords?" exclaimed the king. "Here am I come in all good will, in memory of my warm friendship with Duke William, to take on me the care of his orphan, and hold council with you for avenging his death, and is this the greeting you afford me? You steal away the child, and stir up the *rascaille*¹ of Rouen against me. Is this the reception for your king?"

"Sir king," replied Bernard, "what your intentions may be, I know not. All I do know is, that the burghers of Rouen are fiercely incensed against you, so much so that they were almost ready to tear me to pieces for being absent at this juncture. They say that you are keeping the child prisoner in his own castle, and that they will have him restored, if they tear it down to the foundations."

¹ *Rascaille* is a French word, and means the collection of all the rascals or evil characters in a town.

"You are a true man, a loyal man: you understand my good intentions," said Louis trembling, for the Normans were extremely dreaded. "You would not bring the shame of rebellion on your town and people. Advise me—I will do just what you counsel me—how shall I appease them?"

"Take the child, lead him to the window, swear that you mean him no evil, that you will not take him from us," said Bernard. "Swear it on the faith of a king."

"As a king—as a Christian, it is true!" said Louis. "Here, my boy! wherefore shrink from me? What have I done that you should fear me? You have been listening to evil tales of me, my child. Come hither."

At a sign from the Count de Harcourt, Sir Eric led Richard forward, and put his hand into the king's. Louis took him to the window, lifted him upon the sill, and stood there with his arm around him, upon which the shout, "Long live Richard, our little Duke!" arose again. Meantime the two Ceutevilles looked in wonder at the old Harcourt, who shook his head and muttered in his own tongue, "I will do all I may, but our force is small, and the king has the best of it. We must not yet bring a war on ourselves."

"Hark! he is going to speak," said Osmond. "Fair sirs!—excellent burgesses!" began the king, as the cries lulled a little. "I rejoice to see the love ye bear to our young Prince! I would all my subjects were equally loyal. But wherefore dread me, as if I were come to injure him? I, who came but to take counsel how to avenge the death of his father, who brought me back from England when I was a friendless exile.¹ Know ye not how deep is the debt of gratitude I owe to Duke

¹ See the historical note at the beginning of this passage

William? He it was who made me king—it was he who gained me the love of the King of Germany; he stood godfather for my son—to him I owe all my wealth and state, and all my care is to render guerdon for it to his child, since, alas! I may not to himself. Duke William rests in his bloody grave! It is for me to call his murderers to account, and to cherish his son, even as mine own!”

So saying Louis tenderly embraced the little boy, and the Rouennais below broke out into another cry, in which “Long live King Louis!” was joined with “Long live Richard!”

“You will not let the child go?” said Eric meanwhile, to Harcourt.

“Not without provision for his safety; but we are not fit for war as yet, and to let him go is the only means of warding it off.”

Eric groaned and shook his head; but the Count de Harcourt’s judgment was of such weight with him, that he never dreamt of disputing it.

“Bring me here,” said the king, “all that you deem most holy, and you shall see me pledge myself to be your Duke’s most faithful friend.”

There was some delay, during which the Norman nobles had time for further council together, and Richard looked wistfully at them, wondering what was to happen to him, and wishing he could venture to ask for Alberic.

Several of the clergy of the cathedral presently appeared in procession, bringing with them the book of the Gospels on which Richard had taken his installation oath, with others of the sacred treasures of the church, preserved in gold cases. The priests were followed by a

few of the Norman knights and nobles, some of the burgesses of Rouen, and, to Richard's great joy, by Alberic de Montémar himself. The two boys stood looking eagerly at each other while preparation was being made for the ceremony of the king's oath.

The stone table in the middle of the room was cleared and arranged so as in some degree to resemble the altar in the cathedral; then the Count de Harcourt, standing before it and holding the king's hand, demanded of him whether he would undertake to be the friend, protector, and good lord of Richard, Duke of Normandy, guarding him from all his enemies, and ever seeking his welfare. Louis, with his hand on the Gospels, swore that so he would.

"Amen!" returned Bernard the Dane, solemnly. "And as thou keepest that oath to the fatherless child, so may the Lord do unto thine house!"

Then followed the ceremony, which had been interrupted the night before, of the homage and oath of allegiance which Richard owed to the king; and, on the other hand, the king's formal reception of him as a vassal, holding, under him, the two Dukedoms of Normandy and Brittany. "And," said the king, raising him in his arms, and kissing him, "no dearer vassal do I hold in all my realm than this fair child, son of my murdered friend and benefactor—precious to me as my own children, as soon my Queen and I hope to testify."

Richard did not much like all this embracing; but he was sure the king really meant him no ill, and he wondered at all the distrust the Ceutevilles had shown.

"Now, brave Normans," said the king, "be ye ready speedily, for an onset on the traitor Fleming. The

cause of my ward is my own 'cause. Soon shall the trumpet be sounded, and Arnulf, in the flames of his cities, and the blood of his vassals, shall learn to rue the day when his foot trod the isle of Pecquigny! How many Normans can you bring to the muster, Sir Count?"

"I cannot say within a few hundreds of lances," replied the old Dane cautiously; "it depends on the numbers that may be engaged in the Italian war with the Saracens; but of this be sure, Sir king, that every man in Normandy and Brittany who can draw a sword or bend a bow, will stand forth in the cause of our little Duke; ay, and that his blessed father's memory is held so dear in our northern home, that it needs but a message to King Harald Blue-tooth¹ to bring a fleet of long keels into the Seine with stout Danes enough to carry fire and sword not merely through Flanders but through all France. We of the North are not apt to forget old friendships and favours, Sir King."

"Yes, yes, I know the Norman faith of old," returned Louis, uneasily, "but we should scarcely need such wild allies as you propose; the Count of Paris,² and Hubert of Senlis may be reckoned on, I suppose?"

"No truer friend to Normandy than gallant and wise old Hugh the White!" said Bernard; "and as to Senlis, he is uncle to the boy, and doubly bound to us."

"I rejoice to see your confidence," said Louis. "You shall soon hear from me. In the meantime I must return to gather my force together, and summon my great vassals, and I will, with your leave, brave Nor-

¹ Harald *Blaatand* or *Blue-tooth* was at this time King of Denmark.

² Hugh Capet, Count of Paris (called a few lines below Hugh the White) subsequently became King of France.

mans, take with me my dear young ward. His presence will plead better in his cause than the finest words; moreover, he will grow up in love and friendship with my two boys, and shall be nurtured with them in all good learning and chivalry, nor shall he ever be reminded that he is an orphan while under the care of Queen Geberge and myself."

"Let the child come to me, so please you, my lord the king," answered Harcourt, bluntly. "I must hold some converse with him ere I can reply."

"Go then, Richard," said Louis, "go to your trusty vassal—happy are you in possessing such a friend; I hope you know his value."

"Here then, young Sir," said the count, in his native tongue, when Richard had crossed from the king's side, and stood beside him, "what say you to this proposal?"

"The king is very kind," said Richard. "I am sure he is kind; but I do not like to go from Rouen, or from Dame Astrida."

"Listen, my Lord," said the Dane, stooping down and speaking low. "The king is resolved to have you away; he has with him the best of his Franks, and has so taken us at unawares that though I might yet rescue you from his hands, it would not be without a fierce struggle, wherein you might be harmed, and this castle and town certainly burnt, and wrested from us. A few weeks or months, and we shall have time to draw our force together, so that Normandy need fear no man, and for that time you must tarry with him."

"Must I—and all alone?"

"No, not alone, not without the most trusty guardian that can be found for you. Friend Eric, what say

you?" and he laid his hand on the Baron's shoulder "Yet I know not; true thou art, as a Norwegian mountain, but I doubt me if thy brains are not too dull to see through the French wiles and disguises, sharp as thou didst show thyself last night."

"That was Osmond, not I," said Sir Eric. "He knows their mincing tongue better than I. He were the best to go with the poor child if go he must."

"Bethink you, Eric," said the count, in an under tone. "Osmond is the only hope of your good old house; if there is foul play, the guardian will be the first to suffer."

"Since you think fit to peril the only hope of all Normandy, I am not the man to hold back my son where he may aid him," said old Eric, sadly. "The poor child will be lonely and uncared for there, and it were hard he should not have one faithful comrade and friend with him."

"It is well," said Bernard: "young as he is, I had rather trust Osmond with the child than any one else, for he is ready of council, and quick of hand."

"Ay, and a pretty pass it has come to," muttered old Ceuteville, "that we whose business it is to guard the boy should send him where you scarcely like to trust my son."

Bernard paid no further attention to him; but, coming forward, required another oath from the king, that Richard should be as safe and free at his court as at Rouen, and that on no pretence whatsoever should he be taken from under the immediate care of his Esquire, Osmond Fitz Eric, heir of Ceuteville.

After this the king was impatient to depart, and all was preparation. Bernard called Osmond aside to give

full instructions on his conduct, and the means of communicating with Normandy, and Richard was taking leave of Fru Astrida, who had now descended from her turret, bringing her hostage with her. She wept much over her little Duke, praying that he might be safely restored to Normandy, even though she might not live to see it; she exhorted him not to forget the good and holy learning in which he had been brought up, to rule his temper, and above all to say his prayers constantly, never leaving out any as the beads of his rosary reminded him of their order. As to her own grandson, anxiety for him seemed almost lost in her fears for Richard, and the chief things she said to him, when he came to take leave of her, were directions as to the care he was to take of the child, telling him the honour he now received was one which would make his name for ever esteemed if he did but fulfil his trust, the most precious that Norman had ever yet received.

"I will, grandmother, to the very best of my power," said Osmond. "I may die in his cause, but never will I be faithless!"

"Alberic," said Richard, "are you glad to be going back to Montémar?"

"Yes, my Lord," answered Alberic sturdily, "as glad as you will be to come back to Rouen."

"Then I shall send for you directly, Alberic, for I shall never love the Princes Carloman and Lothaire half as well as you."

"My Lord the King is waiting for the Duke," said a Frenchman coming forward.

"Farewell, then, Fru Astrida. Do not weep. I shall soon come back. Farewell Alberic. Take the bar-tailed falcon back to Montémar, and keep him for my sake.

Farewell Sir Eric. Farewell Count Bernard. When the Normans come to conquer Arnulf, you will lead them. O dear, dear Fru Astrida, farewell again."

"Farewell my own darling, the blessing of Heaven go with you, and bring you safe home! Farewell, Osmond, Heaven guard you, and strengthen you to be his shield and his defence!"

LUCY GRAY.

BY WORDSWORTH.

OF I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father! will I gladly do :
 'Tis scarcely afternoon—
 The minster-clock¹ has just struck two,
 And yonder is the moon!"

At this the Father raised his hook,²
 And snapped a faggot band;³
 He plied his work;—and Lucy took
 The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
 With many a wanton stroke
 Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
 That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time
 She wandered up and down ;
 And many a hill did Lucy climb :
 But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
 Went shouting far and wide ;
 But there was neither sound nor sight
 To serve them for a guide.

At day-break, on a hill they stood
 That overlooked the moor ;
 And thence they saw the bridge of wood
 A furlong from their door.

¹ *Minster* originally means "A church attached to a monastery, i.e., to a house of monks; the word *minster* being only another form of the word *monastery*. But here it is used poetically, in the general sense of *church*."

² *Hook*, a curved knife used in cutting wood.

³ *Faggot-band*, the band or cord (made of straw or twigs) used to fasten together a *faggot* or bundle of sticks.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried.
“In heaven we all shall meet;”——
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downward from the steep hill’s edge
They tracked the footmarks small ·
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,¹
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further, there were none:

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O’er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

¹ *Hawthorn-hedge*, a hedge or boundary-mark, made of prickly bushes called *hawthorn*, planted close together in a line.

THE RIGHT USE OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY SMILES.

It is the use we make of the powers intrusted to us which constitutes our only just claim to respect. He who employs his one talent aright is as much to be honoured as he to whom ten talents¹ have been given. There is really no more personal merit attaching to the possession of superior intellectual powers than there is in the succession to a large estate. How are those powers used—how is that estate employed? The mind may accumulate large stores of knowledge without any useful purpose; but the knowledge must be allied to goodness and wisdom, and embodied in upright character, else it is naught. Pestalozzi² even held intellectual training by itself to be pernicious; insisting that the roots of all knowledge must strike and feed in the soil of the rightly-governed will. The acquisition of knowledge may, it is true, protect a man against the meaner felonies of life; but not in any degree against its selfish vices, unless fortified by sound principles and habits. Hence do we find in daily life so many instances of men who are well-informed in intellect, but utterly deformed in character; filled with the learning of the schools, yet possessing little practical wisdom, and offering examples for warning rather than imitation. An often quoted expression at this day is that "Know-

¹ There is a reference here to a story in the Bible, called the *Parable of the Ten Talents*. By *Talents* are meant the gifts of Providence, in the way of mental ability and capacity of all kinds that are given to man to be made use of and to be improved.

² *Pestalozzi* was a Swiss gentleman of the last century who devised a famous system of education.

ledge is power ;" but so also are fanaticism, despotism, ambition. Knowledge, of itself, unless wisely directed, might merely make bad men more dangerous, and the society in which it was regarded as the highest good, little better than a pandemonium.¹

It is possible that at this day we may even exaggerate the importance of literary culture. We are apt to imagine that because we possess many libraries, institutes, and museums, we are making great progress. But such facilities may as often be a hindrance as a help to individual self-culture of the highest kind. The possession of a library, or the free use of it, no more constitutes learning, than the possession of wealth constitutes generosity. Though we undoubtedly possess great facilities it is nevertheless true, as of old, that wisdom and understanding can only become the possession of individual men by travelling the old road of observation, attention, perseverance, and industry. The possession of the mere materials of knowledge is something very different from wisdom and understanding, which are reached through a higher kind of discipline than that of reading,—which is often but a mere passive reception of other men's thoughts ; there being little or no active effort of mind in the transaction. Then how much of our reading is but the indulgence of a sort of intellectual dram-drinking,² imparting a grateful excitement for the moment, without the slightest effect in improving and enriching the mind or building up the character. Thus many indulge themselves in the con-

¹ *Pandemonium*, the abode of all devils.

² *Dram-drinking* means "drinking small draughts of intoxicating liquors," each draught being sufficient to stimulate without intoxicating. *Dram* originally meant a small weight or measure, and is still so used in *Avoirdupois weight*.

ceit that they are cultivating their minds, when they are only employed in the humbler occupation of killing time, of which perhaps the best that can be said is that it keeps them from doing worse things.

It is also to be borne in mind that the experience gathered from books, though often valuable, is but of the nature of *learning*; whereas the experience gained from actual life is of the nature of *wisdom*; and a small store of the latter is worth vastly more than any stock of the former. Lord Bolingbroke¹ truly said that "Whatever study tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men and citizens, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, and the knowledge we acquire by it only a creditable kind of ignorance—nothing more."

Useful and instructive though good reading may be, it is yet only one mode of cultivating the mind; and is much less influential than practical experience and good example in the formation of character. There were wise, valiant, and true-hearted men bred in England, long before the existence of a reading public. *Magna Charta*² was secured by men who signed the deed with their marks. Though altogether unskilled in the art of deciphering the literary signs by which principles were denominated upon paper, they yet understood and appreciated, and boldly contended for, the things themselves. Thus the foundations of English liberty were laid by men, who, though illiterate, were nevertheless

¹ Lord Bolingbroke was a great English philosopher (as well as statesman) in the reign of Queen Anne.

² King John, one of the worst kings that ever reigned in England, was forced by the English nobles in 1215 to sign *Magna Charta*, i. e. the *Great Charter* which was a written promise that the kings of England would always respect the rights and liberties of the people of England.

of the very highest stamp of character. And it must be admitted that the chief object of culture is, not merely to fill the mind with other men's thoughts, and to be the passive recipient of their impressions of things, but to enlarge our individual intelligence, and render us more useful and efficient workers in the sphere of life to which we may be called. Many of our most energetic and useful workers have been but sparing readers. Brindley¹ and Stephenson² did not learn to read and write until they reached manhood, and yet they did great works and lived manly lives; John Hunter³ could barely read or write when he was twenty years old, though he could make tables and chairs with⁴ any carpenter in the trade. "I never read," said the great physiologist when lecturing before his class; "this"—pointing to some part of the subject⁵ before him—"this is the work that you must study if you wish to become eminent in your profession." When told that one of his contemporaries had charged him with being ignorant of the dead languages, he said, "I would undertake to teach him that on the dead body which he never knew in any language, dead or living."

It is not then how much a man may know, that is of importance, but the end and purpose for which he knows it. The object of knowledge should be to mature wisdom and improve character, to render us better,

¹ *Brindley* was a great English engineer, who lived in the last century. He is chiefly famous for the great canals which he made.

² *Stephenson* was a great English engineer of the present century (died 1848), who is often called "the father of railways," because he was the first to bring them into use.

³ *John Hunter* was one of the greatest anatomists that ever lived. He flourished during the latter part of the last century.

⁴ Note this peculiar idiom. *With* here means *quite as well as*.

⁵ *Subject* is the technical term among surgeons, for the *dead body*, which they *dissect* or cut up to study its anatomy.

happier, and more useful; more benevolent, more energetic, and more efficient in the pursuit of every high purpose in life. "When people once fall into the habit of admiring and encouraging ability as such, without reference to moral character—and religious and political opinions are the concrete form of moral character—they are on the highway to all sorts of degradation."¹ We must ourselves *be* and *do*, and not rest satisfied merely with reading and meditating over what other men have been and done. Our best light² must be made life, and our best thought action. At least we ought to be able to say, as Richter³ did, "I have made as much out of myself as could be made of the stuff, and no man should require more; for it is every man's duty to discipline and guide himself, with God's help, according to his responsibilities and the faculties with which he has been endowed."—SMILES'S *"Self-Help."*

THE PET LAMB.

BY WORDSWORTH.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain-lamb with a Maiden at its side.

¹ From the *Saturday Review*.

² Light is here used in the sense of *knowledge* or *enlightenment*.

³ Richter was a famous German philosopher and novelist, who died in 1825.

Nor sheep nor kine were near; the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little Maiden kneel,
While to that mountain-lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears; and his tail with
pleasure shook,

"Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said in such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare;
I watched them with delight, they were a lovely pair.
Now with her empty can the maiden turned away:
But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked; and from a shady
place

I unobserved could see the workings of her face;
If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid might sing:

"What ails thee, young one? What? Why pull so
at thy cord?

Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and board?¹
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young one, rest; what is't that aileth thee?

What is it thou would seek? What is wanting to
thy heart?

Thy limbs are they not strong? and beautiful thou art:
This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no
peers;

And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears.

¹ *Bed and board* is a phrase sometimes (though not often) used; it means *lodging and food*.

If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen
chain,
This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain;
For rain and mountain-storms! the like thou need'st not
fear,
The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come
here.

Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot the day
When my father found thee first in places far away;
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by
none,
And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home
A blessed day for thee! then whither wouldst thou roam?
A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam that did thee yearn
Upon the mountain tops no kinder could have been.

Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee in
this can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and new

Thy limbs will soon be twice as stout as they are now,
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the plough;
My playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind is cold
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

It will not, will not rest!—Poor creature, can it be
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in thee?
Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor
hear.

Alas, the mountain tops that look so green and fair
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come
there;

The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,
When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.

Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky;
Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again!

—As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was *mine*

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song;
“Nay,” said I, “more than half to the damsel must
belong,

For she looked with such a look, and she spake with
such a tone,

That I almost received her heart into my own.”

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES.

FROM “THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.”

IN a certain town of Persia, situated on the confines of
the dominions of the Khalif of Bagdad,¹ there lived

¹ The Khálif of Bagdad was formerly the head of the Muhamínadan religion, and ruled over large dominions in Western Asia. Bagdad is a town on the Tigris in Asiatic Turkey. The Khalifate of Bagdad was finally subverted by the Mughuls in 1258.

two brothers, one of whom was called Kásim, and the other Ali Baba. Their father, at his death, left them but a moderate fortune, which they divided equally between them. It might therefore be naturally conjectured that their riches would be the same; chance, however, ordered it otherwise.

Kásim married a woman who, very soon after her nuptials, became heiress to a very well furnished shop, a warehouse filled with good merchandise, and some considerable property in land; and he thus found himself on a sudden quite at his ease, and thus became one of the richest merchants in the town.

Ali Baba, on the other hand, who had taken a wife in no better circumstances than he himself was, lived in a very poor house, and had no other means of gaining his livelihood, and supporting his wife and children, than by going to cut wood in a neighbouring forest, and carrying it about the town on three asses, which formed the whole of his capital, to sell.

Ali Baba went one day to the forest, and had nearly finished cutting as much wood as his asses could carry, when he perceived a thick column of dust rising in the air, which appeared to come from the right of the spot where he was, and to be advancing towards him. He looked at it very attentively, and was able to distinguish a numerous company of horsemen who were approaching at a quick pace.

Although that part of the country was never spoken of as being infested with robbers, Ali Baba nevertheless conjectured that these men were of that denomination. Without therefore at all considering what might become of his asses, his first and only care was to save himself. He instantly climbed up into a large tree, the branches

of which, at a very little height from the ground, spread out so close and thick, that they were separated only in one small space. He placed himself therefore in the midst of these with the greatest assurance of security, as he could see everything that passed without being observed. The tree itself also grew at the foot of a sort of isolated rock, considerably higher than the tree, and in a manner so steep, that it could not be easily ascended.

The men who appeared stout, powerful and well mounted,¹ came up to the very rock, where they alighted. Ali Baba counted forty of them, and was very sure, both from their appearance and mode of equipment, that they were robbers. Nor was he wrong in his conjecture; for they were, in fact, *banditti*² who, without committing any depredations in the neighbourhood, carried on their system of plunder at a considerable distance, and had only their place of rendezvous³ in that spot; and what he almost immediately saw them do confirmed him in this opinion. Each horseman took the bridle off his horse, and hung over its head a bag, filled with barley, which he had brought with him; and having all fastened their horses to something, they took their travelling bags, which appeared so heavy, that Ali Baba thought they were filled with gold and silver.

The robber, who was nearest to him, and whom Ali Baba took for their captain, came with his bag on his shoulder close to the rock, at the very spot where the tree was, in which he had concealed himself. After the

¹ *Well-mounted* means *riding on good horses*.

² *Banditti* is one form of the plural of *bandit*, the other form being *bandits*. The word is derived from the Italian *bandito*, an outlaw, of which the plural is *banditi*—whence the form *banditti*.

³ *Rendezvous* (pronounced *ren-day-vo*, the *n* being nasal) is a French word, and means *an appointed place of meeting*.

robber had made his way among some bushes and shrubs that grew there, he very distinctly pronounced these words, OPEN, SESAME!—which Ali Baba heard as distinctly as they were uttered. The captain of the band had no sooner spoken them, than a door immediately opened : and after having made all his men pass before him, and go through the door, he entered also, and the door closed.

The robbers continued within the rock for a considerable time ; and Ali Baba was compelled to remain on the tree, and wait with patience for their departure, as he was afraid if he left his present situation and endeavoured to save himself by flight, either some, or all of them might come out. He was nevertheless strongly tempted to creep down, seize two of their horses, mount one and lead the other by the bridle, and thus, driving his three asses before him gain the town. The uncertainty, however, of success made him follow the safer mode.

At length the door opened, and the forty robbers came out ; the captain, contrary to what he did when they entered, first made his appearance. After he had seen all his troop pass out before him, Ali Baba heard him pronounce these words, SHUT, SESAME. Each man then returned to his horse, put on its bridle, fastened his bag, and mounted. When the captain saw that they were all ready to proceed, he put himself at their head, and they departed the same way they came.

Ali Baba did not immediately come down from the tree because he thought that they might have forgotten something, and be obliged to come back, and that he should thus get into some scrape.¹ He followed them

¹ *Scrape* is a word seldom used in this sense except colloquially. It means *difficulty or trouble* ; and in this sense it nearly always occurs in the phrase *to get into a scrape*.

with his eyes as far as he could ; and, in order to be more secure, he did not come down till a considerable time after he had lost sight of them. As he recollected the words the captain of the robbers made use of to open and shut the door, he had the curiosity to try if the same effect would be produced by his pronouncing them. He made his way therefore through the bushes, and perceived the door which they concealed. He went up to it, and called out, "Open, Sesame," when the door instantly flew wide open !

Ali Baba expected to find only a dark and obscure cave ; and was much astonished at seeing a large, spacious, well-lighted, and vaulted room dug out of the rock, and higher than a man could reach. It received its light from the top of the rock, cut out in a similar manner. He observed in it a large quantity of provisions, numerous bales of rich merchandise piled up, silk stuffs and brocades, rich and valuable carpets, and, besides all this, great quantities of money, both silver and gold, some in heaps, and some in large leather bags, placed one on another. At the sight of all these things, it seemed to him, that this cave had been used, not only for years, but for centuries, as a retreat for robbers, who had regularly succeeded each other.

Ali Baba did not hesitate long as to the plan he should pursue. He went into the cave, and as soon as he was there, the door shut ; but as he knew the secret by which, to open it, this gave him no sort of uneasiness. He paid no attention to the silver, but made directly for the gold coin, and particularly that which was in the bags. He took up, at several times, as much as he could carry ; and when he had got together what he thought sufficient for loading his three asses, he went and collected them.

as they had each strayed to some distance. He then brought them as close as he could to the rock, and loaded them, and, in order to conceal the sacks, he so covered the whole over with wood, that no one could perceive anything else. When he had finished all this, he went up to the door, and had no sooner pronounced the words, "Shut, Sesame," than it closed; for although it shut of itself every time he went in, it remained open on coming out but by command.¹

This being done, Ali Baba took the road to the town, and, when he got to his own house, he drove his asses into a small court, and shut the gate with great care. He threw down the small quantity of wood that covered the bags, and carried the latter into the house, where he laid them down in a regular manner before his wife, who was sitting upon a sofa.

His wife felt the sacks, to know their contents: and when she found them to be full of money, she suspected her husband of having stolen them, so that when he brought them all before her, she could not help saying "Ali Baba, is it possible that you should—" He immediately interrupted her: "Peace, my dear wife," exclaimed he, "do not alarm yourself; I am not a thief, unless that title be attached to those who take from thieves. You will change your bad opinion of me, when I shall have told you my good fortune." He emptied the sacks, the contents of which formed a great heap of gold, that quite dazzled his wife's eyes; and when he had done, he related his whole adventure, from beginning to end: and, as he concluded, he above all things conjured her to keep it secret.

¹ But by command means except by command; i.e., unless it was ordered to do otherwise.

His wife, recovering from her alarm, began to rejoice with Ali Baba on the fortunate circumstance which had befallen them; and was going to count over the money that lay before her, piece by piece. "What are you going to do?" said he; "you are very foolish, wife; you would never have done counting. I will immediately dig a pit to bury it in; we have no time to lose."—"It is proper, though," replied the wife, "that we should know nearly what quantity there may be. I will go for a small measure in the neighbourhood; and, whilst you are digging the pit, I will ascertain how much there is."—"What you want to do, wife," replied Ali Baba, "is of no use; and, if you will take my advice, you will give up the intention. However, do as you please, only remember not to betray the secret."

In order to satisfy herself, the wife of Ali Baba set off and went to her brother-in-law, Kásim, who lived a short distance from her house. Kásim, was from home, so she addressed herself to his wife, whom she begged to lend her a measure for a few minutes. She inquired if she wanted a large or a small one, to which Ali Baba's wife replied, that a small one would suit her. "That I will with pleasure," said the sister-in-law; "wait a moment, and I will bring it you." She went to seek a measure, but, being acquainted with the poverty of Ali Baba, she was curious to know what sort of grain his wife wanted to measure; she, therefore, thought of putting some tallow under the measure, which she did, without its being perceptible. She returned with it; and, presenting it to the wife of Ali Baba, apologised for having made her wait so long, with the excuse that she had some difficulty in finding it.

The wife of Ali Baba returned home; and, placing the

measure on the heap of gold, filled and then emptied it at a little distance, on the sofa, till she had measured the whole; her husband having by this time dug the pit for its reception, she informed him how many measures there were, with which they were both very well contented. While Ali Baba was burying the gold, his wife, to prove her diligence and punctuality, went back with the measure to her sister-in-law, but without observing that a piece of gold had stuck to the bottom of it. "Here, sister," said she, on returning it, "you see I have not kept your measure long: I am much obliged to you for lending it me."

The wife of Ali Baba had scarcely turned her back, when Kásim's wife looked at the bottom of the measure, and was inexpressibly astonished to see a piece of gold sticking to it. Envy instantly took possession of her breast. "What," said she to herself, "Ali Baba measures his gold! and where can that miserable wretch have gotten it?" Her husband, Kásim, as was before mentioned, was from home; he had gone, as usual, to his shop, from whence he would not return till evening. The time of his absence appeared an age to her, she was in such a state of impatience to acquaint him with a circumstance which she concluded would surprise him as much as it had surprised her.

On his return home, his wife said to him, "Kásim, you think you are rich, but you are deceived: Ali Baba has infinitely more wealth than you are possessed of; he does not count his money, as you do; he measures it." Kásim demanded an explanation of this enigma; and she unravelled it by acquainting him with the expedient she had used to make this discovery, and showing him the piece of money she had found adhering to the bottom

of the measure ; a coin so ancient, that the name of the prince, which was engraven on it, was unknown to her.

Far from feeling any satisfaction at the good fortune which his brother had met with, to relieve him from poverty, Kásim conceived an implacable jealousy on the occasion. He passed almost the whole night without closing his eyes. The next morning, before sunrise, he went to him. He did not treat him as a brother ; that endearing appellation had been forgotten since his marriage with the rich widow. "Ali Baba," said he, addressing him, "you are very reserved in your affairs ; you pretend to be poor and miserable, and a beggar, and yet you measure your money."—"Brother," replied Ali Baba, "I do not understand your meaning ; pray explain yourself."—"Do not pretend ignorance," resumed Kásim, showing him the piece of gold his wife had given him : "How many pieces," added he, "have you like this, that my wife found sticking to the bottom of the measure which yours borrowed of her yesterday ?"

From this speech, Ali Baba soon conjectured that Kásim, and his wife also, in consequence of his own wife's obstinacy, were already acquainted with what he was so interested to conceal from them ; but the discovery was made, and nothing could now be done to remedy the evil. Without showing the least signs of surprise or vexation, he frankly owned to his brother the whole affair, and told him by what chance he had found the retreat of the thieves, and where it was situated ; and he offered, if he would agree to keep it secret, to share the treasure with him.

"This I certainly expect," replied Kásim, in a haughty tone ; and added, "but I desire to know also the precise spot where this treasure lies concealed ; the marks and

signs which may lead to it, and enable me to visit the place myself, should I feel myself inclined ; otherwise, I will go and inform the officer of the police of it. If you refuse to comply, you will not only be deprived of all hope of obtaining any more, but you will even lose that you have already taken ; and I, instead, shall receive my portion, for having informed against you."

Ali Baba, led more by his natural goodness of heart, than intimidated by the insolent menaces of a cruel brother, gave him all the information he desired, and even told him the words he must pronounce, both on entering the cave, and on quitting it. Kásim made no further inquiries of Ali Baba, but left him with the determination to prevent him from deriving any further benefit from the treasure he had discovered. Full of the hope of possessing himself of the whole, he set off the next morning, before break of day, with ten mules, loaded with large baskets, which he proposed to fill, still indulging the prospect of taking a much larger number in a second expedition, according to the sums he might find in the cave. He took the road which Ali Baba had pointed out, and arrived at the rock and the tree, which, from description, he knew to be the same that had concealed his brother. He looked for the door, and soon discovered it ; and to cause it to open, pronounced the words, "Open, Sesame : " the door obeyed, he entered, and it immediately afterwards closed. Examining the cave, he was in the utmost astonishment to see much more riches than the description of Ali Baba had led him to expect ; and his admiration increased as he examined each thing separately. Avaricious as he was, and fond of money, he could have passed the whole day in feasting his eyes with the sight of so much gold ; but he reflected

that he was come to take away and load his ten mules with as much as he could amass; he took up a number of sacks, and, coming to the door, his mind filled with a multitude of ideas, far removed from that which was of most consequence to him, he found that he had forgotten the important words, and, instead of pronouncing "Sesame," he said, "Open, barley."¹ He was struck with astonishment on perceiving that the door, instead of flying open, remained closed. He named various other kinds of grain; all but the right were called upon, and the door did not move.

Kásim was not prepared for an adventure of this nature; in the imminent danger in which he beheld himself, fear took entire possession of his mind; the more he endeavoured to recollect the word "Sesame," the more was his memory confused, and he remained as totally ignorant of it as if he had never heard the word mentioned. He threw the sacks he had collected on the ground, and paced with hasty steps backward and forward in the cave: the riches which surrounded him had no longer charms for his imagination.

But let us leave Kásim to deplore his own fate, for he does not deserve our compassion.

The robbers returned to their cave towards noon; and when they were within a short distance of it, and saw the mules belonging to Kásim laden with baskets, standing about the rock, they were a good deal surprised at such a novelty. They immediately advanced at full speed, and drove away the ten mules, which Kásim had

¹ To understand this, we must remember that *Sesamo* (the word supposed to have the magic power of opening the door) is also the name of a kind of seed, called in most parts of India *tíl*. Kásim remembered that he had to use the name of some kind of seed; but he could not remember the right kind.

neglected to fasten, and which, therefore, soon took flight, and dispersed in the forest, so as to get quite out of sight. The robbers did not give themselves the trouble to run after the mules; for their chief object was to discover him to whom they belonged. While some were employed in examining the exterior recesses of the rock, the captain, with the others, alighted, and, with sabres in their hands, went towards the door, pronounced the words, and it opened.

Kásim, who from the inside of the cave heard the noise of horses trampling on the ground, did not doubt that the robbers were arrived, and that his death was inevitable. Resolved, however, to make one effort to escape and reach some place of safety, he placed himself near the door, ready to run out as soon as it should open. The word "Sesame," which he had in vain endeavoured to recall to his remembrance, was scarcely pronounced, than it opened, and he rushed out with such violence, that he threw the captain on the ground. He did not, however, avoid the other thieves, who, having their sabres drawn, cut him to pieces on the spot.

The first care which occupied the robbers after this execution was to enter the cave. They found the sacks near the door, which Kásim, after having filled them with gold, had removed there for the convenience of loading his mules. These they put in their places again, without observing the deficiency of those which Ali Baba had previously carried away. Deliberating and consulting on this event, they could easily account for Kásim's not having been able to effect his escape; but they could not in any way imagine how he had been able to enter the cave. They conceived that he might

have descended from the top of the cave, but the opening, which admitted the light, was so high, and the summit of the rock was so inaccessible on the outside, besides that there were no traces of his having adopted this mode, that they all agreed it was beyond their conjecture. They could not suppose he had entered by the door, unless he had been acquainted with the secret which caused it to open; but they felt quite secure that they alone were possessed of this secret, as they were ignorant of having been overheard by Ali Baba, who was now acquainted with it.

But as the manner in which this circumstance had happened was impenetrable, and their united riches were no longer in safety, they agreed to divide the carcase of Kásim into four quarters, and place them in the cave, near the door, two quarters on one side, and two on the other, to frighten away any one who might have the boldness to hazard a similar enterprise; resolving themselves not to return to the cave for some time, until the stench from the corpse should be subsided. This determination formed, they put it in execution; and when they had nothing further to detain them, they left their place of retreat well secured, mounted their horses, and set off to scour the country in such roads as were most frequented by caravans, which afforded them favourable opportunities of exercising their accustomed dexterity in plundering.

The wife of Kásim, in the mean time, was in the greatest uneasiness when she observed night approach, and yet her husband did not return. She went in the utmost alarm to Ali Baba, and said to him, "Brother, you, I believe, are not ignorant that Kásim is gone to the forest, and for what purpose; he is not yet come

back, and night is already advancing; I fear that some accident may have befallen him "

Ali Baba suspected his brother's intention, after the conversation he had held with him; and for this reason he had desisted from visiting the forest on that day, that he might not offend him. However, without uttering any reproaches that could have given either her or her husband, had he been still living, the slightest offence, he replied that she need not yet feel any uneasiness concerning him, for that Kásim, most probably, thought it prudent not to return to the city until the night was considerably advanced. The wife of Kásim felt satisfied with this reason, and was the more easily persuaded of its truth as she considered how important it was that her husband should use the greatest secrecy for the accomplishment of his purpose. She returned to her house, and waited patiently till midnight; but after that hour her fears redoubled, and were attended with still greater grief, as she could not proclaim it, nor even relieve it by cries, the cause of which she saw the necessity of concealing from the neighbourhood. She then began to repent of the silly curiosity which, instigated by the most blamable envy, had induced her to endeavour to penetrate into the private affairs of her brother and sister-in-law. The night was spent in weeping, and, at break of day, she ran to them, and announced the cause of her early visit, less by her words than by her tears.

Ali Baba did not wait for his sister's entreaties to go and seek for Kásim. He immediately set off with his three asses, advising her first to moderate her affliction; and went to the forest. As he drew near the rock, he was much astonished on observing that blood had been

shed near the door, and not having in his way met either his brother or the ten mules, he conceived no favourable omen. He reached the door, and on pronouncing the words it opened. He was struck with horror when he distinguished the body of his brother cut into four quarters; yet he did not hesitate on the course he was to pursue in rendering the last act of duty to his brother's remains, notwithstanding the small share of fraternal affection he had received from him during his life. He found materials in the cave to wrap up the body, and making two packets of the four quarters, he placed them on one of his asses, covering them with sticks to conceal them. The other two asses he expeditiously loaded with sacks of gold, putting wood over them as on the preceding occasion; and having finished all he had to do, and commanded the door to close, he took the road to the city, using the precaution to wait at the entrance of the forest, until night was closed, that he might return without being observed. When he got home, he left the two asses that were laden with gold, desiring his wife to take care to unload them; and having in a few words acquainted her with what had happened to Kásim, he led the other ass to his sister-in-law.

Ali Baba knocked at the door, which was opened to him by Morgiana. This Morgiana was a female slave: crafty, cunning, and fruitful in inventions to forward the success of the most difficult enterprise, in which character Ali Baba knew her well. When he had entered the court, he took off the wood and the two packages from the ass, and taking the slave aside, "Morgiana," said he, "the first thing I have to request of you is inviolable secrecy; you will soon see how necessary it is,

not only to me but to your mistress; these two packets contain the body of your master; and we must endeavour to bury him as if he had died a natural death; let me speak to your mistress, and be particularly attentive to what I shall say to her."

Morgiana went to acquaint her mistress, and Ali Baba followed her. "Well, brother," inquired his sister-in-law in an impatient tone, "what news do you bring of my husband? alas! I perceive no traces of consolation in your countenance."—"Sister," replied Ali Baba "I cannot answer you, unless you will first promise to listen to me from the beginning to the end of my story without interruption. It is of no less importance to you than to me, under the present circumstances, to preserve the greatest secrecy; it is absolutely necessary for your repose and security."—"Ah!" cried the sister, without elevating her voice, "this preamble convinces me that my husband is no more; but at the same time, I feel the necessity of the secrecy you recommend, whatever violence it may do my feelings: speak, I conjure you."

Ali Baba then related to her all that had happened during his journey, until his arrival with the body of Kásim: "Sister," added he, "here is a new cause of affliction for you, the more distressing, as it was unexpected; although the evil is without remedy, if, nevertheless, anything can afford you consolation, I offer to join the small property God has granted me, to yours, by marrying you; I can assure you, my wife will not be jealous, and you will live comfortably together. If this proposal meets your approbation, we must contrive to bury my brother, as if he had died a natural death; and this is a trust which I think you may safely repose in

Morgiana, and I will, on my part, contribute all in my power to assist her."

The widow of Kásim reflected that she could not do better than consent to this offer; for he possessed greater riches than she was left with, and besides, by the discovery of the treasure, might increase them considerably. She did not therefore refuse his proposal; she, on the contrary, regarded it as a reasonable motive for consolation. She wiped away her tears, which had begun to flow abundantly, and suppressed those mournful cries which women usually utter on the death of their husbands, and thereby sufficiently testified to Ali Baba that she accepted his offer.

Ali Baba left the abode of Kásim in this disposition of mind, and after having strongly recommended to Morgiana to acquit herself properly in the part she was to perform, he returned home with his asses.

Morgiana did not belie her character for cunning. She went out with Ali Baba, and repaired to an apothecary who lived in the neighbourhood; she knocked at the shop door, and when it was opened, asked for a particular kind of lozenge, of great efficacy in dangerous disorders. The apothecary gave her as much as the money she offered would pay for, asking who was ill in her master's family. "Ah!" exclaimed she, with a deep sigh, "it is my worthy master, Kásim himself. No one can understand his complaint, he can neither speak, nor eat." Saying this, she went away with the lozenges, which, in fact, Kásim was no longer in need of.

On the following day, Morgiana again went to the same apothecary, and with tears in her eyes, inquired for an essence which it was customary only to administer when the patient was reduced to the last ex-

tremity, and when no hopes were entertained of life but what the properties of this essence might create. "Alas!" cried she, as she received it from the hands of the apothecary, apparently in the deepest affliction, "I fear this remedy will not be of more use than the lozenges, I shall lose a good master!"

On the other hand, as Ali Baba and his wife were seen going backwards and forwards to the house of Kásim in the course of the day, no one was surprised, towards evening, on hearing the piercing cries of his widow and Morgiana, which announced the death of Kásim. At a very early hour the next morning when day began to appear, Morgiana, knowing that a good old cobbler lived near, who was one of the first to open his shop, went out in search of him. Coming up to him, she wished him a good day, and put a piece of gold into his hand.

Baba Mustapha, known to all the world by this name, was naturally of a gay turn, and had always something laughable to say; examining the piece of money, as it was yet scarcely daylight, and seeing that it was gold, "A good earnest," said he; "what's to be done? I am ready to do what I am bid."—"Baba Mustapha," said Morgiana to him, "take all you want for sewing and come directly with me; on this condition though, that you let me put a bandage over your eyes, when we have got to a certain place." At these words Baba Mustapha began to make difficulties. "Oh, oh," said he, "you want me to do something against my conscience, or my honour;" then putting another piece of gold into his hand, "God forbid," said Morgiana, "that I should require you to do anything that would stain your honour only come with me, and fear nothing."

Baba Mustapha suffered himself to be led by the slave, who, when they had reached the place she had mentioned, bound a handkerchief over his eyes, and conducted him to her deceased master's; nor did she remove the bandage, until he was in the chamber, where the body was deposited, each quarter in its proper place. Then taking it off, "Baba Mustapha," said she, "I have brought you here, that you might sew these pieces together. Lose no time, and, when you have done, I will give you another piece of gold."

When Baba Mustapha had finished his job, Morgiana bound his eyes again before he left the chamber, and having given him the third piece of money, according to her promise, and earnestly recommended him to secrecy, she conducted him to the place where she had first put on the handkerchief; and having again taken it off she left him to return to his house, following him, however, with her eyes, until he was out of sight, lest he should have the curiosity to return and watch her movements.

Morgiana had heated some water to wash the body of Kásim; and Ali Baba, who entered just as she returned, washed it, perfumed it with incense, and wrapped it in the burying clothes, with the accustomed ceremonies. The undertaker also brought the coffin, which Ali Baba had taken care to order. That he might not observe anything particular, Morgiana took the coffin at the door, and, having paid him and sent him away, she assisted Ali Baba to put the body into it. When he had nailed down the boards, which covered it, she went to the mosque to give notice that everything was ready for the funeral. The people belonging to the mosque, whose office it is to wash the bodies of the

dead, offered to come, and perform the usual function, but she told them that all was done and ready.

Morgiana was scarcely returned when the Imám and the other ministers of the mosque arrived. Four of the neighbours took the coffin on their shoulders, and carried it to the cemetery, following the Imám, who repeated prayers as he went along. Morgiana, as slave to the deceased, went next, with her head uncovered, bathed in tears, and uttering the most piteous cries from time to time, beating her breast, and tearing her hair: Ali Baba closed the procession, accompanied by some of the neighbours, who occasionally took the place of the others, to relieve them, in carrying the coffin, until they reached the cemetery.

As for the widow of Kásim, she remained at home, to lament and weep with the women of the neighbourhood, who, according to the usual custom, repaired to her house during the ceremony of the burial; and joining their cries to hers, filled the air with sounds of woe. In this manner the fatal end of Kásim was so well dissembled and concealed by Ali Baba, his wife, the widow of Kásim, and Morgiana, that no one in the city had the least suspicion of the affair.

Three or four days after the interment of Kásim, Ali Baba removed the few goods he was possessed of, together with the money he had taken from the robbers' store, which he only conveyed by night, into the house of the widow of Kásim, in order to establish himself there, which proclaimed his recent marriage with his sister-in-law: and as such marriages are by no means extraordinary among Muhammadans, no one showed any marks of surprise on the occasion.

Ali Baba had a son who had lately ended an

apprenticeship with a merchant of considerable repute, who had always bestowed the highest commendations on his conduct; to this son he gave the shop of Kásim, with a further promise, that if he continued to behave with prudence, he should, ere long, marry him advantageously, considering his situation in life.

But let us now leave Ali Baba to enjoy the first dawn of his good fortune, and return to the forty thieves. They came back to their retreat in the forest, when the time they had agreed to be absent had expired; but their astonishment was indescribable, when they found the body of Kásim gone, and it was greatly increased on perceiving a visible diminution of their treasure. "We are discovered," said the captain, "and lost beyond recovery, if we are not very careful, and take immediate measures to remedy the evil; we shall by insensible degrees lose all these riches, which our predecessors, as well as ourselves, have amassed with so much trouble and fatigue. All that we can at present judge of the loss we have sustained is, that the thief, whom we surprised at the fortunate moment, when he was going to make his escape, knew the secret of opening the door. But he was not the only one who possessed it; another must have the same knowledge. His body being removed, and our treasure diminished, are incontestable proofs of the fact. And, as we have no reason to suppose that more than two people are acquainted with the secret, having destroyed one, we must not suffer the other to escape. What say you, my brave men? Are you not of my opinion?"

This proposal of the captain was thought so reasonable and proper by the whole troop, that they all approved it; and agreed, that it would be advisable to relinquish,

every other enterprise, and occupy themselves solely with this, which they should not abandon, until they had succeeded in detecting the thief.

"I expected no otherwise from your known courage and bravery," resumed the captain, "but the first thing to be done is, that one of you, who is bold, courageous, and possessed of some address, should go to the city without arms, and in the dress of a traveller and stranger, and employ all his art to discover if the singular death we inflicted on the culprit, whom we destroyed as he deserved, is the common topic of conversation; who he was, and where he lived. This, it is absolutely necessary we should be acquainted with, that we may not do anything of which we may have to repent, by making ourselves known in a country where we have been so long forgotten, and where it is so much our interest to remain so. But in order to inspire him, who shall undertake this commission, with ardour, and to prevent his bringing us a false report, which might occasion our total ruin, I propose, that if he fail in the mission with which he is entrusted, he shall submit to the penalty of death."

Without waiting for the rest to give their opinions, one of the robbers said, "I willingly submit, and glory in exposing my life for the execution of such a commission. If I fail in the attempt, you will at least remember that neither courage nor good will have been deficient in my offer to serve the whole troop."

This robber, after having received the commendation of the captain and his companions, disguised himself in such a way that no one could have suspected him to be what he in reality was. He set off at night, and managed so well that he entered the city just as day

was beginning to appear. He went towards the square, where he saw only one shop open, which was that of Baba Mustapha, a poor shoemaker.

Baba Mustapha was seated on his stool, with his awl in his hand, ready to begin his work. The robber went up to him, and wished him a good morning; and perceiving him to be advanced in years, "My good man," said he, "you rise betimes to your work; it is scarcely possible that you can see clearly at this hour, so old as you are; and even if it were broad day, I doubt whether your eyes are good enough to sew with."

"Whoever you are," replied Baba Mustapha, "you do not know much of me. Notwithstanding my age, I have excellent eyes; and so you would have said, had you known that not long since I sewed up a dead body in a place where there was not more light than we have now."

The robber felt great satisfaction at having, on his arrival, addressed himself to a man who immediately gave him of his own accord that intelligence which, he did not doubt, was the very same he was in search of. "A dead body!" replied he, with a feigned astonishment, to induce the other to proceed, "why sew up a dead body? I suppose you mean that you sewed the shroud in which he was buried."—"No, no," said Baba Mustapha, "I know what I say: you want me to tell you more about it, but you shall not know another syllable."

The robber wanted no further proof, to be fully persuaded that he was in a good train to discover what he was in search of. He drew out a piece of gold, and putting it into Baba Mustapha's hand, he said, "I have no desire to become acquainted with your secret, although

can assure you I should not divulge it even if you had entrusted me with it. The only thing which I entreat of you is, to have the goodness to direct me, or to come with me, and show me the house where you sewed up the dead body."

"Should I even feel myself inclined to grant your request," replied Baba Mustapha, holding the piece of money in his hand, ready to return it, "I assure you, that I could not do it, and this you may take my word for. And I will tell you the reason: they took me to a particular place, and there they bound my eyes, from whence I suffered myself to be led to the house; and when I had finished what I had to do, I was conducted back to the same place, in the same manner. You see, therefore, how impossible it is that I should be of any service to you."—"But at least," resumed the robber, "you must remember nearly the way you went after your eyes were bound; pray come with me; I will put a bandage over your eyes at that place, and we will walk together, along the same streets, and follow the same turnings, which you will probably recollect to have gone over before; and, as all trouble deserves a reward, here is another piece of gold; come, grant me this favour." Saying these words, he put another piece of money into his hand.

The two pieces of gold tempted Baba Mustapha; he looked at them in his hand, for some time, without saying a word, consulting within himself what he should do. At length, he drew his purse from his bosom, and putting them in it, "I cannot positively assure you," said he, "that I remember exactly the way they took me; but since you will have it so, come along; I will do my best to remember it."

To the great satisfaction of the robber, Baba Mustapha got up to go with him, and without shutting up his shop, where there was nothing of consequence to lose, he conducted the robber to the spot, where Morgiana had put the bandage over his eyes. When they were arrived, "This is the place," said he, "where my eyes were bound, and I was turned the way you see me." The robber, who had his handkerchief ready, tied it over his eyes, and walked by his side, partly leading him, and partly being conducted by him, till he stopped.

Baba Mustapha then said, "I think I did not go further than this;" and he was, in fact, exactly before the house, which formerly belonged to Kásim, and where Ali Baba now resided. Before he took the bandage from his eyes, the robber quickly made a mark on the door with some chalk he had for the purpose; and when he had taken it off, he asked him if he knew to whom the house belonged. Baba Mustapha replied he did not live in that division of the town, and therefore could not give any information respecting it. As the robber found he could gain no further intelligence from Baba Mustapha, he thanked him for the trouble he had taken; and when he left him to return to his shop, he took the road to the forest, where he was persuaded he should be well received.

Soon after the robber and Baba Mustapha had separated, Morgiana had occasion to go out on some errand, and when she returned, she observed the mark which the robber had made on the door of Ali Baba's house. She stopped to consider it. "What can this mark signify?" thought she, "has anyone a spite against my master, or has it been done only for diversion? Be the motive what it may, it will be well to use

precautions against the worst that may happen." She therefore took some chalk, and as several of the doors both above and below her master's were alike, she marked them in the same manner, and then went in without saying anything of what she had done, either to her master or to her mistress.

The robber in the meantime continued on his road, till he arrived at the forest, where he rejoined his companions at an early hour. He related the success of his journey, dwelling much on the good fortune that had befriended him in discovering so soon the very man who could give him the best information on the subject he went about, and which no one could have acquainted him with. They all listened to him with great satisfaction; and the captain, after praising his diligence, thus addressed the party, "Comrades," said he, "we have no time to lose; let us arm ourselves, yet conceal our weapons, and depart; and when we have entered the city, which, not to create suspicion, we had best do separately, let us all assemble in the great square, some on one side of it, some on the other, and I will go and find out the house with our companion, who has brought us this good news, by which I shall be able to judge what method will be most advantageous."

The robbers all applauded their captain's proposal, and they were very shortly equipped for their departure. They went in small parties of two or three together; and, walking at a proper distance from each other, they entered the city without occasioning any suspicion. The captain, and he who had been there in the morning, were the last to enter it, and the latter conducted the captain to the street in which he had marked the house of Ali Baba. When they reached the first house, that

had been marked by Morgiana, he pointed it out, saying, that was the one. But as they continued walking on without stopping, that they might not raise suspicion, the captain perceived that the next door was marked in the same manner, and on the same part, which he observed to his guide; and inquired whether this was the house, or that they had passed? His guide was quite confused, and knew not what to answer; and his embarrassment increased when, on proceeding with the captain, he found that four or five doors successively had the same mark. He assured the captain, with an oath, that he had marked but one. "I cannot conceive," added he, "who can have imitated my mark with so much exactness, but I confess, that I cannot now distinguish that which I had marked."

The captain, who found that his design did not succeed, returned to the great square, where he told the first of his people whom he met to acquaint the rest that they had lost their labour, and made a fruitless expedition; and that now nothing remained but to return to their place of retreat. He set the example, and they all followed in the same order as that in which they had come.

When the troop had reassembled in the forest, the captain explained to them the reason of his having ordered them to return. The conductor was unanimously declared deserving of death, and he joined in his own condemnation, by owning, that he should have been more cautious in taking his measures; he presented his head with firmness to him who advanced to sever it from his body.

As it was necessary for the safety and preservation of the whole band, that so great an injury should not pass

off unrevenge'd, another robber, who flattered himself with hopes of better success than he who had just been punished, presented himself, and requested the preference. It was granted him. He went to the city, corrupted Baba Mustapha by the same artifice that the first had used; and he led him to the house of Ali Baba with his eyes bound.

The thief marked it with red, in a place where it would be less discernible; thinking that would be a sure method of distinguishing it from those that were marked with white. But a short time after, Morgiana went out as on the preceding day, and, on her return, the red mark did not escape her piercing eye. She reasoned as before, and did not fail to make a similar red mark on the neighbouring doors.

The robber, when he returned to his companions in the forest, boasted of the precautions he had taken, which he declared to be infallible, to distinguish the house of Ali Baba from the others. The captain and the rest thought with him, that he was sure of success. They repaired to the city in the same order, and with as much care as before, armed also in the same way, ready to execute the blow they had meditated: the captain and the robber went immediately to the street where Ali Baba resided; but the same difficulty occurred as on the former occasion. The captain was irritated, and the robber in as great a consternation as he who had preceded him in the same business.

Thus was the captain obliged to return again on that day with his comrades, as little satisfied with his expedition as he had been on the preceding one. The robber, who was the author of the disappointment,

underwent the punishment, to which he had before voluntarily submitted himself.

The captain, seeing his troop diminished by two brave associates, feared it might still decrease, if he continued to trust to others the discovery of the house where Ali Baba resided. Their example convinced him that they did not excel in affairs that depended on the head so greatly as in those in which strength of arms was required. He therefore undertook the business himself; he went to the city, and with the assistance of Baba Mustapha, who was ready to perform the same service for him which he had done to the other two, he found the house of Ali Baba, but not choosing to amuse himself in making marks on it, which had hitherto proved so fallacious, he examined it so thoroughly, not only by looking at it attentively, but by passing before it several times, that at last he was certain he could not mistake it.

The captain, satisfied of having obtained the object of his journey, by becoming acquainted with what he desired, returned to the forest; and when he had reached the cave, where the rest of the robbers were waiting his return, "Comrades," said he, addressing them, "nothing now can prevent our taking full revenge for the injury that has been done us. I know with certainty the house of the culprit, who is to experience it; and on the road I have meditated a way of making him feel it so privately, that no one shall be able to discover the place of our retreat, any more than that, where our treasure is deposited; for this must be our principal object in our enterprise, otherwise, instead of being serviceable, it will only prove fatal to us all. To obtain this end, this is what I conceived; and when I have

explained the plan to you, if anyone can propose a better expedient, let him communicate it." He then told them in what manner he intended to conduct the affair, and as they all gave their approbation, he charged them to divide into small parties, and go into the neighbouring towns and villages, and to buy nineteen mules and thirty-eight large leathern jars to carry oil, one of which must be full, and all the others empty.

In the course of two or three days the robbers had completed their purchase; and as the empty jars were rather too narrow at the mouth for the purpose he intended them, the captain had them enlarged. Then having made one of his men enter each jar, armed as he thought necessary, he closed them so as to appear full of oil, leaving however that part open which had been unsewed, to admit air for them to breathe; and the better to carry on the deception, he rubbed the outside of the jars with oil, which he took from the full one.

Things being thus disposed, the mules were laden with the thirty-seven robbers each concealed in a jar, and the jar that was filled with oil; when their captain, as conductor, took the road to the city at the hour that had been agreed; and arrived about an hour after sun-set, as he proposed. He went straight to the house of Ali Baba, intending to knock, and request admission for the night for himself and his mules. He was, however, spared the trouble of knocking; he found Ali Baba at the door, enjoying the fresh air after supper. He stopped his mules, and addressing himself to Ali Baba, "Sir," said he, "I have brought the oil which you see from a great distance, to sell it to-morrow at the market; and at this late hour I do not know where to

go to pass the night; if it would not occasion you much inconvenience, do me the favour to take me in for the night; you will confer a great obligation on me."

Although Ali Baba had seen the man, who now spoke to him, in the forest, and had even heard his voice, yet he had no idea that this was the captain of the forty robbers, disguised as an oil merchant. "You are welcome; come in," said he, and immediately made room for him and his mules to go in. At the same time Ali Baba called a slave he had, and ordered him, when the mules were unladen, not only to put them under cover in the stable, but also to give them some hay and corn. He also took the trouble of going into the kitchen, to desire Morgiana to get a supper quickly for a guest who was just arrived and to prepare him a chamber and bed.

Ali Baba did more to receive his guest with all possible civility; observing, that after he had unladen his mules, and they were taken into the stables as he had commanded, that he was seeking for a place to pass the night in, he went to him to beg him to come into the room, where he received company; saying, that he could not suffer him to think of passing the night in the court. The captain of the robbers endeavoured to excuse himself from accepting the invitation, under the pretence of not giving trouble; but in reality, that he might have an opportunity of executing what he meditated with more ease; and it was not until Ali Baba had used the most urgent persuasions that he complied with his civility.

Ali Baba not only remained with his perfidious guest, who sought his life in return for his hospitality, until

Morgiana had served the supper, but he conversed with him on various subjects, which he thought might amuse him, and did not leave him till he had finished the repast he had provided. He then said, "You are at liberty to do as you please; you have only to ask for whatever you may want, and everything I have is at your service"

The captain of the robbers rose with Ali Baba, and accompanied him to the door, and while the latter went into the kitchen to speak to Morgiana, he went into the court, with the pretext of going to the stable to see after his mules.

Ali Baba having again enjoined Morgiana to be attentive to his guest, and to observe that he wanted nothing, added, "I give you notice, that to-morrow before day-break, I shall go to the bath. Take care that my bathing linen is ready, and give it to Abdullah (this was the name of his slave), and make me some good broth to take when I return." After giving these orders, he went to bed.

The captain of the robbers in the meantime, on leaving the stable, went to give his people the necessary orders for what they were to do. Beginning from the first jar, and going through the whole number, he said to each, "When I shall throw some pebbles from the chamber, where I am to be lodged to-night, do not fail to rip open the jar from top to bottom with the knife you are furnished with, and to come out; I shall be with you immediately after." The knives he spoke of were pointed and sharpened for the purpose. This being done, he returned, and when he got to the kitchen door, Morgiana took a light and conducted him to the chamber she had prepared for him, and there left him;

first asking if he were in want of anything more. Not to create any suspicion, he put out the light a short time after, and lay down in his clothes, to be ready to rise as soon as he had taken his first sleep.

Morgiana did not forget Ali Baba's order : she prepared his linen for the bath, and gave it to Abdullah, who was not yet gone to bed put the pot on the fire to make the broth, but while she was skimming it the lamp went out. There was no more oil in the house, and she had not any candle. She knew not what to do. She wanted a light to see to skim the pot, and mentioned her disaster to Abdullah. "Why are you so much disturbed at it?" said he; "go and take some oil out of one of the jars in the court."

Morgiana thanked Abdullah for the hint, and while he retired to bed in the next room to Ali Baba, that he might be ready to go with him to the bath, she took the oil cruise, and went into the court. As she drew near to the first jar that presented itself, the thief, who was concealed within, said in a low voice, "Is it time?"

Although he had spoken softly, Morgiana was nevertheless struck with the sound, which she heard the more distinctly, as the captain, when he had unladen his mules, had opened all the jars, and this amongst the rest, to give a little air to his men, who, though not absolutely deprived of breathing room, were nevertheless in an uneasy situation.

Any other slave except Morgiana, in the first moment of surprise, at finding a man in the jar instead of some oil, as she expected, would have screamed and made a great uproar, which might have created irremediable misfortunes. But Morgiana was superior to most slaves, she was instantly aware of the importance of secrecy in

the affair, and the extreme danger in which Ali Baba and his family, as well as herself, were: and also of the urgent necessity of devising a speedy remedy, that should be executed with privacy. Her quick imagination soon conceived the means. She collected her thoughts, and without showing any emotion, she assumed the manner of the captain, and answered, "Not yet, but presently." She approached the next jar, and the same question was asked her; she went on to them all in succession, making the same answer to the same question, till she came to the last, which was full of oil.

Morgiana by this means discovered, that her master, who supposed he was giving a night's lodging to an oil merchant only, had afforded shelter to thirty-eight robbers, including the pretended merchant their captain. She quickly filled her cruise from the last jar, and returned into the kitchen; and after having put some oil in her lamp, and lighted it, she took a large kettle, and went again into the court to fill it with oil from the jar. This done, she brought it back again, put it over the fire, and made a great blaze under it with a quantity of wood; for the sooner the oil boiled, the sooner her plan, which was for the welfare of the whole family, would be executed: and it required the utmost despatch. At length the oil boiled. She took the kettle and poured into each jar, from the first to the last, sufficient boiling oil to scald the robbers and deprive them of life, which she effected to her wishes.

This act, so worthy of the intrepidity of Morgiana, being performed without noise or disturbance to any one, exactly as she had conceived it, she returned to the kitchen with the empty kettle, and shut the door. She put out the large fire she had made up for this purpose

and only left enough to finish boiling the broth for Ali Baba. She then blew out the lamp, and remained perfectly silent, determined not to go to bed, until she had observed, as much as the obscurity of night would allow her to distinguish, what would ensue, from a window of the kitchen, which overlooked the court.

Morgiana had scarcely waited a quarter of an hour, when the captain of the robbers awoke. He got up, and opening the window, looked out; all was dark, and a profound silence reigned; he gave the signal by throwing the pebbles, many of which fell on the jars, as the sound plainly proved. He listened, but heard nothing that could lead him to suppose his men obeyed the summons. He became uneasy at this delay, and threw some pebbles down a second, and even a third time. They all struck the jars, yet nothing appeared to indicate that they were attended to, he was at a loss to account for this mystery. He descended into the court in the utmost alarm, with as little noise as possible; and approaching the first jar, as he was going to ask, if the robber contained in it, and whom he supposed still living, was asleep, he smelt a strong scent of hot and burning oil, issuing from the jar, by which he suspected his enterprise against Ali Baba, to destroy him, pillage his house, and carry off, if possible, all the money which he had taken from him and the community, had failed. He proceeded to the next jar, and to all in succession, and discovered that all his men had shared the same fate, and by the diminution of the oil in that which he had brought full, he guessed the means that had been used to deprive him of the assistance he expected. Mortified at having thus missed his aim, he jumped over the garden gate, which led out of the

court; and going from one garden to another by getting over the walls, succeeded in making his escape.

When Morgiana perceived that all was still and silent, and that the captain of the thieves did not return, she concluded he had decamped as he had done, instead of attempting to escape by the house-door, which was fastened with double bolts. Fully satisfied and overjoyed at having so well succeeded in securing the safety of the whole family, she at length retired to bed, and soon fell asleep.

Ali Baba went out before day-break, and repaired to the bath, followed by his slave, totally ignorant of the surprising event which had taken place in his house during his sleep, for Morgiana had not thought it necessary to wake him, particularly as she had no time to lose while she was engaged in her perilous enterprise, and it was useless to interrupt his repose after she had averted the danger.

When he returned from the bath, the sun being risen, Ali Baba was surprised to see the jars of oil still in their places, and that the merchant had not taken them to the market, with his mules; he enquired the reason of Morgiana, who let him in, and who had left everything in its original state, in order to show him the deceit which had been practised on him, and to convince him more sensibly of the effort she had made for his preservation.

"My good master," said Morgiana in reply to Ali Baba's question, "may God preserve you and all your family! You will be better informed of what you wish to know when you shall have seen what I am going to show you, if you will take the trouble to come with me." Ali Baba followed Morgiana, and when she had shut the

door, she took him to the first jar, and bid him look in, and see if it contained oil. He did as she desired; and perceiving a man in the jar, he hastily drew back, uttering a cry of surprise. "Do not be afraid," said she, 'the man you see there will not do you any harm; he has attempted it, but he will never hurt either you or any one else again, for he is now a lifeless corpse.'—"Morgiana!" exclaimed Ali Baba, "what does all this mean? Explain this mystery."—"I will explain it," replied Morgiana; "but moderate your astonishment, and do not awaken the curiosity of your neighbours to learn what it is of the utmost importance that you should keep secret and concealed. Look first at all the other jars."

Ali Baba examined all the rest of the jars, one after the other, from the first till he came to the last, which contained the oil; and he remarked that its contents were considerably diminished. This operation being completed, he remained motionless with astonishment, sometimes casting his eyes on Morgiana, then looking at the jars, yet without speaking a word, so great was his surprise. At length, as if speech were suddenly restored to him, he said, "And what is become of the merchant?"

"The merchant," replied Morgiana, "is just as much a merchant as I am. I can tell you who he is, and what is become of him. But you will hear the whole history more conveniently in your own chamber, for it is now time, for the sake of your health, that you should take your broth, after coming out of the bath." Whilst Ali Baba went into his room, Morgiana returned to the kitchen to get the broth; and when she brought it, before Ali Baba would take it, he said, "Begin to relate

this wonderful history, and satisfy the extreme impatience I feel to know all its circumstances."

Morgiana, in obedience to Ali Baba's request, thus began: "Last night, sir, when you had retired to go to bed, I prepared your linen for the bath, as you had desired, and gave it in charge to Abdullah. After that, I put the pot on the fire, to make your broth; and as I was skimming it, the lamp, for want of oil, suddenly went out, and there was not a drop in the cruise. I searched for some ends of candles, but could not find one. Abdullah, seeing me puzzled, reminded me of the jars full of oil, which were in the court, for so he, as well as I, supposed them to be, and so, no doubt, did you. I took my cruise, and went to the first jar; but as I approached it, I heard a voice coming out of it, saying, "Is it time?" I did not feel terrified, but instantly conceiving the treachery intended by the feigned merchant, I replied without hesitation, "Not yet, but presently." I passed on to the next jar, and another voice asked me the same question, to which I made the same answer. I went to all the jars, one after the other, to the same inquiry making the same reply, and did not find any oil till I came to the last, from which I filled my cruise.

"When I reflected that there were thirty-seven robbers in your court, who only waited for the signal or order of their chief, to whom, supposing him to be a merchant, you had given so hospitable a reception, and on whose account you put the whole family in such a bustle, I lost no time, but brought in the cruise, and lighted my lamp; then taking the largest kettle in the whole kitchen, I went to fill it with oil. I placed it on the fire, and when it boiled, I poured some into each of the jars which con-

tained the robbers, as much as I thought sufficient to prevent them putting into execution their pernicious design, which had induced them to come hither.

“The affair being thus terminated in the way I had meditated, I returned into the kitchen, and extinguished my lamp, and before I would go to bed, I placed myself at the window, to watch quietly what method the pretended oil merchant would adopt. After some time, I heard him throw from his window some little pebbles, as a signal, which fell on the jars. He threw some a second, and also a third time, and as he neither heard nor saw anything stirring, he came down, and I observed him go to every jar, till he came to the last; after which the darkness of the night prevented my being able to distinguish his movements. I still continued, however, to observe; but as I found he did not return, I concluded, that he had escaped by way of the garden, mortified at his bad success. Persuaded therefore that the family were now safe, I went to bed.”

As she finished this narrative, Morgiana added: “This is the detail you required of me; and I am convinced that it is the conclusion of a scheme which I observed the beginning of two or three days ago, but which I did not think it necessary to trouble you with an account of. One morning, as I returned from the city at an early hour, I perceived the street door to be marked with white; and on the following day, with red, near the white mark; each time, without knowing for what purpose the marks were made, I made the same kind of mark, and in the same part, on the doors of three or four of our neighbours, both above and below this house. If you connect that with what has happened, you will find that the whole is a machination contrived by the robbers of the

forest, whose troop, I know not wherefore, seems to be diminished by two. But be that as it may, it is now reduced to three at most. This proves that they had determined on your death, and you will do right to be on your guard against them, so long as you are certain that one still remains. On my part, I will do all in my power towards your preservation, which indeed I consider my duty."

When Morgiana ceased speaking, Ali Baba, filled with gratitude for the great obligation he owed her, replied, "I will recompense you as you deserve before I die. I owe my life to you, and to give you an immediate proof of my feelings on the occasion, I from this moment give you your liberty, and will soon reward you in a more ample manner. I am persuaded as well yourself that the forty robbers laid this snare for me; God, through your means, has delivered me from the danger; I hope he will continue to protect me from their malice, and that by averting destruction from my head, he will make it recoil with greater certainty on them, and thus deliver the world from so dangerous and cursed a persecution. What we have now to do, is to use the utmost despatch in burying the bodies of this pest of the human race, yet with so much secrecy, that no one can entertain the slightest suspicion of their fate; and for this purpose I will instantly go to work with Abdullah."

Ali Baba's garden was of considerable length, and terminated by large trees. He went without delay, with his slave, to dig a ditch or grave under these trees, of sufficient length and breadth to contain the bodies he had to inter. The ground was soft and easy to remove, so that they were not long in completing their work.

They took the bodies out of the jars, and set apart the arms, with which the robbers had furnished themselves. They then carried the bodies to the bottom of the garden, and placed them in the grave, and after having covered them with the earth, they had previously removed, they spread about what remained to make the surface of the ground appear even, as it was before. Ali Baba carefully concealed the oil jars and the arms ; and as for the mules, which he was not then in want of, he sent them to the market at different times, where he disposed of them by means of his slave.

Whilst Ali Baba was taking these precautions, to prevent its being publicly known by what means he had become so rich in so short a space of time, the captain of the forty robbers had returned to the forest, mortified beyond measure ; and in the agitation, or rather confusion, which he experienced at having met with such bad success, so contrary to what he had promised himself, he had reached the cavern without coming to any resolution as to what he should or should not do respecting Ali Baba.

The dismal solitude of this gloomy habitation appeared to him insupportable. "Brave companions," cried he, "partners of my labours and my pains, where are ye ? What can I accomplish without your assistance ? Did I select and assemble you only to see you perish all at one moment by a destiny so fatal and so unworthy of your courage ? My regret for your loss would not have been so strong had you died with your sabres in your hands, like valiant men. When shall I be able to collect together another troop of intrepid men like you ? and even should I wish it, how could I undertake it, without exposing so much wealth in gold and silver to the mercy

of him who has already enriched himself with a part of this treasure? I cannot, I must not, think of such an enterprise until I have put an end to his existence. What I have not been able to accomplish with such powerful assistance, I will perform alone; and when I shall have secured this immense property from being exposed to pillage, I will then endeavour to provide a master and successors for it after my decease, that it may be not only preserved, but augmented to the latest posterity." Having formed this resolution, he felt no embarrassment as to the execution of it, and then, his mind tranquil and filled with the most pleasing hopes, he fell asleep, and passed the rest of the night very quietly.

The next morning the captain of the robbers awoke at an early hour, as he had proposed, and put on a dress which was suitable to the design he meditated, and repaired to the city, where he took a room in a lodging-house. As he supposed that what had happened in the house of Ali Baba might have become generally known, he asked the host if there were any news stirring; in reply to which the host talked on a variety of subjects, but none relating to what the captain wished to be informed of. By this he concluded that the reason why Ali Baba kept the transaction so profoundly secret was that he did not wish it to be divulged that he had access to so immense a treasure; and also that he was apprehensive of his life being in danger on this account. This idea excited him to neglect nothing that could hasten his destruction, which he intended to accomplish by means as secret as Ali Baba had adopted towards the robbers.

The captain provided himself with a horse, which he made use of to convey to his lodging several kinds of rich stuffs and fine linens, bringing them from the forest

at various times, with all the necessary precautions for keeping the place whence he brought them still concealed. In order to dispose of this merchandise, when he had collected together as much as he thought proper, he sought for a shop. Having found one that would suit him, he hired it of the proprietor, furnished it with his goods and established himself in it. The shop that was exactly opposite to his was that which had belonged to Kásim, and was now occupied by the son of Ali Baba.

The captain of the robbers, who had assumed the name of Khwájah Husain, did not fail in the proper civilities to the merchants his neighbours. But the son of Ali Baba being young, and of a pleasing address, and the captain having more frequent occasion to converse with him than with the others, he very soon formed an intimacy with him. This friendship he soon resolved to cultivate with greater assiduity and care, when, three or four days after he was settled in his shop, he recognised Ali Baba, who came to see his son, as he was in the constant habit of doing: and on inquiring of the son after his departure, discovered that he was his father. He now increased his attentions and caresses towards him; he made him several little presents, and also often invited him to his table, where he regaled him very handsomely.

The son of Ali Baba did not choose to receive so many obligations from Khwájah Husain without returning them. But his lodging was small, and he had no convenience for regaling him as he wished. He mentioned his intention to his father; adding, that it was not proper, that he should delay any longer to return the favours he had received from Khwájah Husain.

Ali Baba very willingly took the charge of the enter-

tainment "My son," said he, "to-morrow is Friday ; and as it is a day on which the most considerable merchants, such as Khwájah Husain and yourself, keep their shops shut, invite him to take a walk with you after dinner, and as you return, direct your course, so that you may pass my house, and then beg him to come in. It will be better to manage thus, than to invite him in a formal way. I will give orders to Morgiana to prepare a supper and have it ready by the time you come."

On the Friday, Khwájah Husain and the son of Ali Baba met in the afternoon to take their walk together, as had been agreed. On their return, the son of Ali Baba, as if by accident, led Khwájah Husain through the street in which his father lived ; and when they had reached the house, he stopped him, and knocked at the door. "This," said he, "is my father's house ; he has desired me to procure him the honour of your acquaintance, after what I told him of your friendship for me ; I entreat you to add this favour to the many I have received from you."

Although Khwájah Husain had now reached the object of his desires, which was to gain admission into the house of Ali Baba, and to attempt his life without hazarding his own, or creating any suspicion, yet he now endeavoured to excuse himself, and pretended to take leave of the son ; but, as the slave of Ali Baba opened the door at that moment, the son, in an obliging manner took him by the hand, and going in first, drew him forward, and as it were, forced him to comply, though seemingly against his wishes.

Ali Baba received Khwájah Husain in a friendly manner, and gave him as hearty a welcome as he could desire. He thanked him for his kindness to his son.

"The obligation he is under to you," added he, "is so much the more considerable as he is a young man who has not yet been much in the world, and you have the goodness to condescend to form his manners."

Khwájah Husain did not spare his compliments in return for Ali Baba's assuring him that although his son had not acquired the experience of older men, yet that he was possessed of a portion of good sense which was of more service to him than experience was to many others.

After a short conversation on other topics of an indifferent nature, Khwájah Husain was going to take his leave, but Ali Baba stopped him; "Where are you going, sir?" said he. "I entreat you to do me the honour of staying to sup with me. The humble meal you will partake of is little worthy of the honour you will confer on it; but such as it is, I hope you will accept the invitation with as much good will as I offer it."

"Sir," replied Khwájah Husain, "I am fully persuaded of your kindness, and although I beg you to excuse me, if I take my leave without accepting your obliging invitation, yet I entreat you to believe, that I refuse you, not from incivility or contempt, but because I have a very strong reason, and which I am sure you would approve were it known to you."

"What can this reason be, sir?" resumed Ali Baba. "Might I take the liberty of asking you?" "I do not refuse to tell it," said Khwájah Husain. "It is this—I never eat of any dish that has salt in it; judge then of the figure I should make at your table."—"If this be your only reason," replied Ali Baba, "it need not deprive me of the honour of your company at supper, unless you have absolutely determined otherwise. In the first

place, the bread which is eaten in my house does not contain any salt; and as for the meat and other dishes, I promise you there shall be none in those which are served before you; I will now go to give orders to that effect; you will therefore do me the favour to remain, and I will be with you in an instant."

Ali Baba went into the kitchen, and desired Morgiana not to put any salt to the meat she was going to serve for supper, and also to prepare two or three dishes of those he had ordered without any salt.

Morgiana, who was just going to serve the supper, could not avoid expressing some discontent at this new order, and asking some questions of Ali Baba. "Who," said she, "is this difficult man, that cannot eat salt? Your supper will be good for nothing, if I delay it any later."

"Do not be angry," replied Ali Baba; "he is a good man; do what I desire you."

Morgiana obeyed, though much against her will, and she felt some curiosity to see this man who did not eat salt. When she had finished, and Abdullah had prepared the table, she assisted him in carrying the dishes. On looking at Khwajah Husain, she instantly recollected him to be the captain of the robbers, notwithstanding his disguise; and examining him with great attention she perceived that he had a dagger concealed under his dress. "I am no longer surprised," said she to herself, "that this villain will not eat salt with my master; he is his bitterest enemy, and means to murder him; but I will still prevent him from accomplishing his purpose."

When Morgiana had finished serving the dishes, and assisting Abdullah, she availed herself of the time while they were at supper, and made the necessary preparations

for the execution of an enterprise of the boldest and most intrepid nature; and she had just completed them when Abdullah came to acquaint her that it was time to serve the fruit. She carried it in, and when Abdullah had taken away the supper, she placed it on the table. She then put a small table near Ali Baba, with the wine and three cups, and left the room with Abdullah as if to go to supper together, and leave Ali Baba according to custom at liberty to converse and entertain himself with his guest.

Khwajah Husain, or rather the captain of the forty robbers, now thought that a favourable opportunity for revenging himself on Ali Baba, by taking his life, was arrived. "I will make them both intoxicated," thought he, "and then the son, against whom I bear no malice, will not prevent my plunging my dagger into the heart of his father, and I shall escape by way of the garden, as I did before, while the cook and the slave are at their supper, or perhaps asleep in the kitchen."

Instead, however, of going to supper, Morgiana, who had penetrated into the views of the pretended Khwajah Husain, did not allow him time to put his wicked intentions into execution. She dressed herself like a dancer, put on a head-dress suitable to that character, and wore a girdle round her waist of silver gilt, to which she fastened a dagger made of the same metal. Her face was covered by a very handsome mask. When she had thus disguised herself, she said to Abdullah, "Take your tabor, and let us go and entertain our master's guest, who is the friend of his son, as we do sometimes, by our performances."

Abdullah took his tabor and began to play as he walked before Morgiana, and entered the room; Morgiana

following him, made a low courtesy with a deliberate air, to attract notice, as if to request permission to perform what she could to amuse the company. Abdullah perceiving that Ali Baba was going to speak, ceased striking his tabor "Come in, Morgiana," cried Ali Baba; "Khawājah Husain will judge of your skill, and tell us his opinion; do not, however, suppose, sir," continued he, addressing Khawājah Husain, "that I have been at any expense to procure you this entertainment. We have it all within ourselves, and it is only my slave, and my cook and housekeeper whom you see. I hope you will find it amusing."

Khawājah Husain did not expect Ali Baba to add this entertainment to the supper he had given him. This made him apprehensive that he should not be able to avail himself of the opportunity he thought now presented itself. But should that be the case, he still consoled himself with the hopes of meeting with another, if he continued the acquaintance with Ali Baba and his son. Therefore, although he would gladly have dispensed with this addition to the entertainment, he nevertheless pretended to be obliged to him, and added that whatever gave Ali Baba pleasure, could not fail of being agreeable to him.

When Abdullah perceived that Ali Baba and Khawājah Husain had ceased speaking, he again began to play on his tabor, singing to it an air for Morgiana to dance to; she, who was equal to any who practised dancing for their profession, performed her part so admirably that every spectator who had seen her must have been delighted.

After having performed several dances with equal grace and agility, she at length drew out the dagger, and

dancing with it in her hand, she surpassed all she had yet done, by her light movements and high leaps, and by the wonderful efforts which she interspersed in the dance ; sometimes presenting the dagger as if to strike, and at others holding it to her own bosom, pretending to stab herself.

At length, as if out of breath, she took the tabor from Abdullah with her left hand, and holding the dagger in her right, she presented the tabor with the hollow part upwards to Ali Baba, in imitation of the dancers by profession, who make use of this practice to excite the liberality of the spectators.

Ali Baba threw a piece of gold into the tabor ; Morgiana then presented it to his son, who followed his father's example. Khwájah Husain, who saw she was advancing towards him for the same purpose, had already taken his purse from his bosom, to contribute his present, and was putting his hand in it, when Morgiana, with a courage and fortitude equal to the resolution she had taken, plunged the dagger into his heart so deep, that the life-blood streamed from the wound when she withdrew it.

Ali Baba and his son, terrified at this action, uttered a loud cry : "Wretch !" exclaimed Ali Baba, "what hast thou done ? Thou hast ruined me and my family for ever."

"What I have done," replied Morgiana, "is not for your ruin, but for your preservation." Then opening Khwájah Husian's robe to show Ali Baba the dagger which was concealed under it, "See," continued she, "the cruel enemy you had to deal with ; examine his countenance attentively, and you will recognise the pretended oil merchant, and the captain of the forty

robbers. Do you not recollect that he refused to eat salt with you? Can you require a stronger proof of his malicious intentions? Before I even saw him, from the moment you told me of this peculiarity in your guest, I suspected his design, and you are now convinced that my suspicions were not ill-founded."

Ali Baba, who was now aware of the fresh obligation he owed to Morgiana for having thus preserved his life a second time, embraced her and said, "Morgiana, I gave you your liberty, and at the same time promised to give you stronger proofs of my gratitude at some future period. This period is now arrived, and I present you to my son as his wife." Then addressing his son, "I believe you," said he "to be so dutiful a son, that you will not take it amiss if I should bestow Morgiana upon you without previously consulting your inclinations. Your obligation to her is not less than mine. You plainly see that Khwájah Husain only sought your acquaintance in order to insure success in his diabolical treachery: and had he sacrificed me to his vengeance, you cannot suppose that you would have been spared. You must further consider, that, in marrying Morgiana, you connect yourself with the preserver of my family and the support of yours to the end of your days."

His son, far from showing any symptoms of discontent, said that he willingly consented to the marriage, not only because he was desirous of proving his ready obedience to his father's wishes, but also because his inclination already strongly urged him to the union. They then began to prepare for the interment of the captain of the robbers by the side of his former companions; and this was performed with such secrecy that the circumstance was not known till the expiration of

many years, when no one was any longer interested to keep this memorable history concealed.

A few days after, Ali Baba had the nuptials of his son and Morgiana celebrated with great solemnity by a sumptuous feast accompanied by dances, exhibitions, and other customary diversions; and he had the satisfaction to observe that the friends and neighbours he had invited, who did not know the true reason of the marriage, but were not unacquainted with the good qualities of Morgiana, admired his generosity and discrimination.

After the marriage was solemnised, Ali Baba, who had not revisited the cave since he had brought away the body of his brother Kásim on one of the three asses together with the gold with which the other two were laden, lest he should meet with any of the robbers, and be surprised by them, still refrained from going even after the death of the thirty-seven robbers and their captain, as he was ignorant of the fate of the other two, and supposed them to be still alive.

At the expiration of a year, however, finding that no scheme had been attempted to disturb his quiet, he had the curiosity to make a journey to the cave, taking the necessary precautions for his safety. He mounted his horse, and when he had nearly reached the cave, seeing no traces of either men or horses, he conceived it to be a favourable omen; he dismounted, and fastening his horse, that he should not go astray, he went up to the door and repeated the words, "Open Sesame," which he had not forgotten. The door opened, and he entered. The state in which everything appeared in the cave led him to judge that no one had been in it from the time that the pretended Khwájah Husain had opened his shop in the city, and he therefore concluded that the whole

troop of robbers was totally dispersed or exterminated, and that he was the only person in the whole world who was acquainted with the secret for entering the cave; and, consequently, that the immense treasure it contained was entirely at his disposal. He had provided himself with a box, and he filled it with as much gold as his horse could carry, after which he returned to the city.

From that time, Ali Baba and his son, whom he took to the cave and taught the secret to enter it, and after them their posterity, who were also entrusted with the important secret, enjoying their riches with moderation, lived in great splendour, and were honoured with the most dignified situations in the city.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

BY LONGFELLOW.

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we may frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things—each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end;
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds¹ by which we may ascend.

¹ The steps of a ladder are called *rounds* or *rungs*.

The low desire—the base design,
 That makes another's virtues less ;
 The revel of the giddy wine,
 And all occasions of excess.

The longing for ignoble things,
 The strife for triumph more than truth,
 The hardening of the heart, that brings
 Irreverence for the dreams of youth !

All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds,
 That have their root in thoughts of ill,
 Whatever hinders or impedes
 The action of the nobler will !

All these must first be trampled down
 Beneath our feet, if we would gain
 In the bright field of Fair Renown
 The right of eminent domain !

We have not wings—we cannot soar—
 But we have feet to scale and climb
 By slow degrees—by more and more—
 The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
 That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
 When nearer seen and better known,
 Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
 Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
 Are crossed by pathways that appear
 As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern, unseen before,
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If rising on its wrecks, at last,
To something nobler we attain.

A TALK ABOUT BIRDS.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A GENTLEMAN NAMED MR. GRAY,
AND A LITTLE BOY NAMED SIDNEY PIERCE.

"ARE you fond of *ornithology*, my boy?" inquired a mild-looking gentleman with a bald head, who chanced to be standing near.

"I do not know what that is, sir," replied Sidney, with a modest frankness which pleased the gentleman.

"Ornithology is the science which relates to birds," said he.

"I like to hear about birds," cried Sidney. "I wish that I knew something about these beauties kept in the case."

"Some of these are rare," said the gentleman, whose name was Mr. Gray; "many of them natives of tropical climates. There is an immense variety of birds in different parts of the world."

"Yes," observed Sidney Pierce; "I don't suppose that any one can arrange birds in classes, as mamma tells me that flowers are arranged."

"There you are wrong, my young friend. There is a certain order observed in all the works of nature, and ornithologists have been able to class all kinds of birds in six divisions. By observing a few simple rules, they find out to which of the six any bird belongs."

"Would you mind telling me the names of the six orders, sir," asked Sidney, "and how one is to know what birds belong to each?"

"I will tell you with pleasure," answered Mr. Gray, "and give you both the Latin and English names."

As the gentleman repeated the titles, Sidney counted them on his fingers.

"*Accipitres*, or falcons; *picæ*, or pyes; *anseræ*, or ducks; *grallæ*, or cranes; *gallinæ*, or poultry; *passeræ*, or sparrows."

"I am afraid that I shall not remember these names," observed Sidney; "the Latin is sure to go out of my head."

"You will have a better chance of recollecting them," said Mr. Gray, "if I mention to you a few leading characteristics of the orders, and point out to you specimens of the birds belonging to each. You see that one with strong hooked beak and sharp claws?"

"I know that is an eagle," replied Sidney; "a fierce bird of prey, that can carry off a lamb to its nest."

"All such rapacious birds—not only eagles, but hawks, kites, and buzzards¹—belong to the order of falcons.

¹ There are many kinds of hawks in India, called *jurrá* in Hindustáni, *báj-pakshi* in Bengáli; and they have many other names. Kites are called *chil* or *chil-pakshi*; buzzards are *rimch* or *sen-pakshi*.

Those that we may call the soldier class of birds have the first place. Pyes follow behind them, including ravens, rooks, jackdaws, and magpies.¹ Some birds of most beautiful plumage belong to this second order, such as the whole tribe of parrots; the Baltimore oriolus² or fire-bird; the golden oriole,³ that yellow bird with black wings, of which you see a stuffed specimen yonder."

"Do you mean, sir, the one perched close beside that strange hanging nest?"

"Yes; the nest is curious as well as the bird. The golden oriole, which is found as far north as France, is remarkable for her tender love for her young. It is said that when defending her little brood she fears no enemy; and that even if the nest be seized, the faithful mother will not fly, but chooses rather to be made a prisoner than to desert her helpless charge."

"One could not bear to hurt such a tender mother!" cried Sidney. The boy was thinking of his own.

"Look at yon splendid bird, with a tail of light-yellow feathers, so exquisitely graceful and delicate that its beauty can scarcely be excelled!"

"Is not that a bird of paradise?" asked Sidney.

"Yea. This beautiful native of New Guinea⁴ is also of the order of pye."

¹ These are all common English birds. The common Indian crow (*káruwa* or *kák*) is much like the jackdaw or rook, and belongs to this order.

² This bird is called the *Baltimore oriole*, from *Baltimore*, a town in the United States of North America.

³ One of the commonest Indian birds is a kind of golden oriole (*oriolus kundú*). It is often called by Englishmen the *mango-bird*, in Bengál it is called *haldí-pakí*; in Hindustáni, *pilah*; in Maráthi, *pawesch*; in Telugu, *tanga-pandu*.

⁴ The "Bird of Paradise" (*Paradisea papuana*) is found chiefly in *New Guinea* or *Papua*, a large island in that part of the Eastern Archipelago that lies to the north of Australia, and is sometimes called *Melanesia*.

"It seems very strange!" exclaimed Sidney; "that lovely bird with its fairy feathers is so unlike the dull raven or crow!"

"Though they are but distant relations," said the gentleman, smiling, "the elegant lady amongst birds must not flaunt her fine feathers in scorn of the sober black undertaker."¹

"I think that these little beauties² of humming-birds," said Sidney, "are even more lovely than the bird of paradise. But of course they have nothing to do with pyes."

"Nay," replied Mr. Gray, "these little jewels of the feathered race, the smallest, perhaps the most beautiful of all, with plumage of ruby, emerald, or sapphire, belong to the order of pye."

"How can the order be distinguished?" asked Sidney; "it holds such a variety of birds."

"By a sharp-edged bill, strong short legs, and feet formed for walking, perching, or climbing."

"And pray, sir, what is the third order?" said Sidney; "I won't forget the falcon and pye."

"The third order, *anseres*, is easily remembered. It comprehends all the broad-billed, web-footed race, that feed upon frogs, fish, and worms."

"Ah! ducks, and such like," observed Sidney.

"For the fourth order, we change from web-feet to long legs, and find ourselves amongst cranes. Amongst

¹ The crow is here called an undertaker because of its black colour. *Undertakers*, in England, are the people that provide the coffins and other things necessary for burying the dead; and are usually dressed in black clothes, because the English wear black clothes as a sign of mourning, after the death of a relative.

² *These little beauties of humming-birds* is a colloquial idiom, meaning *these very beautiful little humming-birds*.

birds of this kind we count herons¹, spoonbills, trumpeters, and the brilliant scarlet flamingo."

Sidney had touched successively each finger of his right hand as Mr. Gray had recounted the four first orders. He said, with a smile,—

"I wonder what will come for my thumb!"

"A most useful order," observed Mr. Gray; "that of *gallina*, or poultry; the turkey and cock that strut in our barn-yards, the pheasant and partridge that feed in our moors, all are included in this!"²

"I am wondering what order the peacock can belong to," said Sidney. "It is dashing³ enough, with its feathers of green and gold, to keep company with the pyes; but still it seems to have more of the nature of cocks and pheasants."

"It certainly belongs to your order of the thumb," observed Mr. Gray with a smile. "Were you to see a peacock stripped of his feathers and served up for your dinner, you would hardly know him from a barn-door fowl."

"It would seem a shame to eat such a splendid bird!" cried Sidney.

"The Romans used to eat it," remarked the gentleman; "and not unfrequently, in olden times, the peacock appeared as a dainty dish on the tables of the wealthy in England."

¹ The common herons and paddy-birds of India (in Bengali *bak*, in Hindustani *bagla*) are good instances of this order.

² Many of the birds here mentioned are well-known in India. The turkey is called *peru* both in Bengali and Hindustani; the cock or common fowl, *murgh* in Hindustani, *murag* in Bengali; some kinds of pheasants are called *chir*; the partridge is *kāṭ-tītar* in Hindustani, *tītir gakhshi* in Bengali; the peacock, *mor* in Hindustani, *mayur* in Bengali.

³ *Dashing* is sometimes colloquially used (as in this passage) with the meaning of a *handsome* or *striking appearance*.

"Grallæ," added Mr. Gray.

"The fifth, the useful—the poultry."

"Gallinæ."

"Oh, how much amused mamma would be, if I told her that yesterday I dined on one of the order of gallinæ," laughed Sidney.

"You will hardly forget the sixth order, the sparrow," observed Mr. Gray, "which is passeræ in Latin."—*From "Fairy Know-a-bit; or, A Nutshell of Knowledge."*

WE ARE SEVEN.

BY WORDSWORTH.

I MET a little cottage girl:

She was eight years old, she said:
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea."

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother,
And in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them, with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;
Yet you are seven; I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then you are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little Maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side."

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them."

"And often, after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there."

"The first that died was sister Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain ;
And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid :
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven ?"
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
"O Master ! we are seven."

"But they are dead ; those two are dead ;
Their spirits are in heaven !"
'Twas throwing words away ; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven !"

A TALK ABOUT STEAM.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A GENTLEMAN NAMED MR. GRAY,
AND TWO LITTLE BOYS CALLED PHILIBERT PHILLIMORE
AND SIDNEY PIERCE.

"Another very wonderful discovery is, that of the power of *steam*," said Mr. Gray ; "a power by which

vessels can now go against wind and tide, and heavy trains proceed at a pace such as our forefathers never dreamed of."

"Do you mean such steam as comes from a kettle of boiling water?" asked Philibert.

"The very same," replied Mr. Gray.

"I don't see what that can do,—except scald one's fingers," said the boy. "I don't understand one bit what you mean by the power of steam. Is not steam only hot water?"

"Water when heated to a certain point becomes steam," remarked Mr. Gray, "and in doing so it expands, that is, it takes up a great deal more room than it does in the form of water, and a prodigious force lies in this power of *expansion*."

Philibert bit his lip with vexation, for he did not understand Mr. Gray in the least, but he was ashamed to say so after his silly boasting to Sidney. Mr. Gray, however, saw that his words were not understood, and kindly tried to explain his meaning to the boy.

"You see this," he said, taking a walnut into his hand; "you doubtless know that it came from a tree."

"Yes; from our big walnut-tree," replied Philibert.

"And that big tree sprang from *one walnut*; you may say that it was packed, leaves, branches, trunk and all, in the narrow space of one shell."

"I know that it was," said the boy.

"Year after year it expanded by growth; here was great power of slow expansion. The full-grown tree takes a great deal more room than the little kernel of a nut. I place this walnut in a wine-glass; if it could *suddenly* expand to the size of a tree, what would become of the glass?"

"It would be smashed into bits!" cried the boy.

"So would something much bigger and stronger than a wine-glass," thought Sidney.

"Now let us turn our thoughts to the steam. When you boil water in a kettle you turn it into steam—it expands—it requires a great deal more room. Some of it escapes by the spout, but that does not let it out quickly enough; you must know that if left on the fire it boils over—the steam forces the lid off the kettle."

"But one might have a kettle with no spout," said Philibert; "and a lid fastened down so tightly that nothing could force it away. What would happen then? Would not the steam be kept in its prison?"

"Nay," said Mr. Gray; "the steam, strong in its power of expansion, would smash the kettle to pieces; iron itself would give way under the pressure."

"I never could have fancied that steam, a thing that one can blow aside, or put one's finger through, as if it were nothing but air, could have the least power over strong, firm iron," said Philibert Philimore.

"Have you never heard of boiler explosions?" asked Mr. Gray.

"Why," said Sidney, "there was one the other day on board a steamer, which cost the lives of five or six poor fellows."

"These accidents," continued Mr. Gray, "are occasioned by hot water in the boiler expanding into steam, for which no sufficient means of escape are provided. The huge boiler bursts under the pressure, the confined steam thus forces its way to freedom. But," added Mr. Gray, turning kindly towards Sidney Pierce, "my little friend there looks as if he had some question to ask."

"I should like to know, sir," said Sidney, "how this

power of steam can set vessels or railway-carriages going?"

"You would not understand a description of complicated machinery, my boy; you can have but a general idea that the expanding steam forces up a piston, and that that piston is so connected with a paddle or a wheel as to set it and keep it in motion. There is an immense variety of steam-engines; they are used for many different purposes and do their work much faster than it could be done by hands. It is only steam, for instance, which makes it possible for the great *Times* newspaper to be printed off at the rate of one hundred and sixty copies in one minute!"

"Pray, who first found out that steam had such wonderful power?" asked Sidney.

"The idea of the possibility of its being used in machinery is at least as old as the time of Charles II.," replied Mr. Gray; "for a Marquis of Worcester in the year 1663 published a book on the subject, in which he mentioned a kind of steam-engine of his own contrivance. In France, an inventor, whose name was Solomon de Caus, was struck by the idea that steam might be used to propel carriages. This unfortunate man, instead of being praised and rewarded for his discovery, was thrown into a French prison, where he remained till his death, looked upon as a *madman* by those who took their own ignorance for wisdom!"

"What a dreadful thing," thought Sidney, "it must have been to have lived in times when people were punished and persecuted only because they were a great deal more clever than those around them."

"Various other thoughtful men," continued Mr. Gray, "followed in the same track of discovery; but to the

famous Watt, who flourished in the reign of George III., is perhaps due the praise of being the actual inventor of the steam-engine."

"I thought," said Sidney modestly, "that mamma had told me that the name of the man who set steam-trains going was George Stephenson."

"George Stephenson may be called the grand inventor of the railway system," replied Mr. Gray. "Steam-engines had been known before his time; *tramways*, or iron lines on the road, had been used for common carts; but Stephenson set the steam locomotive, as it is called, on the lines; and from 1814, when his engine 'Blucher'¹ first puffed along the tramway, we may date the beginning of that wonderful system which has covered our island with an iron network of railways, and enables us to rush from one end to the other at a pace which our fathers never even dreamed of."

"How astonished every one must have been," cried Philibert, "the first time that they saw that 'Blucher' go rushing along the railway."

"There was not much of *rushing* at the beginning; 'Blucher' at first did not move faster than a lady could walk. Great inventions are seldom complete all at once; they require much thought, much patience, and much practice, before they are brought to perfection."—*From "Fairy Know-a-bit; or, A Nutshell of Knowledge."*

¹ Stephenson's steam-engine was called *Blucher* in honour of the great Russian General, Marshal Blucher, who helped the Duke of Wellington to defeat the French at the battle of Waterloo, A.D. 1815.

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